September 22, 1934

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

**MORE THAN
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LAWSON WOOD

Rum, Romance and Riches - By W. B. Cour

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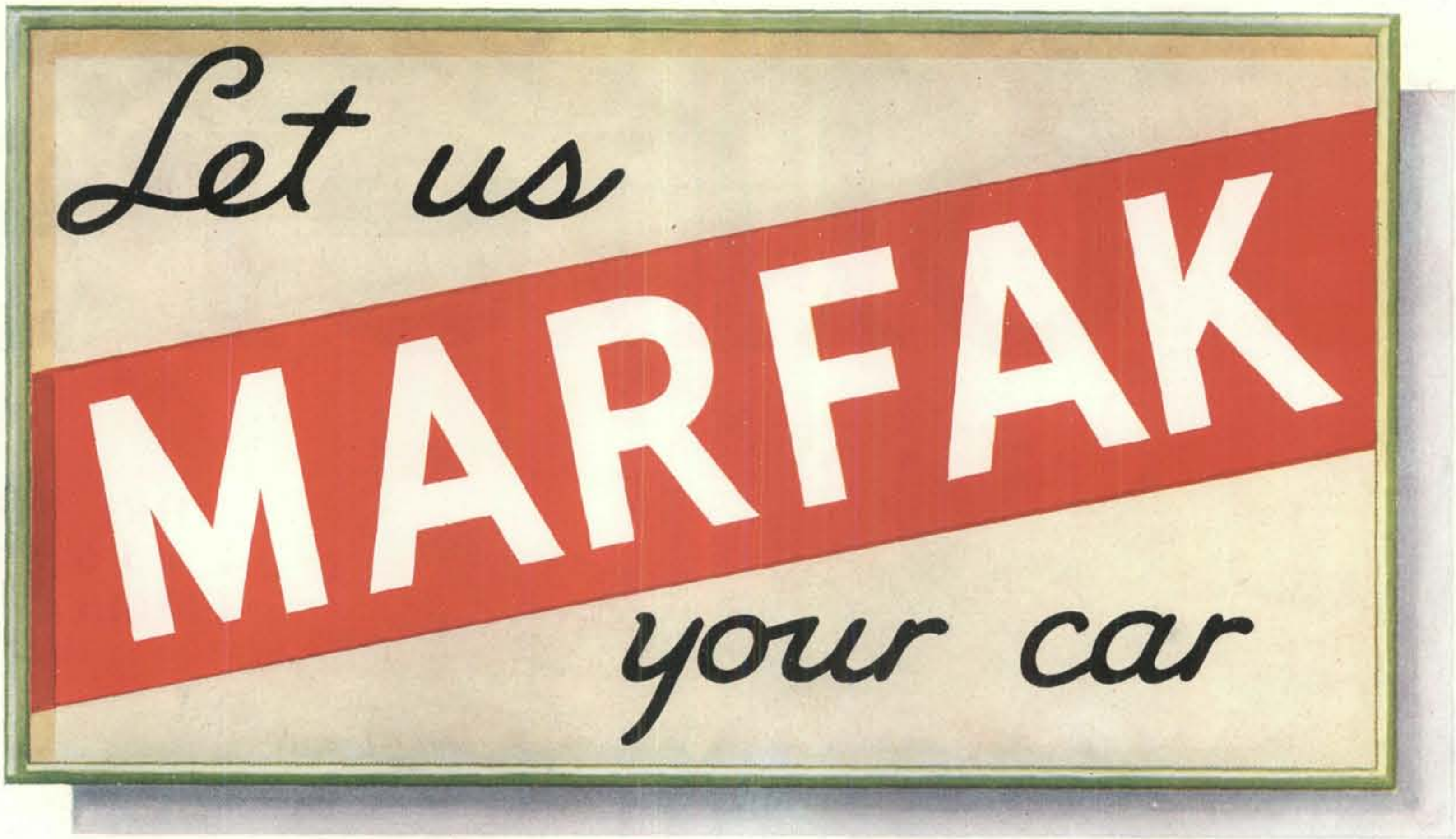


WATCH FOR THIS SIGN

It will pay car owners to know all about this *new* Nation-Wide Service

With today's faster cars — longer drives at higher speeds—the offer "Let us Marfak your car" assumes greater importance.

MARFAK will do what no grease in the world can do!

A number of years ago the steel mills said to Texaco lubrication engineers "We can effect great savings *if gears can be made to last longer.* Can you help us?"

Texaco studied the problem — and *answered with Marfak* — a lubricant that withstood pressure, wear, chemicals, steam, scale, dirt, as no grease could do before.

Later, Marfak was adapted to meet other extreme conditions. The largest manufacturer of universal joints had a definite problem. Marfak solved it. From then on every grease-packed universal joint to leave his factory was packed with Marfak.

MARFAK is so tough, special high pressure equipment is required

"Why wasn't the general motoring public permitted to benefit from this remarkable lubricant?" *The answer explains much.*

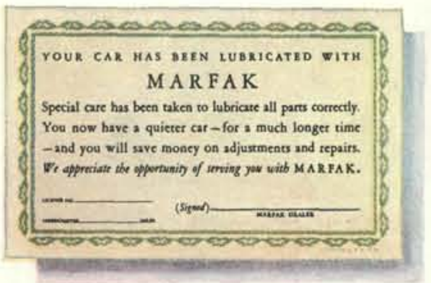
Marfak is so tough that up to a short time ago, only two or three builders of grease guns could supply a gun that would properly apply Marfak. But today, due to research and experiment, any dealer or lubrication expert can purchase, or has, the equipment to apply Marfak.

Hard to put on — Hard to come off

Marfak *is* hard to put on, but it is equally hard for it to come off. That's why Marfak *stays* on the bearings — *stays* on gears and *stays* on shackle-bolts longer. Marfak lasts more than *twice* as long as ordinary greases!

Men who understand how to lubricate your car handle MARFAK

Only those stations with proper equipment and training can apply Marfak. They give you, after each Marfak job, a written promise that it has been properly applied and that you can expect better performance. You will receive a certificate like this facsimile—a written promise of better lubrication — ask for it!


YOUR CAR HAS BEEN LUBRICATED WITH
MARFAK
Special care has been taken to lubricate all parts correctly. You now have a quieter car — for a much longer time — and you will save money on adjustments and repairs. *We appreciate the opportunity of serving you with* MARFAK.

(Signed) ____________
MARFAK DEALER

You get this written promise

In the wheel bearings alone, 5,000 extra miles of lubrication

Stop at the sign "Let us *Marfak* your car." Marfak may cost a few cents more, but it's worth it — in the mental satisfaction of *knowing* —not *guessing*—that your car will not let you down!

Try this new service!

It will pay you in better driving, with a car that will handle easier, ride easier and save you money on adjustments and repairs. Try it!

THE TEXAS COMPANY, *Texaco Petroleum Products*

TEXACO
REG. T. M.

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Specified by major air lines for rocker arms

MARFAK

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

Pre-tested on Greyhound over 30,000,000 miles

"Cleans better...costs less ...that's why I like it!"

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TOOTH PASTE
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Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

These advantages alone account for the tremendous popularity of Listerine Tooth Paste

Men and women are attracted to Listerine Tooth Paste for a very simple reason. They find it cleans better than brands they have been using—and it costs less.

Solely because of the results it brings, millions of persons have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice with the fresh, cool flavor.

Listerine Tooth Paste does brighten teeth surprisingly. Improvement is noticeable after only a few days' use. Film and discoloring stains disappear quickly. The polishing agent is extremely gentle yet positive in action. Gritty tooth pastes have no place in today's dental care. If you are using one, try this better way.

You will be quick to notice the high lustre which Listerine Tooth Paste brings to your teeth and how much better your gums look and feel. How delightfully clean and refreshed your mouth is—just as you'd expect from a Listerine product.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ a tube. If you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢ for twice as much; saves 20% more!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

REGULAR SIZE TUBE
25¢
NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

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WE DO OUR PART

Protect yourself from loose bristles!
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH with PERMA-GRIP
(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE writing on Mystera's dressing-room door read: "No man can kick me and live. Ching." When Torcho saw it, you might have thought he'd seen a ghost. He recognized the handwriting; it was Ching's, all right. And Ching was "The Writing Dog."

It's bad enough to be threatened by a man, but at least you can take measures to protect yourself. Who can guess a dog's mental processes—especially those of a dog smart enough to write? Torcho was on a spot and he knew it. Arthur "Bugs" Baer, who is not an authority on Ming pottery or Delft china, but who does know a crackpot when he sees one, writes the story.

FROM time to time we have been called a nation of spendthrifts. In some ways it's true, but not in the usual sense. Our real prodigals are not the city dwellers, throwing parties and gambling on the Exchange; they are the farmers, quietly squandering our most valuable natural treasure—the soil.

Despite the best efforts of the Department of Agriculture, our land is less fruitful today than it was fifty years ago. Farmers raise less per acre than their fathers did. And the reason for this is that much of our rich top soil has found its way to the bottom of the ocean. It's time something was done before we're "All Washed Up." Owen P. White toured the country to get a comprehensive story of soil erosion. Next week he presents the facts.

BARRY LARK was a retired pirate. He had changed his name and dyed his hair and was living in comparative security on an obscure island in the South Seas. To be sure, the administration wanted him—for hanging purposes—but Barry was careful to stay out of the administration's way. Everything might have been well if he hadn't fallen in love. Albert Richard Wetjen tells his dramatic story in "Narrow Channel."

WHEN Crim Seely tried to get permission to mine the coal that he and Broogy Kile had discovered on Tri Dunninger's farm, Tri held out for a price. He insisted that Crim marry his daughter. Crim and Broogy got very rich, but the marriage broke up a beautiful friendship. For twenty years they didn't speak to each other until—Grover Jones tells their story.

KATHARINE ROBERTS, speaking of make-up, brings you the cheery news that "Your Own Best Bet." David Garth, Fidel La Barba, Kathleen Norris, Ray Tucker, E. Phillips Oppenheim and others knock out a few home runs. Grandstand seats for all.

This Week

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September 22, 1934

Cover by Lawson Wood

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E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
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ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN
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RAY TUCKER
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DWIGHT MITCHELL WILEY
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With Glory, **by Georges Surdez. Page 26**

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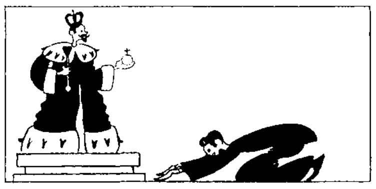
●

Any Week

MR. T. SIMMS of New Orleans managed a few days ago to wrench his attention away from the magnificent battle Senator Huey Long is waging in that city to free it from sin, debauchery and other popular pastimes long enough to write us a letter. "Not content with the damage you have done by your traitorous attitude on the war debts," says Mr. Simms, "you now have gone in for smut in a big way by publishing Hugh Wiley's stories about a Chinese hero and a gang of degenerate Americans. It is quite apparent that you are not an American. The Ku Kluxers may ride again to teach you birds a lesson."

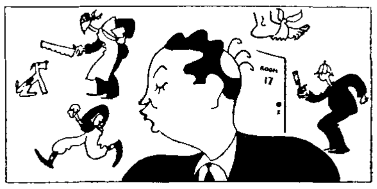


THAT reduces us virtually to a pulp, and Mrs. Winona Lefferts of Eccles, Lancashire, England, steps in to finish us with a stinging rebuke for "speaking lightly of His Majesty, the King." She seems pretty sure about it, adding that we have given her "repeated evidence that you are not a gentleman." She admits, we are pleased to read, that our failure to be a gentleman is not wholly our fault. "Under your system of government," she informs us, "it is impossible to be a gentleman."

OTHER foreign news this week has to do with the experiences in Melbourne, Australia, of the mother-in-law of Mr. Arthur H. Motley of Chicago. Mr. Motley writes that the lady finds life practically unlivable without Collier's and immediately upon arriving in Melbourne applied at a stationer's shop for a copy. The stationer produced one immediately but Mr. Motley's mother-in-law bridled a bit at the price—a shilling—and found fault because the copy offered was of August 27, 1921. Nevertheless, the shopkeeper assured her that as reading matter went the magazine was still excellent and that a shilling was not a penny too much. In fact, said he, he had read it several times and was of the opinion that the price was really insignificant. So the lady paid and that evening wrote home to say that he was quite right about it.

WE WOULD have published a letter from Mr. M. D. Aber of Warrensburg, Missouri, if he had not said therein that "I win a dollar from a New Dealer if you don't publish it. And that's a lot of money these days. That is, if he has a dollar. No one else has."

AND now comes Miss Essie Yates of Okmulgee, Oklahoma, demanding that we continue our staff biographies with "a sketch of Mr. W. B. Courtney, who writes so much about scenery." Our staff with but two exceptions is composed of unusually large and some say awkward men. Mr. Courtney is one of the largest writers we have ever seen. He was born quite a while ago either in New Hampshire or on a British steamship. Once launched upon a job of writing he becomes unmanageable, losing all control and frequently devoting months to a single piece after which he resigns himself to several weeks of begloomed regret. We can discern evidence that once Mr. Courtney was a pretty handsome fellow. His clothes, according to the late William G. Shepherd, were designed by Omar the Tentmaker. He suffers a lot with his feet, this being the result of having had them walked on a great deal while playing basketball and football for a number of colleges back in the days when there was good money in it. He is a fine airplane pilot and will soon be bald. In his struggle toward his present eminence he has written movie scenarios, using the same plot 286 times without the producers or audiences being any the wiser and then selling the plot to Hollywood where it is still the rage. He has been a hotel detective, a soldier, an actor (song and dance), a veterinarian, professional mourner and, to his great surprise, a bartender. Mrs. Lulu Gross of Pontiac, Michigan, wants to know about Owen P. White, but she will have to wait until next week.



WE find ourself to be in complete spiritual accord with a gentleman named Breck White of whom Mr. Ed Ball of Natchez, Mississippi, reports. Mr. White was arrested. Before the police had finished investigating Mr. White they discovered that within a period of six days he had been very guilty of robbery, arson, assault including mayhem, infidelity, liquor drinking, swindling and murder. Committing him for trial, the judge expressed some surprise that Mr. White, who was only twenty years old, should have been able to commit so many crimes in so short a time. Said Mr. White as they led him away:

"BOSS judge, a boy gotta have some fun."

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WHEN YOU JAM ON THESE BRAKES YOU STOP!

...AND THE MARKS ON THE PAVEMENT TRACK STRAIGHT AHEAD

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO you are. It doesn't matter how carefully you drive. You cannot tell when you are going to be faced with an EMERGENCY.

Instinctively, you will jam your foot right down to the floorboard. *And what happens after that will depend on the kind of brakes you have.*

If you are in a Plymouth you will stop right away! The braking action on all four wheels will always be equal. You won't swerve to left or right. They stop you straight ahead.

That's because Plymouth has Hydraulic Brakes. Isn't it simple common sense to look for brakes like that when you buy a car? And isn't it just as reasonable to demand a Safety-Steel Body to protect yourself against other people's carelessness?

If these things cost extra money you might decide to get along without them. But they don't. Today the prices of "All Three" low-priced cars are balanced. *A new Plymouth costs about the same as the comparable model of its two competitors.*

Undoubtedly you have a lot of faith in your present car. It may have served you well. But before you buy another, take a fair, open-minded look at the new Plymouth Special Six.

You'll find that it has the same basic engineering as the most expensive Chrysler Motors cars. You'll find the same kind of Individual Wheel (knee-type) Springing as on highest-priced automobiles—plus Floating Power engine mountings.

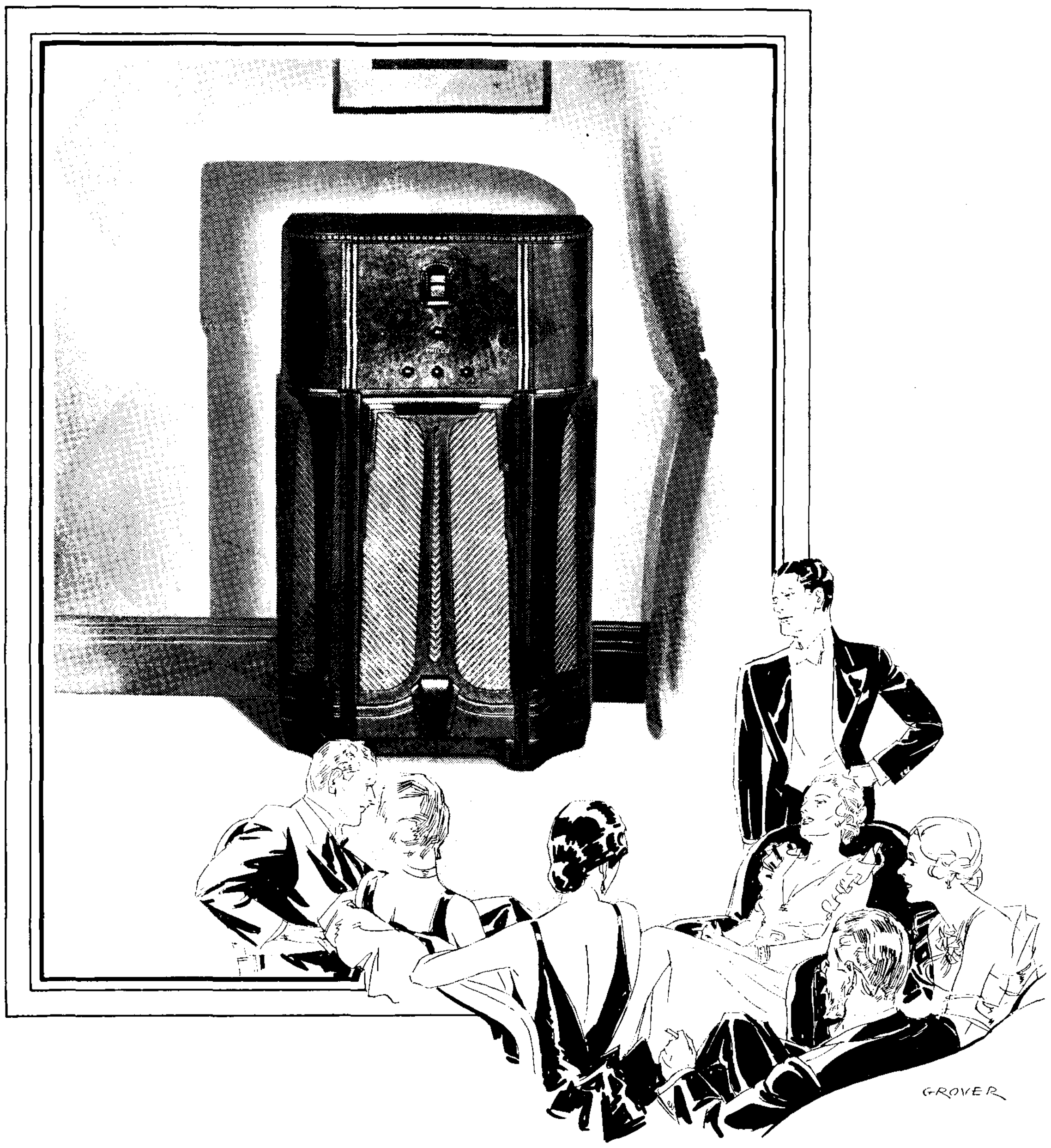
And after you've ridden in it you'll begin to understand why Plymouth has made greater and more rapid gains than any car in history. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will arrange a convenient drive-yourself demonstration for you.

NOW COMPARE THESE VALUES... Prices as low as $485 for Standard Plymouth. Plymouth Special Six $560 up. De Luxe models start at $595. All prices f.o.b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Time payments to fit your budget on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH $485 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

SOLD BY DODGE, DE SOTO AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

NOW PHILCO *Presents* HIGH-FIDELITY RADIO...!



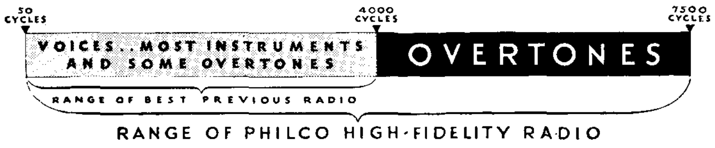
HERE for the first time is absolute realism in radio—tone that is magnificent in its naturalness, breath-taking in its perfection and beauty.

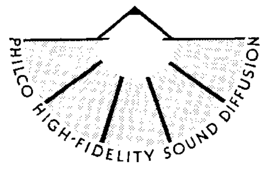
This brilliant PHILCO 200X High-Fidelity Radio fulfills the hopes and desires of the true lover of music. Until you hear it, you've never heard reproduction at its finest.

To listen to programs on this superb instrument is to experience supreme delight. You'll hear the soul-stirring resonance of the deep bass, the shimmering radiance of the high treble. You'll hear every instrument, every voice, every inflection of speech accurately and naturally. You'll hear radio that's REAL through reproduction of overtones never before heard over the air.

And no matter where you listen, at the side or in front, you'll enjoy the same gorgeous tone. For PHILCO, in this new 200X, has developed a new sound diffusing cabinet incorporating the already famous Patented Inclined Sounding Board. As a result, all directional effects have been eliminated, allowing reception to be diffused evenly to all parts of the room.

Words cannot describe this superb High-Fidelity Radio. You must have a demonstration to realize the tremendous advance it represents. If you delight in tone that uplifts and inspires, if you revel in the sheer beauty of fine music, have your dealer demonstrate this magnificent new PHILCO High-Fidelity 200X today. The price is $200. Your present set will be accepted as partial payment.


50 CYCLES
4000 CYCLES
7500 CYCLES
VOICES..MOST INSTRUMENTS AND SOME OVERTONES
OVERTONES
RANGE OF BEST PREVIOUS RADIO
RANGE OF PHILCO HIGH-FIDELITY RADIO



The light portion of the diagram above represents the tonal range of the best previous radio (50 to 4,000 cycles). The dark portion indicates the *added* tonal range of the PHILCO 200X (4,000 to 7,500 cycles). Not only does the PHILCO 200X reproduce more of the high treble notes but also the very important overtones which give naturalness and realism to voice and music. By means of its Fidelity-Selectivity Control, the tonal range of the PHILCO 200X may be adjusted so that the *maximum* tonal range of any American station may be enjoyed.

So you might *fully* enjoy these overtones and the high notes (which tend to travel in straight lines), the Sound Beam Diffuser and Sound Diffusing Cabinet were developed to distribute voice and music evenly throughout the room as shown by the diagram above. With the Patented Inclined Sounding Board they give you, wherever you sit, full tonal beauty as in a music hall.

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

A PHILCO FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

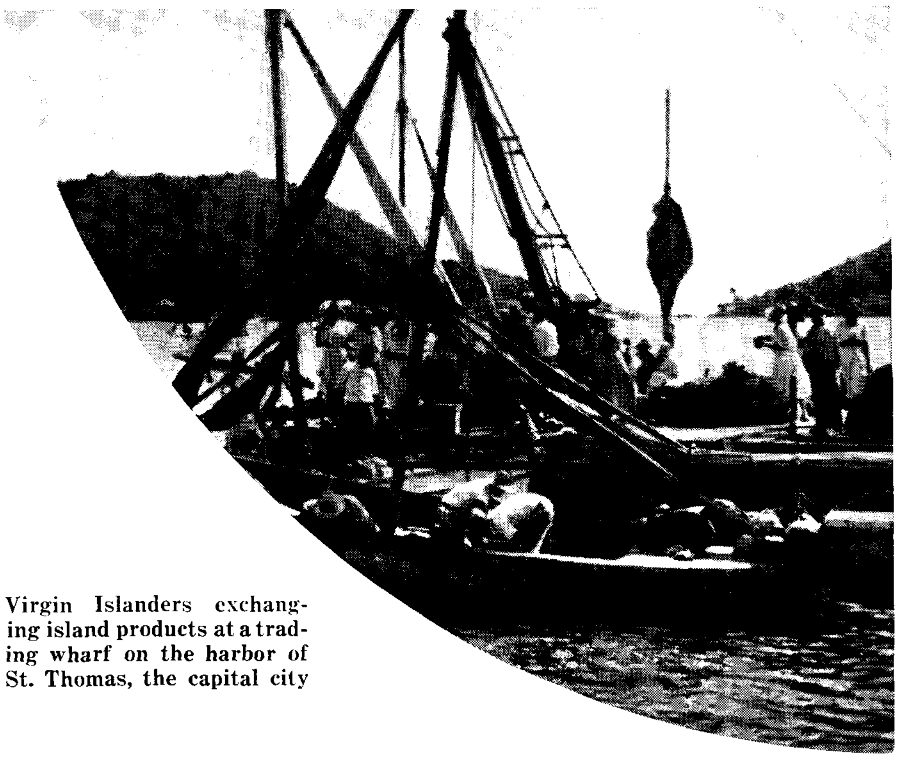
AMERICAN and FOREIGN BROADCAST RECEIVERS . . .	$39.95 to $600
AMERICAN BROADCAST RECEIVERS	$20 to $200
NEW PHILCO AUTO RADIOS	$39.95 to $75

Prices slightly higher Denver and West. All prices subject to change without notice.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

Listen to BOAKE CARTER over key Columbia stations. Also PHILCO'S program from Station EAQ, Madrid, Spain (9.87 on your PHILCO dial) Sundays at 7 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

Collier's The National Weekly for September 22, 1934



Virgin Islanders exchanging island products at a trading wharf on the harbor of St. Thomas, the capital city

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC
KANSAS

A Negro stoker at Sebastian's rum still. This man enjoys the distinction of being the strongest man in the Islands

There's been a surplus of poor relations recently and Uncle Sam has had more than his share. The Virgin Islands, for instance, have cost him—or you, the taxpayer—half a million a year. But that's all over now: the long-stranded islands are going to be floated—in rum. Cruzan rum, at that. Come with Mr. Courtney and watch your country as it prepares to establish a colorful industry in its most colorful possession

Governor Paul M. Pearson is the head of the Virgin Islands' "brain trust"

SEBASTIAN knows all the answers. Especially about rum. His fellow Virgin Islanders—who see in his noble and incredibly white ten-story collar visible evidence that he is a scholar, antiquarian and scientist—solemnly explain that he is the world's foremost authority on rum because he has been making it since three years before the dark-eyed Columbus talked Queen Isabella out of her brooches.

Sebastian has a workroom in a cellar in St. Thomas which goes to your soul when you enter it; for it is dark and vast and bedeviling—a combination of a medicine man's jungle hut and a medieval alchemist's shop and a modern experimental laboratory. But it goes even more to your head; for it reeks of rums and liqueurs. Sebastian can make a cordial out of anything, from a gooseberry to an old Dutch cannon. If you smack your lips over the sampling tastes he gives you, his white eyes will open wide in the gloom and sparkle like buttons that have come loose from his collar.

He may then settle down and tell you the legendary story of how Cruzan rum got its great reputation. If not, I may tell it to you—privately—if you write me a nice letter. But it is a long story—for stout fellows and merry hours. This much you may be told, however, without reservation and without frill: the rum of the Virgin Islands is, historically and in fact, the best rum made in this world. It is important for you to know that, if you are to understand why the Virgin Islands have been in the news so much of late; and why President Roosevelt included them in the itinerary of his sea vacation.

"In the very old days," Sebastian told me above one of his fragrant vats, "Cruzan rum was sold for a gallon a shilling. Most of it was shipped from St. Thomas, but made over on St. Croix, hence named Cruzan. It was awful. After sugar has been made from cane juice, and molasses has been made from the waste left in the sugar process, there is a final sludge of albuminous skim with a very bad smell—or 'hogue,' as the natives call it. Originally Cruzan rum was made from that. It was customary for a pirate, after drinking the rum, to test his breath with a match. If it did not explode he would kill the bartender. Inflammable breath was a joke in the States during prohibition. In the old bad days down here it was not a joke, young man.

Best Because It Was Worst

"Pirates and sailors were the principal customers of our grog shops; and their taste lay in strength rather than in bouquet. On the other islands of the West Indies the rum was much better from the esthetic point of view. It was made from the blackstrap, as molasses is called in the sugar mills. Thus it was a by-product of sugar; whereas the Cruzan rum was a by-product of molasses. Most of the West Indian rum-making has remained in the blackstrap age; but in the Virgin Islands we began, later on and for various reasons, to make it of the pure cane juice, so that it was not a by-product at all. We made the worst rum in the world at first, and it was known as the best to our trade because it *was* the worst. And then we started really to make the best, and strangely enough it was still known as the best, not because it was the best and purest, but only because it once had been the worst. If you follow me.

"It all goes to show"—and I forgot to warn you that Sebastian is a historian, as well as a scientist, antiquarian and scholar; and that he is partial to four-dollar phrases—"that history is not always born in wedlock to the Clock and his wife, Calendar. For instance, only three years elapsed between the visit of President Hoover to these islands and the visit of President Roosevelt. But more than three centuries of history swarm between. You'll know why, after you poke around a bit and see what is going on down here today.

"President Hoover came here in 1931. Our people decorated St. Thomas with bay-tree leaves and other local greens. They lined the narrow streets of our old town and sang and shouted and played upon homemade musical instruments. They have very little; but they proudly and happily gave of that. Next morning when he was sailing home upon a big and fine battleship he said the Virgin Islands were a poorhouse. Our feelings were hurt. And I read that people in the States didn't like it, either. But at least it made them remember us.

"On July 8th of this year President Roosevelt came to St. Thomas. Once again our people decorated the streets with bay-tree leaves and other local greens; and lined up and sang and shouted and played upon homemade musical instruments. They were no happier, no prouder than three years before. They had no more now. Yet it was different. There was something to look forward to.

Blackstrap and Bootstraps

"It all comes back to the great reputation of Cruzan rum. You have heard of blackstrap in connection with rum. Well, here in the Virgin Islands we are going to add a new word to your rum vocabulary. Bootstrap. Rum is the bootstrap which President Roosevelt and Governor Pearson are giving our people a hold of, so that they may lift themselves out of the tail-end of the Dark Ages. And a lot of poor folks down here, whose grandpappies and grandmammies were slaves, are going to get a chance to wear good clothes, and maybe have a little money in the bank, just because Americans are like pirates. I mean in drinking habits. Once upon a time rum was so widely drunk that its very name became the universal synonym for spirits. But nowadays it seems that only pirates, sailors and Americans retain a fancy for it. Thank goodness they do. For it means things are going to happen down here; and I'll bet if we are successful it won't get into the papers in the big countries that have been so rich, because their workers might be jealous and want the same things."

And Sebastian, who, as you might easily suspect, is a philosopher as well as a scientist, historian, antiquarian and scholar, walked off to cock an eye and a nostril at his most recently filled vat.

Indeed, he had done me a great favor in talking to me at all, for he has not much leisure time. "Bees is buzzin' "—as the natives say of juice fermenting

—again in vats new and ancient on St. Croix and on old Charlotte Amalie, now simply called St. Thomas after the capital and only city; and smoke from stills is penciling a message of hope and prosperity in skies that, despite their natural sunniness, have been cheerless these many years. The islands, raggedy stepchildren of a rich and proper country, at last see a chance to mend and patch and scrub up and walk on equal terms with the rest of the family. Marshaled by a small and devoted band of practical idealists, they have been turned into a social and economic laboratory on which are fixed, not without apprehension, the eyes of statesmen in all powers that have colonial possessions.

A Vital Experiment

The situation has elements of fantasy; an inconsistency possible only in a completely astigmatic or a wholly tolerant world. For, protected and financed by the nation which is recognized as chief defender of private enterprise and initiative, the Virgin Islands have been thrust into an experiment in public enterprise, bureaucratic initiative, which is socialistic in virtually all points and communistic in many.

Thus a small group of coral-girt islands and cays—quick, now! without looking in your atlas, can you tell where the Virgin Islands are?—set in a climate that is forever June and bearing life which today is at the pace of three centuries ago, has become one of the most interesting spots in the modern world: important and significant to you and to all Americans because, even though you may not know offhand where the Virgin Islands are, plenty of your dollars have been leaking there to support them since 1917. Heretofore Treasury aid to the islands has been as money thrown out of a steamship porthole: henceforth, if this vital colonial trial is successful, the islands will be self-supporting.

You are fortunate if your first view of the Virgin Islands of the United States is from the air. Intermingled with the British Virgin Islands, at the head of the pageant of Lesser Antilles, they lie forty miles east of Puerto Rico, on the main Pan-American route from Miami to Buenos Aires, and you catch your breath a little to see them. It is as if the Pleiades have fallen from the heavens into water that, under the tropic sun, has the color of a smoke-filled soap bubble.

No Dearth of Beauty

As you glide down above tucked-away bays and green-bowled coves you can see cloud shadows moving over sand and kelp sixty feet or more below the surface of the pellucid sea. When you drop to the surface of St. Thomas Harbor, best haven in the West Indies and among the finest in the world, and look upon the red and white houses pinned by tall cocoanut palms to the shouldering mountains, and when you step ashore into the happy living stream of the little town with its tides of brightly clad and friendly natives and its currents of ageless vehicles and eddies of drowsing, overladen burros, you realize that the poverty of the islands is not of beauty, nor of the heart or mind.

In 1917, when the islands were acquired from Denmark, our eyes and ears were aimed toward war-enshrouded Europe. Part of the relieved Danish garrison passed through New York on its way home; and constituted the only visible knowledge the mainland had of the climax of an international play which had run on for three quarters of a century and in its last moves picked up the pace and red-fire of third-balcony melodrama. For generations naval strategists had coveted a West Indian station—St. Thomas, particularly, because of its wide-bosomed, deep-water harbor. Such a federal base would have choked off the Confederate blockade runners; and the expenditures of the Civil War in lives, money and time would have been much less.

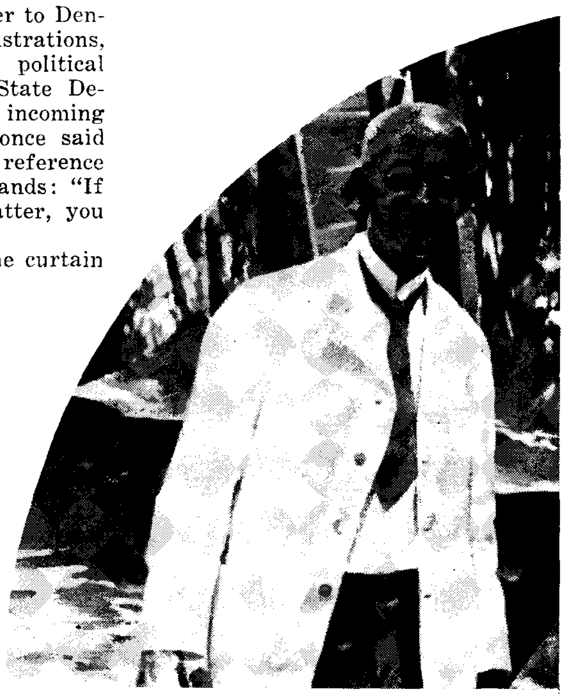
Secretary of State Seward took the first practical step with a visit to the islands in 1866, and in the following year a treaty was negotiated for their purchase; whereupon Senator Sumner and President Johnson demonstrated how petty human traits—jealousy and vanity—may rise above patriotism. In their grudge, the treaty languished. Not until an Isthmian canal became inevitable, and the Spanish War gave new fingergrips in politics and statecraft to the Navy, did it again reach the first pages. This time five million dollars was the price set, and the United States quickly ratified; but Denmark turned it down. The United States, chagrined, held Guantanamo out from a freed Cuba; and continued to negotiate with Denmark. But international intrigue had tiptoed in, curling its mustachios. European powers—particularly France and Germany—alarmed at the turn of the idealistic republic to thoughts of empire, began to whisper into little Denmark's ear.

The secret pressure was bitter; money crossed frontiers; and once an ill legislator was borne into a capitol on his cot, amid cheers, to cast a deciding negative vote. There was never anything but utter friendliness between the high contracting parties; but if you were a ninety-pound grammar school boy named Denmark, and next door lived a *260-pound college football* player named Germany who had already taken some of your toys—like Schleswig-Holstein — your friendship would be practical, too. Germany, soundest and most far-seeing of planners, had made St. Thomas a coaling station for its Hamburg-American line for years; and knew the lay of things. It wanted a base for its sea-raiders on Atlantic commerce in the expected war.

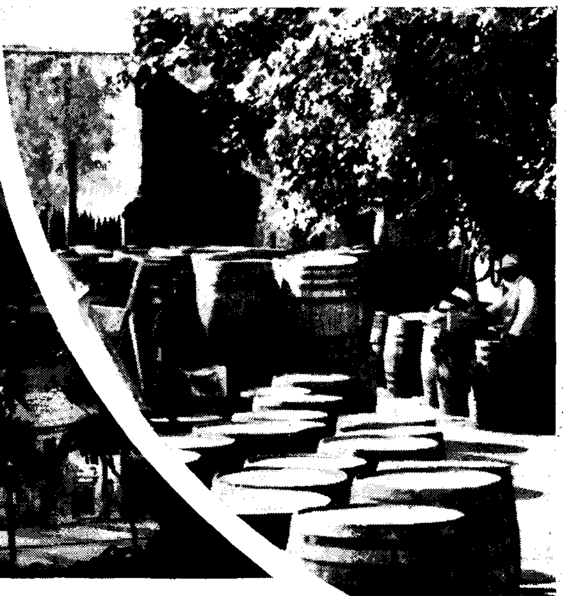
"No More Fooling!"

Meantime, politicians in the United States wondered how Dr. Maurice Francis Egan stayed on as Minister to Denmark through several administrations, without being sacrificed to political faith. It was because the State Department whispered to each incoming President that royalty had once said to Egan, in Copenhagen, with reference to the sale of the Virgin Islands: "If anyone can arrange this matter, you can!"

The Great War rang up the curtain for the last act. The war lords' fingers were closing over "St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins," as Columbus had called them—his mathematics led astray by his piety. Based there, a foreign enemy could scald our coasts. It could hack transport lines of American expeditionary forces on the Atlantic or Caribbean. So Washington was genuinely stirred and alarmed. In 1916 President Wilson parceled up some barbs in a nice polite diplomatic package and sent Rob Lansing, Secretary of State, around with it to the Danish Legation for reshipment to Copenhagen. Underneath the courtesies, it said: "No more foolin'. You make up your minds to sell us the Virgin Islands right now, or the United States

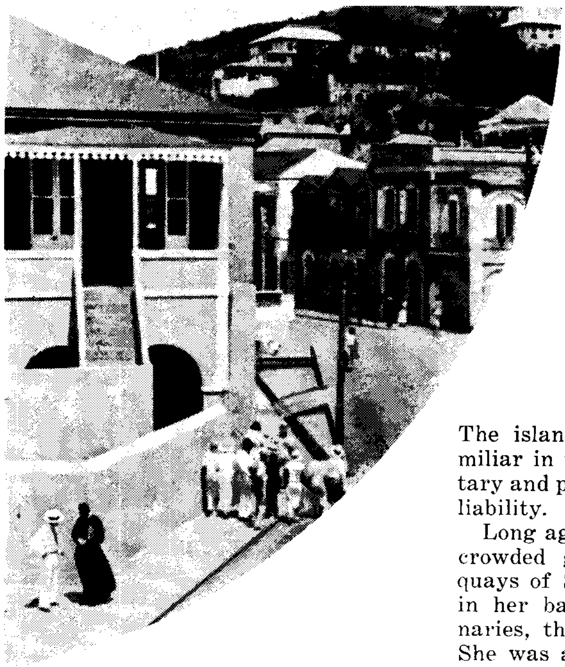


Right, Sebastian, who knows all about rum. Below, Bluebeard's Castle (on hill in background). In the center, new casks to carry Cruzan rum once more to the world



Right, the fine harbor of St. Thomas

A paradise for tourists. The Virgin Islands offer fine beaches safely tucked away behind amber coral reefs



Above, picturesque old St. Thomas, an ancient stairway. Center, native girls learning handicraft as a part of the rehabilitation program. Left is a street corner in old St. Thomas

Navy will up anchor and sail over and take 'em, see!"

Exactly seven days before the United States entered the war, the islands were formally transferred; the Danish Treasury was better off by twenty-five million, and Uncle Sam presently found he had not digested his meal of islands very well and had a headache.

The pain was not from the cost. Considering war prices, the questions of national safety involved, and other readily apparent factors, the bargain was not at all one-sided. But it was as though you were to buy Junior a pet rhinoceros. The original sum might not hurt—but saints preserve us, the upkeep! Especially if the world supply of rhinoceros fodder became scarce.

The islands are a paradox not unfamiliar in national bookkeeping; a military and political asset, and an economic liability.

Long ago it was not like that. Ships crowded gunwale to gunwale at the quays of St. Thomas; chains to chains in her bay. She was, after the Canaries, the nearest harbor to Europe. She was a point on the famous calico-slaves-rum triangle. Today there are local dynasties, fine homes, in Rockport and Boothbay, Maine; in Marblehead and Nantucket and New Bedford, Massachusetts; in New London and along the lower reaches of the Connecticut River, that owe their being to that trade.

Vessels loaded up with calico and with lesser inducements made in New England and sailed to the central west coast of Africa; there to barter the goods for a hold full of naked blacks, and make westing along the equator for St. Thomas. Here the slaves were unloaded; and presently the Yankee ships sailed homeward on the final leg of the great triangle laden with Cruzan rum that would make many a bleak New England night, many a rasp-tongued New England wife, more bearable. Meantime, hordes of expert buyers crowded the slave market of St. Thomas, the Wall Street of the traffic in humans; thence hundreds of ships distributed millions of Negroes to their last homes of bondage, chiefly the cotton and tobacco plantations of the Southern United States.

The characteristics of the modern Virgin Islands were fixed partly by nature and partly by the circumstances of abundant days. St. John and St. Thomas, although once cultivated from mountain top to water edge by slaves, were never really spade-tamed; and lapsed immediately into rugged wilderness after plentiful cheap labor disappeared. St. Croix—or Santa Cruz—is the largest of the Virgins and might easily be mistaken for a county from our southernmost prairies. She has always looked to her furrows.

The Leaks in Prosperity

But St. Thomas never glanced back upon her ridges, even when those were tended and orderly; nor does she look upon their robust brushwood today. Her eyes, as always, are turned to the harbor—and to the high point across the bay, where a lookout upon the open sea beyond has been maintained from time immemorial. The signs are complicated, yet the smallest cotton-eyed urchin in town can babble full details to you after a mere glance: whether the ship is approaching or passing, and in which quarter of the compass; whether it is a man-o'-war, sailing vessel or merchant ship; nationality, rigging and, I truly believe, the middle initials of the captain and the telephone number of his girl friend.

This historical complexity was alike ignored by President Hoover's generalized stricture and by its critics, who answered that the Virgin Islands were another victim of prohibition; whereas there were deeper leaks in their well of ancient prosperity. The sugar glut originating in Cuba and the resultant low prices; higher rates of modern transportation; the replacement of sailing vessels by steamships, so that St. Thomas was no longer the general store at the crossroads of the Americas and no longer a transshipment and distribution point, because fast modern vessels bore cargoes directly from Europe to their ports of final destination; the boll worm that ravished St. Croix's promising cotton fields; a preponderantly ex-slave population that lacked enterprise, initiative or the will to work except when driven; the removal of the Royal Mail Steamship Company's headquarters to Barbados in 1885; the lack of foreign capital—even today less than $20,000 of private American funds are invested in the islands.

Our First Brain Trust

The initial step in the policy—which in some later century may be looked upon as the first genuinely civilized and enlightened plan of a great nation for a foster child—of the United States to help the Virgin Islands help themselves came in 1931, the year of President Hoover's famous comment, and was based upon a report and recommendation drawn up for the Department of the Interior by the chief of its Bureau of Efficiency, H. D. Brown. The program, as well as the problem, was recognized as so unusual that Washington extended itself to gather and send down to the islands an outstanding group, unique in our political and colonial experience up to that time: a brain trust that is two years older than its more famous brother at home.

Doctor Paul Martin Pearson, Chautauqua head in the United States and teacher of English in the peaceful Quaker surroundings of Swarthmore in the lovely Pennsylvania countryside, led the band as governor. Lawrence W. Cramer, who was graduated from Wisconsin and was a faculty colleague of Rexford Tugwell and Raymond Moley at Columbia—it's "Rex" and "Ray" and "Larry"—where he taught political science, went along to be lieutenant governor of St. Croix. Boyd Brown, a Virginian, a Swarthmore grad, and a public accountant, is government secretary; acting governor whenever Pearson is absent. Harry Taylor, of Montclair, New Jersey, Amherst College, and the advertising and publishing business, is commissioner of industry. James R. Tily, also of Swarthmore and a construction engineer to boot, is commissioner of public works. Not a straight-ticket voter in the lot; yet they comprise the only legacy from President Hoover that President Roosevelt has left intact.

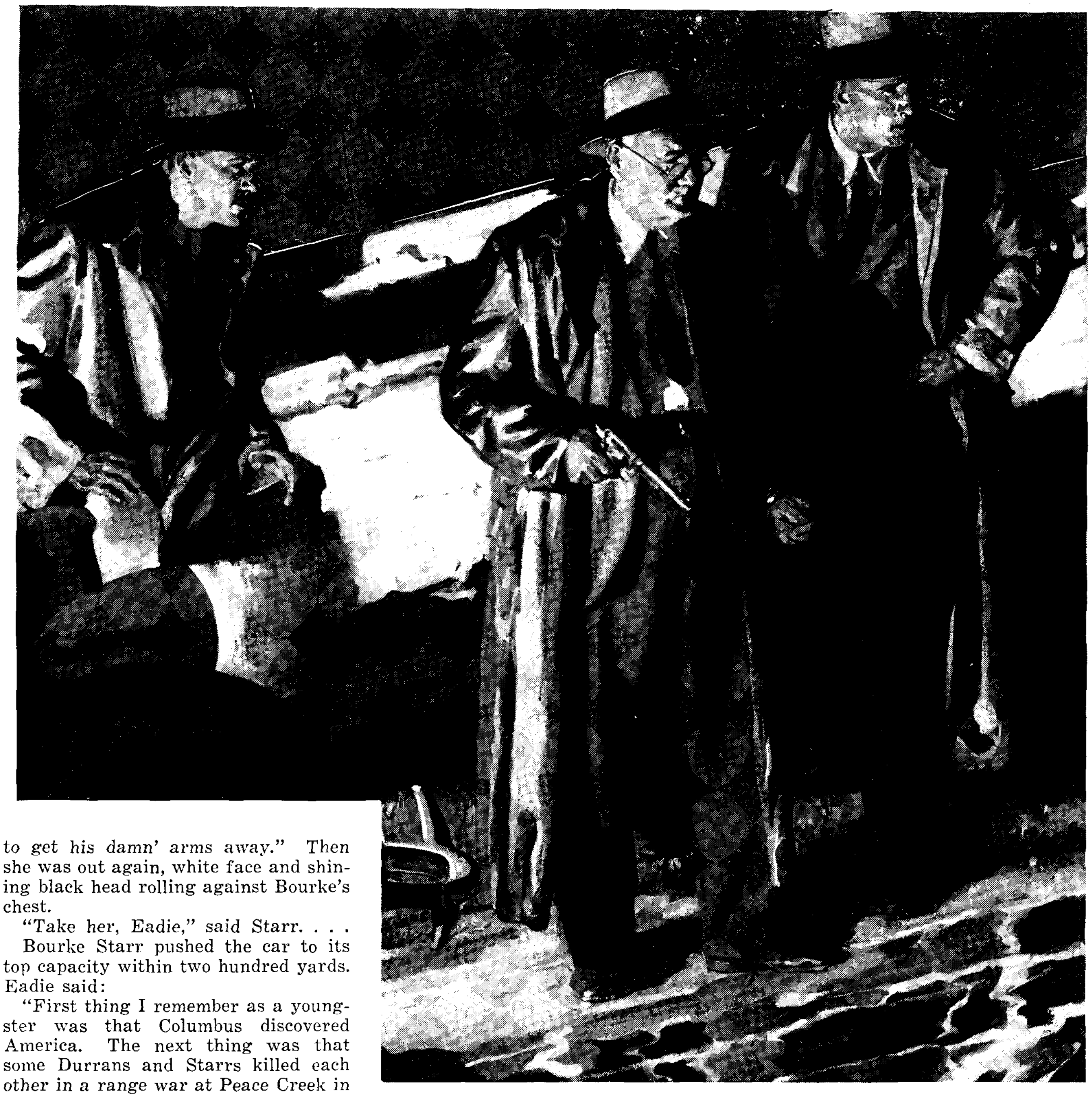
Each is a man after his own heart; a liberal, idealistic, social welfare adventurer. None gives a hang for political consequences; each had a larger income in his non-public career. Working harder than ever before in their lives, these men and their colleagues pitched in to learn the islands first-hand; and they carried the rehabilitation plan far beyond its original lines. Someone in Washington—there are many who say it was the Brain Trust, but there are more who say it was President Roosevelt himself, anxious to erect a

(Continued on page 55)

Tradition

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



To everybody interested in progress we recommend this highly satisfactory conclusion of the Starr-Durran feud. A refreshing chapter of the New West in which there are several fatalities, but no shooting

BOURKE STARR sat relaxed and thoughtful on his side of the roadster, watching the headlights swell against a premature five-o'clock darkness. The car's wheels howled around a curve and the engine's exhaust sullenly deepened down a straightaway slashed out of high, heavy pines. Sergeant Eadie was inscrutably engrossed in his driving, but Bourke knew he'd be thinking about the interrupted fishing trip back in the hills of the Starr ranch. Eadie's state police badge threw back the instrument board glow in sharp, glinting fragments.

"Seventy-five's all I can kick out of 'er," said Eadie.

"When you get a couple of days off," said Bourke, "you come back to the ranch and we'll finish our fishing. I'm sorry this sudden call broke in."

"The world," reflected Eadie, "is full of relatives always in trouble. What's your cousin Clay Starr want?"

"He was mysterious over the phone. Just said he had to see me in a hurry."

"We're supplyin' the hurry," grunted Eadie. "Well, you're the big Starr, so you have to play papa to the tribe. The Chinese ain't got nothing on us in the way of family obligations."

"Trouble ahead," said Bourke, very sharply.

Sergeant Eadie's quick eyes had already seen the aluminum blur in the ditch. Tires wailed and the headlights swung around to reveal the wreck of a long roadster turned half over and embedded in a channel of soft dirt gouged out by its own impact. One front wheel still was spinning.

"That's Valerie Durran's buggy," said Eadie.

Bourke Starr wrenched open the wrecked car's door. Valerie Durran, sure. She was behind the wheel and her head lay on it as if she had simply bent over and gone to sleep. He had some trouble pulling her away from the wheel and when he sat her on the wet road in the glow of the state machine's headlamps he was a little worried. He propped her up against his knee and stared curiously at the relaxed face. This was the first time in fifteen years he had been close enough to Valerie Durran to observe that her lashes were very long and that she was one of the few Durrans with a beautiful mouth. Unconscious, she had a spurious air of child-like innocence.

Eadie said, "Out like a light."

Bourke laid his hand in the region of her heart, felt the softness of her body, and pulled his arm away in embarrassment. Valerie Durran's back arched and her cloudy blue eyes opened on the two men. Then she recognized Bourke Starr. Her mouth became more like a typical Durran's mouth—thin and inhospitable.

"Eadie," she said very distinctly, "if that's a Starr holding me up, tell him to get his damn' arms away." Then she was out again, white face and shining black head rolling against Bourke's chest.

"Take her, Eadie," said Starr. . . .

Bourke Starr pushed the car to its top capacity within two hundred yards. Eadie said:

"First thing I remember as a youngster was that Columbus discovered America. The next thing was that some Durrans and Starrs killed each other in a range war at Peace Creek in '73 and ain't spoke since. You two families sure have managed to plaster yourselves all over this section. And in case you don't remember, nobody has so far made the bottom loop of this road at sixty miles an hour."

BOURKE set the car on its nose twenty feet from the turn, banked wickedly and fed in the power again. They were on level ground, the white highway fence turning to a streaked blur as they traveled. "We'll drop her off at Aunt Clare Durran's house," decided Bourke. "You take her in."

He turned into town and drew up at a curb. "Your car, Eadie," he said and got out. "We'll figure on better fishing next time." His glance, turned to Eadie, could not help covering Valerie Durran. Some sort of interest stirred the enigmatic aloofness of her face. He bowed his solid red head impartially at both people and turned toward the hotel.

At the next intersection he drove his long body almost disastrously into the middle-aged bulk of Tamarack Lane. Tamarack Lane recoiled and growled; and afterward his florid cheeks lightened. "Why don't you sound your siren? Come up to the house for dinner."

"Sold," said Bourke Starr. He wheeled into the hotel lobby and went up to a room he kept rented for his frequent visits to Pendleton and got immediately on the phone, calling Clay Starr. He said, "I'm here, Clay," and hung up.

After that he shaved and changed his clothes, and was smoking a cigarette when Clay entered with the manner of one bearing bad news.

"I need help."

"Sure," said Bourke, cheerfully. But he measured this young cousin with a sharp glance; his Starr eyes—black with bronze flakes—were rather hard. "Sure," repeated Bourke. "How much?"

"No." Clay drew a deep breath. He said, "This will sound pretty haywire to you. But I got no other place to turn. Take it right. I'm going to marry Elaine Durran."

Bourke turned his back to Clay and scraped his cigarette ashes into a tray. Then he spoke, slowly: "This love racket works in funny ways. How did you meet her in the first place?"

"Another story. But listen. Elaine's ready to jump out of the window, and I'm half nuts. We're simply stopped and the next thing we know old Ben Lee will drag her out to their ranch and keep her on ice. By heaven!" Clay Starr doubled his fist and struck the air futilely, and a deeper ruddiness made him handsome in an unruly way.

"What next?" prompted Bourke.

"I can't do this without being spotted. You can. Fix some way for Elaine and me to get out of town."

"All right."

"You're regular," said Clay.

"You'll never be able to live in Pendleton, kid."

"Hell with Pendleton. There's lots of country." Then Clay let his bitterness go. "That old quarrel of sixty years ago has kept on like some damned microbe in the blood. There's no reason to it."

"You may be right," said Bourke, quietly. "But the Durrans were licked in the Peace Creek fight—and it's hard to forget a lost battle." He punched Clay's solid chest fraternally and left the room. Going through the hotel lobby door, he saw Elaine Durran's younger brother, Henry, turn and walk into an alley on the farther side of the street. "They take this family stuff pretty seriously," he reflected. He'd get some tickets for Clay. But it would do no good. Old Ben Lee, Elaine's grandfather and guardian, was too shrewd to be fooled.

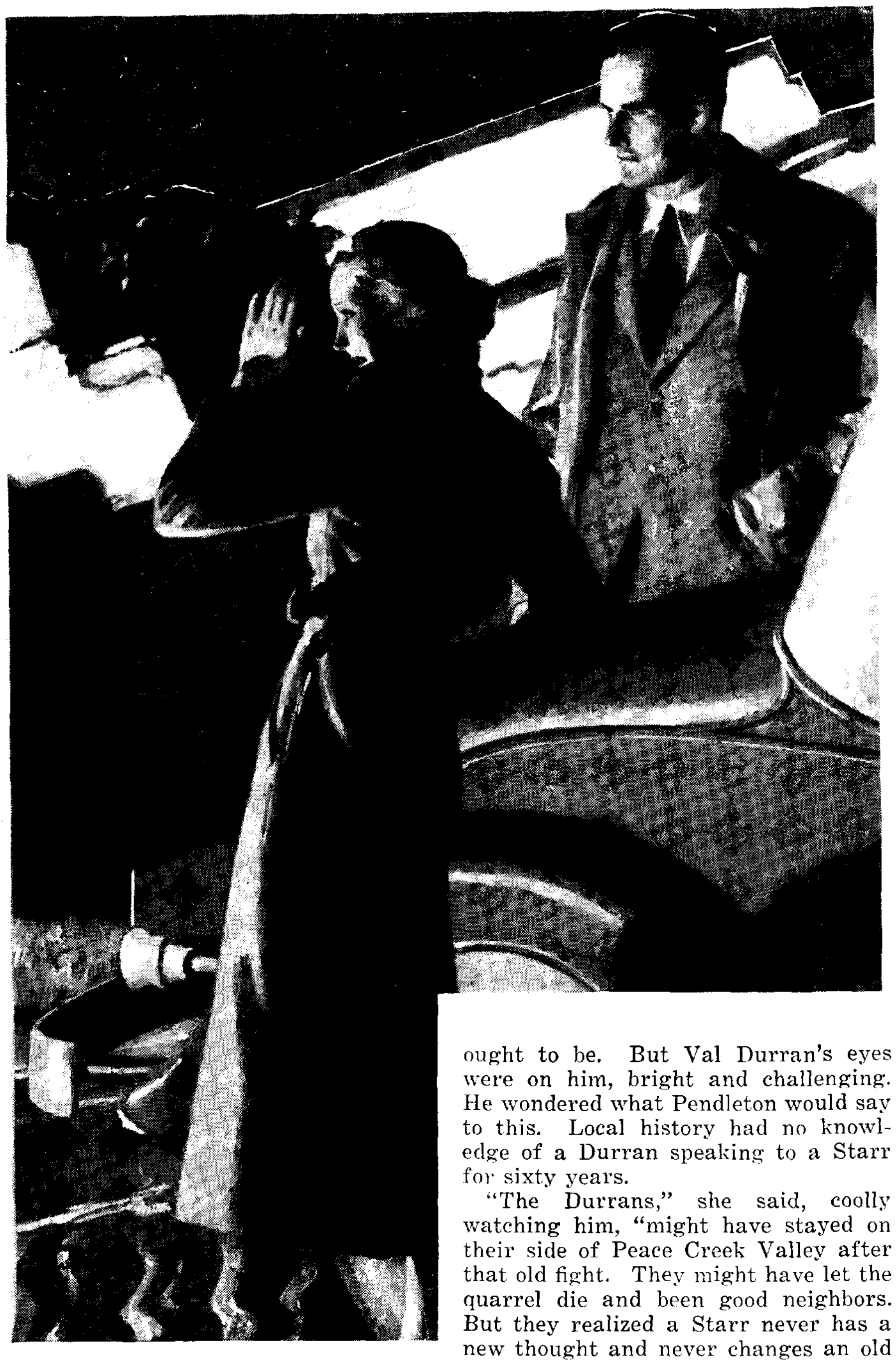
Climbing the hill to Tamarack Lane's house in a fine rain, he felt restless and at odds and he remembered the resonance of Valerie Durran's voice: "If that's a Starr, tell him to take his damn' hands away." Straight from the shoulder. Her eyes were very blue and it was hard to forget them.

HE PASSED between two iron stags and approached Tamarack Lane's big front porch with the 1890-style turrets guarding either end. Mrs. Lane was waiting for him, half worried and half resentful.

"Sometimes, Bourke, that Tamarack man can be so dumb. He knew Val Durran would be here for dinner. I immediately called Ardis Jones as a partner for you. It will be less embarrassing—and I'm truly sorry."

Bourke suppressed a grin. He said, gently, "It will be only a polite indifference across the coffee cups, Mrs. Lane. It's a long way from '73."

All these ten people at the table,



Ben Lee didn't know any other answer to an argument. Bourke balanced himself for a long plunge forward

Bourke Starr reflected, were his loyal friends. But so were they friends of Valerie Durran, which made the air a little thin and electric. The talk kept threatening to die out. Tamarack Lane's forehead faintly perspired as he filled in the conversational gaps and Mrs. Lane's smile was one shade too bright. Ardis Jones sat to Bourke's left, her faintly provocative voice drawing his attention aside. Ardis Jones' hair was the color of dead ripe wheat. She had a soft, full figure. Her glance was secretively humorous. "Heavy going, Bourke."

TAMARACK LANE said: "The people that settled eastern Oregon were a tough and bawdy lot. Well, they had to be, for this was no vale of Eden. It was root hog or die. The strain still runs pretty strong. Meet almost any man in Pendleton wearin' a business suit and a Rotary pin and put him on a horse out in the sagebrush and he'll go woolly. He'll sleep ten feet from his camp fire with one ear cocked for the sound of trouble. Why? Because that's the way his daddy did, with good reason."

"You're right, Tamarack," Bourke Starr said suddenly. "A lot of things come out of the past. But they're poor imitations of the original. The day of the quick draw is over. We keep our quarrels for the dinner table. We just go through the motions of being tough."

If the ice was broken, it might as well be completely broken. Ardis Jones drew a rather long breath. Nobody, it appeared, knew what the next word ought to be. But Val Durran's eyes were on him, bright and challenging. He wondered what Pendleton would say to this. Local history had no knowledge of a Durran speaking to a Starr for sixty years.

"The Durrans," she said, coolly watching him, "might have stayed on their side of Peace Creek Valley after that old fight. They might have let the quarrel die and been good neighbors. But they realized a Starr never has a new thought and never changes an old one. There's nothing but flint and dumb stubbornness in your people. So the Durrans moved to town."

Bourke watched the color of those straight eyes deepen to a steel shade. "It was a prosperous move," he said quietly. "But then, any Durran would prosper anywhere. I don't mind admitting a Durran brain is quicker than ours, which is why we distrust it. We never have known where a Durran would jump next."

"That is kind," said Valerie.

"What's kindness got to do with it?" asked Bourke.

The doorbell tinkled. Ardis Jones, whose serene temper could not be disturbed, said, "Two shots—two hits." The Lane housegirl came to the dining-room. "Uncle Ben Lee Durran's on the porch, Miss Valerie."

Valerie excused herself. The meal was over. Bourke rose and pulled back Ardis Jones' chair, but his eyes followed Valerie Durran through the doorway and remained there until Ardis' smooth laugh broke the spell. "I'm here, Galahad."

She was. The top of her shining head came to his eyes and she looked at him in a way that was too frank for mistaking. He said, "A little ride will do no harm," went over and made his apologies to his hosts; then walked to Ardis Jones' car and got in, touched by an unsettling restlessness. "Airport," he told Ardis.

"What's romantic about an airport on a rainy Friday night, Bourke?"

But she put the car in gear and they growled up the hill and idled along the short road to the airport hangar. Ardis parked in front of it and cut the engine. Her habitually amused face showed speculation. Bourke Starr said, "Come on," and took her with him into the office. "Two seats for Portland, tomorrow night," he told the agent. Then he said to Ardis, "Any questions?"

"No, Bourke."

WHEN he got out at the hotel she was again smiling, but the corners of her mouth were tight and she drove away without farewell. Very thoughtful, Bourke Starr climbed the stairs to his room and saw a faint wisp of cigarette smoke drifting over his transom. Black eyes perceptibly narrowed, he went in and found old Ben Lee Durran waiting for him.

Ben Lee said, in a flat, reedy voice, "You're head of your tribe, Starr. Keep that Clay cub away from Elaine. I will say no more."

He had no proper business in Pendleton, but he stayed. At twelve o'clock of another rainy morning he crossed from the hotel to a pool hall and ran into Sergeant Eadie. Bob Durran, one of Elaine's two brothers, faded suddenly beyond the pool tables, through the hall's back door. Eadie stared at this shifting of the scene with a bland, half-lidded interest.

"Two tickets to Portland by plane. News spreads in this village, kid."

"Who'd you think," inquired Bourke, "might be using them?"

"I wouldn't know. I'm just a dumb cop tryin' to keep out of trouble."

"Nuts," said Bourke Starr.

He strolled on, broad hat pelted by the enlarging drops of a heavier rain. Cousin Clay walked from an alley across the way, saw him and wheeled instantly back.

"Everybody in town knows you bought two tickets," said Clay. "Half the folks think it's you and Ardis Jones—but we ain't fooling the Durrans. They got Elaine where she can't make a move."

"Lots of time," Bourke murmured.

Clay let out a long, desperate breath. "Maybe it sounds crazy, but if I could lay my hands on a gun I'd kill Ben Lee!"

"A typical Starr reaction. We're a dumb tribe, kid. I'm going to eat."

HE CUT into the White House restaurant, walked all the way to the rear and sat down in a private stall. A girl whisked up, readily smiling.

"The oysters are good, Bourke."

"Oysters then."

She went away and he let his eyes fall thoughtfully to the tablecloth; and then he saw her move rapidly into the edges of his vision again. But when he raised his head he saw it wasn't the waitress. It was Val Durran. She looked down at him quietly, without friendliness, without animosity. Bourke started to rise. Val Durran's hand motioned otherwise and she sat quickly opposite him, out of the public gaze.

"The whole thing," she said at once, "is quite impossible."

"They seem to be in love," he said, rather dryly.

His answer released a flash of irony. "Never commit yourself too deeply, Bourke. Always qualify with the word 'seem.' Never step outside your Starr safety."

He was restless again, full of dismal temper. "I recall I saw you for the first time in school when I was eleven years old. You had on a blue dress and wore your hair braided. I spoke to you and you ran off. I learned then I was a Starr. That's fifteen years ago. We have lived in the same town, walked the

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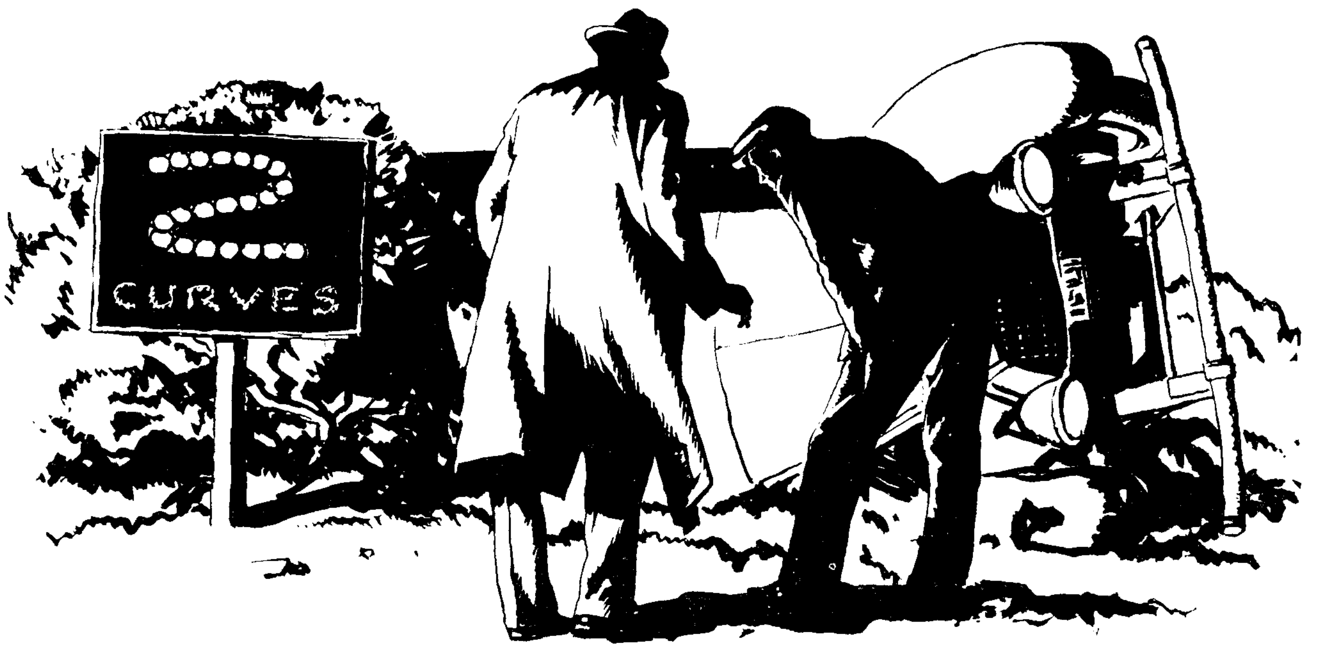


"That's Valerie Durran's buggy," said Eadie

The Man who Saved the World

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING accepted a secret commission from General Berati, a power in Italy, Major Martin Fawley, an American adventurer, witnesses an attack on his chief by a beautiful woman, whom he follows and catches. The would-be assassin is the Princess Elida di Rezco di Vasena, related to Berati by marriage! Asserting that Berati is on the verge of making a "hideous blunder," she implores Fawley's silence. Within a few hours (although Fawley does not reveal her identity) she is exiled from Italy, and Fawley is sent to Monte Carlo.

At the French resort—following an astounding adventure in the Maritime Alps, during which he maps the French fortifications for Berati—Fawley meets Adolf Krust, a wealthy German monarchist, who is secretly battling with General von Salzenburg and the mighty Heinrich Behrling for control of the Fatherland. With Krust, posing as his nieces, are two fascinating girls: Greta Müller and Nina Helderstyrm.

Fawley now has his second adventure. Accepting an invitation from the Princess Elida, who appears on the scene mysteriously, he boards her yacht, finds himself a prisoner. A man who introduces himself as the Prince Maurice von Thal addresses him. "You will soon be going to Germany," he says. "Your report *must* be favorable to General von Salzenburg!" Enraged, Fawley replies that he will report exactly what he learns.

A few moments later, the yacht, struck by a sudden storm, goes down. As it sinks, the princess throws herself into the American's arms, kisses him. . . . Weeks later, Fawley (miraculously saved) is sent to Berlin. There Krust, much excited, visits him. "Work with me," the German implores. "Give Berati the truth! If you do not the world will be plunged into war!" As the two men converse, the door opens and Heinrich Behrling enters. Krust slips out, unseen. The great man introduces himself. Then—"In two months I shall be dictator of Germany. In one year Germany will be the greatest power in Europe. Make Berati understand that; if you do not, he and Italy are lost!"

With the princess (who suddenly appears in Berlin) Fawley goes to a restaurant. She tells him that she is working to make Behrling ruler of Germany. Krust and Fräulein Nina enter the restaurant, take seats. Behrling appears, joins Fawley and the princess. "See those men?" the princess whispers—she points to a group of alert young stalwarts with brown ribbons in their lapels. "They are Behrling's bodyguard. Krust's slightest movement will be watched!"

VI

ELIDA rose to her feet to welcome the newcomer. Fawley followed her example. Behrling, still without a smile upon his strong, colorless face, bowed formally to them both and sank into the vacant chair.

"You have been entertained, I hope, Major Fawley?" he asked.

"Admirably," the other assured him.

"You will remember that you are my guests," he went on. "Supper, I think, has been already ordered. You will forgive me if I drink nothing but coffee and eat some plain food. I see," he added, glancing across the room, "that our friends the enemy are represented here tonight."

Elida nodded.

"Adolf Krust has been over to speak to us," she remarked. "He looks upon Major Fawley as a lamb in danger of straying from the fold."

"I hear that he was at the Italian Embassy this evening," Behrling confided. "Does that disconcert you, Major Fawley?"

"Not in the least," was the composed reply. "The work of investigation which I have to do I shall do in my own way and in my own fashion. Krust will not interfere with or influence me."

"You are in a difficult position," Behrling continued, as he watched the glasses being refilled with champagne and sipped his own coffee. "Italy is employing you upon a very delicate mission because a great scheme has been thought out to the last details and an unexpected crisis has imperiled its fruition. There have arisen the questions: Who is Germany? What is Germany? Who shall speak for her? Who is there alive today who can sign a treaty in her name?"

"These are all matters for statesmen," Fawley observed. "Very difficult matters for an outsider to deal with."

Behrling's tightened lips concealed his irritation. This impenetrable American was getting upon his nerves.

"You are here, I presume, to report upon the situation," he said. "All that I desire is that you will report upon it fairly. You saw, perhaps, the goose-step march of the weary veterans on their celebration day. What you saw was a true and just allegory. The weariness of those who fainted by the wayside—and there were many—is typical of the weariness of all the things they represent. How much you have seen of my people I do not know, but I make you this offer: I will make over to you one of my most trusted lieutenants and, with the princess here as your guide, you shall visit the chosen spots of my country. You shall judge for yourself of the new spirit. You will be in a position then to tell those who employ you with whom it would be politic to deal."

"IF YOU only see half as much as I have seen within the last few weeks," Elida intervened, "it will be enough."

"You must please understand this," Fawley said firmly: "I honestly do not believe that any word I could say would influence in the least Berati or those who stand behind him. He trusts none of his army of spies. He listens to every scrap of information we bring him and he decides for himself."

"Yes, but the great thing is to see that the spirit of the country is represented to him fairly," Behrling declared passionately. "Can you not see that? Krust, they tell me, although he is not in favor just now, has been twice received in Rome—once at the Vatican. I know that for a fact."

"Krust must be received wherever he claims the entrée," Fawley pointed out. "I suppose he still remains the greatest industrialist in Central Europe."

"He is also unfortunately the intimate friend of Von Salzenburg and the Crown Prince," was *Behrling's grim* comment. "I am not pleading for myself. I am pleading only for the thousands of Germans who must go once more to their doom if a false note is struck now. They think in Rome that Germany is leaning towards the idea of a monarchy. She is doing nothing of the sort. When these clouds are cleared away—and believe me it will not be long—her program will be before the world for everyone to see. Heart and soul she is nationalist. She is for a reëstab*lished and almighty Germany.* She is for the peace that brains and industry can insure."

A note was handed to Behrling. He read it and glanced meaningly at Elida.

"I think that our host would like to speak with some of his friends," she said. "Will you dance for a few minutes, Major Fawley?"

Fawley looked inquiringly at his host. The latter's acquiescence was swift.

"I see there two of my party, with whom I have affairs," he said. "Do not leave me without a farewell, Major, or without giving me your decision. Remember, I shall expect nothing but a favorable one."

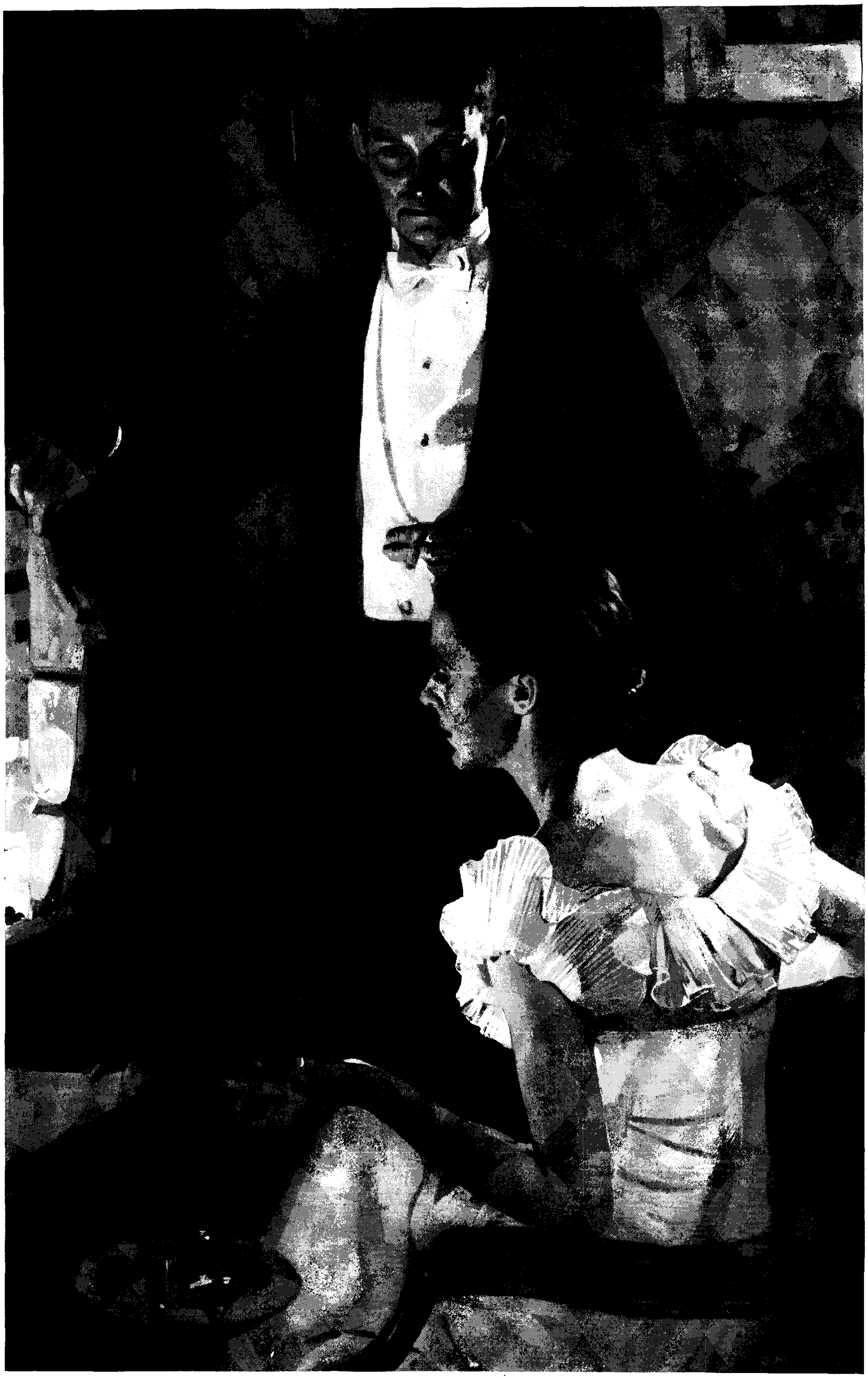
FAWLEY felt his feet upon the earth again. Elida, notwithstanding the smooth grace of her movements, clung to him every now and then as though he represented destiny, as though he were the only pillar of security remaining in a world-threatening flood. Fawley, whose complete humanity was one of the possible elements of his success in his profession, felt her allure without the slightest idea of yielding to it.

"You must accept Heinrich Behrling's offer," she whispered eagerly. "You would not be doing your duty to the country which employs you if you did not. We can go to all the important places the very names of which are seldom mentioned in the papers nowadays. We can go by airplane. One of Behrling's warmest supporters is the largest maker of airplanes in Europe."

"What do you expect to gain from me at the end of it?" he asked, genuinely a little puzzled.

"Cannot you see," she murmured passionately, "that this German-Italian scheme would mean the reconstruction of Europe? It would bring power and supremacy to both nations and would place them where they have a right to *belong. Behrling* is terribly afraid that Berati's leanings are towards the other party and that he will not conclude a treaty with anyone else."

"I can understand that part of it," Fawley assented, "but I am certain that my own importance in the matter is overrated. I am here on a special errand concerning which I have to make a detailed report. Berati does not ask me for my views upon the situation. The Italian government is satisfied with its own correspondents here. I should simply be butting in if I went home with a lot of information which



Fawley rose to his feet and Elida's heart sank. She knew very well that during the last few minutes she had lost everything that she had striven for

they have probably already acquired."

"But they have not," she insisted, with a fierce little clutch at his arm. "There was never a man in this world—a clever man I mean—so befooled by another as Berati's master has been by Krust. If Berati only knew the truth, there would be no further hesitation. Now listen. I must tell you more about Heinrich Behrling. I must tell you more about the monarchists here. Do you suppose that I, who am connected with three of the royal families of Europe, who have nothing but monarchist blood in my veins, could turn aside if I were not utterly and completely convinced? Come this way."

She led him into a little recess, pushed back the curtain and showed the way into a small but wonderfully decorated and luxurious bar. A fat and genial-looking dispenser of drink stood behind the counter. Elida ordered champagne frappé and drew Fawley down on to a divan. He indulged in a dubious grimace.

"I was rather enjoying that dance with you," he complained.

"Have not I offered you," she reminded him in a voice which shook with earnestness, "all the dancing with me you might care for all the days of your life? I am sincere, too. I want many things from you, but first of all I want you to take that journey with me."

"If I took it," he told her, "if you convinced me, as you very likely might, if I flew straight back to Rome and showed Berati the whole truth, I am not sure that it would make one particle of difference. You probably know the man—he takes advice from no one and he is very seldom wrong."

"Take me to him, then," she begged. "I am forbidden the country but I will risk that. I tried to take his life but I will risk his retaliation."

Fawley tried to impart a lighter note to a conversation which was becoming too highly charged with emotion.

"I would not dream of doing such a thing," he said. "I have heard of Berati's methods with Italian ladies!"

SHE sipped her wine with a little gesture of despair. Fawley's feet beat time to the music. She ignored the hint. Suddenly, as though by an impatient hand, the curtain shielding the other entrance to the bar was drawn back. A tall, middle-aged man of dissipated appearance, but still slim and alert in his manner, hastened across the room towards Elida, bowed in perfunctory fashion and broke into a stream of rapid German. Two or three younger men also pushed their way into the bar and ranged themselves by his side. Elida rose slowly to her feet, curtsied and resumed her place.

"You are a disgrace to your name and your family," the angry newcomer wound up. "Of your relationship I am ashamed."

"The shame is on my side," Elida answered indignantly. "I should feel it in any case of even an acquaintance who would attempt to brawl with a woman in a public place. If you have anything to say to me which you have not already said through von Salzenburg and Maurice von Thal please find another opportunity."

"What are you doing with this American?" the other demanded.

"That is entirely my affair."

"I am inclined to make it mine," was the sullen reply. "Americans are not welcome in Germany just now. We wish to be left alone to settle our own affairs."

"You do not like Americans?" Fawley asked softly.

"I *hate* them."

"Perhaps that is to be understood," Fawley observed. "Unfortunately, I am in the same position with regard to Germans—of your type. I don't exactly see what we can do about it."

THERE was a tense silence for a moment. Outside in the restaurant the music, too, had paused. It was as though everyone had recognized the fact that there was trouble afoot. One of the younger men in the group stepped forward and tendered his card to Fawley. The latter made no movement towards taking it.

"Sir," the intervener declared, "you have insulted one who does me the honor to regard me as a friend. You insult me also if you refuse my card."

"What am I to do with your card?" Fawley asked.

"You give me yours," the other replied with a flash in his eyes. "By tomorrow morning you will know."

(Continued on page 48)

Between Enemies

They loved the same girl—Captain Stewart of the Cardiff City, and his bosun, Jerry Owens. What happened, while the girl looked on, makes a strange and fascinating story—one which never got into the log

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

THEY were introduced in Montevideo by the top shackle of the port derrick guy swung over Number Two hold. The Cardiff City was loading against time; the winch man jerked the cargo sling too impatiently; the derrick swung and jarred and the aforementioned shackle snapped clean. Miss Esther Madrone, very pretty, very spoiled, and just twenty-two, was standing for'ard of the bridge alley when the released guy came whipping down. She heard someone shout to her. She looked up, unaware of what was happening. And then a heavy hand struck her shoulder and knocked her a full dozen feet to crash against the rail and collapse. The guy block thudded into the planking of the deck where she had been standing and left a vicious dent in the iron-hard teak.

"What on earth?" gasped the astonished girl. "How dare you!"

"I'm sorry," explained the tall young man who helped her to her feet. "But there wasn't time for anything else. You'd have been a pretty mess if that block had hit you."

Miss Esther Madrone shook herself free and went crimson with embarrassment. Her hat had been knocked askew; her white skirt had contacted a nasty mess of oil; her hair had come down and she had bruised her arm against the rail.

"There certainly wasn't any need for you to knock me down!" she blazed. "You stupid idiot! You've ruined my dress!"

He stared at her, his blue eyes narrowing a little in his heavily tanned face, and his firm lips tightening.

"You ought to keep out of the way when we're loading," he snapped. "The foredeck's no place for a woman."

"Are you telling me what to do and where to go? My father . . ."

"We all know that," he said shortly. "He's general manager of the Line and making the round trip of inspection. But you can be just as dead on your own deck as on anyone else's."

HE PUSHED his uniform cap without an emblem farther back on his head and turned away before she could answer. And then her father was on one side of her, a red-faced, thin little man, snorting into his gray mustache and genuinely shaken. Captain Stewart appeared on her other side, sallow-faced but handsome in his tropic whites, solicitous and angry.

"Good heavens! That was a narrow squeak," choked Mr. Madrone. "Are you sure you're not hurt, my dear?"

"I *am* hurt," she snapped viciously. That idiot . . ." She stopped then. For the first time she saw the long dent in the teak deck and the heavy block beside it. And she whitened. "Oh," she said weakly. "I . . . I didn't understand."

"I saw the whole thing!" snapped Captain Stewart. "I'll look into it, you can be sure, sir." Mr. Madrone mopped his brow and nodded.

"What . . . what was that man's name?" his daughter demanded. "If that thing had hit me . . ." She shuddered.

"Owens," said Captain Stewart shortly. "Jerry Owens. It's his first trip as bosun with us and it's likely to be his last."

He strode for'ard as Mr. Madrone led a very chastened and now frightened young lady into her stateroom, and he found Jerry Owens talking pointedly to the winch man who had jerked the derrick just once too often.

"Bosun," said Captain Stewart grimly. "You're responsible for the gear. Everything was supposed to be overhauled when we left Frisco."

"Everything was overhauled, sir," said the bosun. "But I can't look inside half an inch of metal. This shackle was new."

HE HELD out fragments of the thing in his hand and the captain saw the snapped bolt was badly flawed. There was obviously no blame there but he felt that some rebuke was necessary. He liked his authority and he was very anxious to please Mr. Madrone and Esther, especially Esther. He was reasonably young, he had a little money of his own and he stood pretty well with the Line. You could never tell.

"You certainly weren't very careful with your language to Miss Madrone," he said. The other tightened his belt and considered.

"She wasn't very careful with her language to me," he observed without humor. "I save her from being smeared all over the deck and she acts like she was sore about it."

Captain Stewart bit his lip. He had a natural antagonism for the bosun that he could not hide.

"A few more cracks like that, bosun, and you'll find yourself in trouble. Going up for your ticket next time home, aren't you?"

"I expect to, sir."

"Well, watch your step. If I had to disrate you that wouldn't look well with the examiners, would it? And I expect you'll be asking me for a letter of recommendation. I don't have to give you one, you know."

The other tightened visibly, torn between a sense of injustice and the knowledge that this man before him could check his career at the outset.

"Very good, sir," he said at last, with an effort.

"You'd better apologize to Miss Madrone when you see her. That'll be all."

Jerry Owens stood looking after him for a moment and his jaw stuck out.

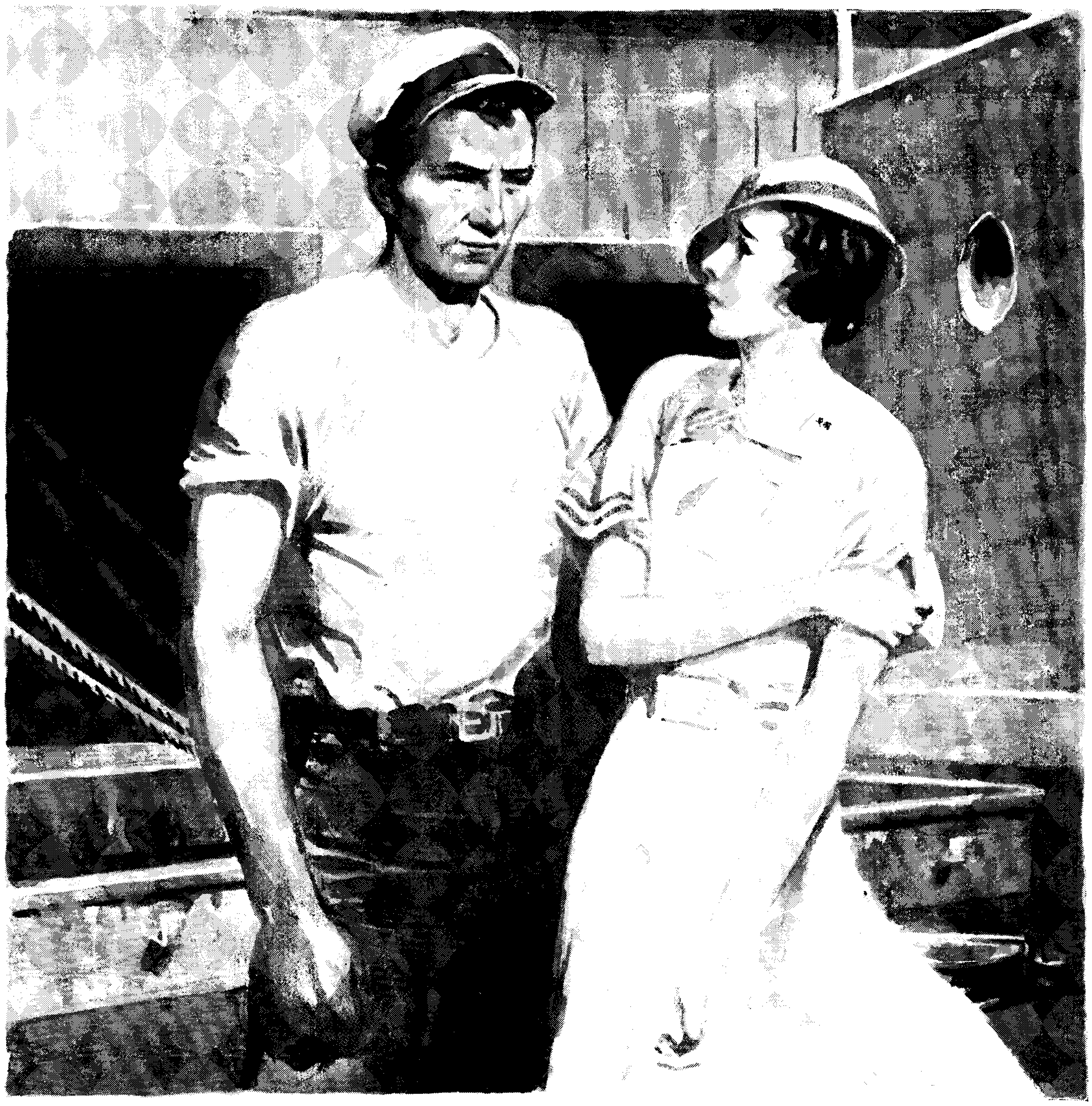
"Apologize? Like hell I will," he muttered.

"OWENS," said Mr. Tremont, the mate, looking into the door of the bosun's room that evening, "you're wanted in the old man's room."

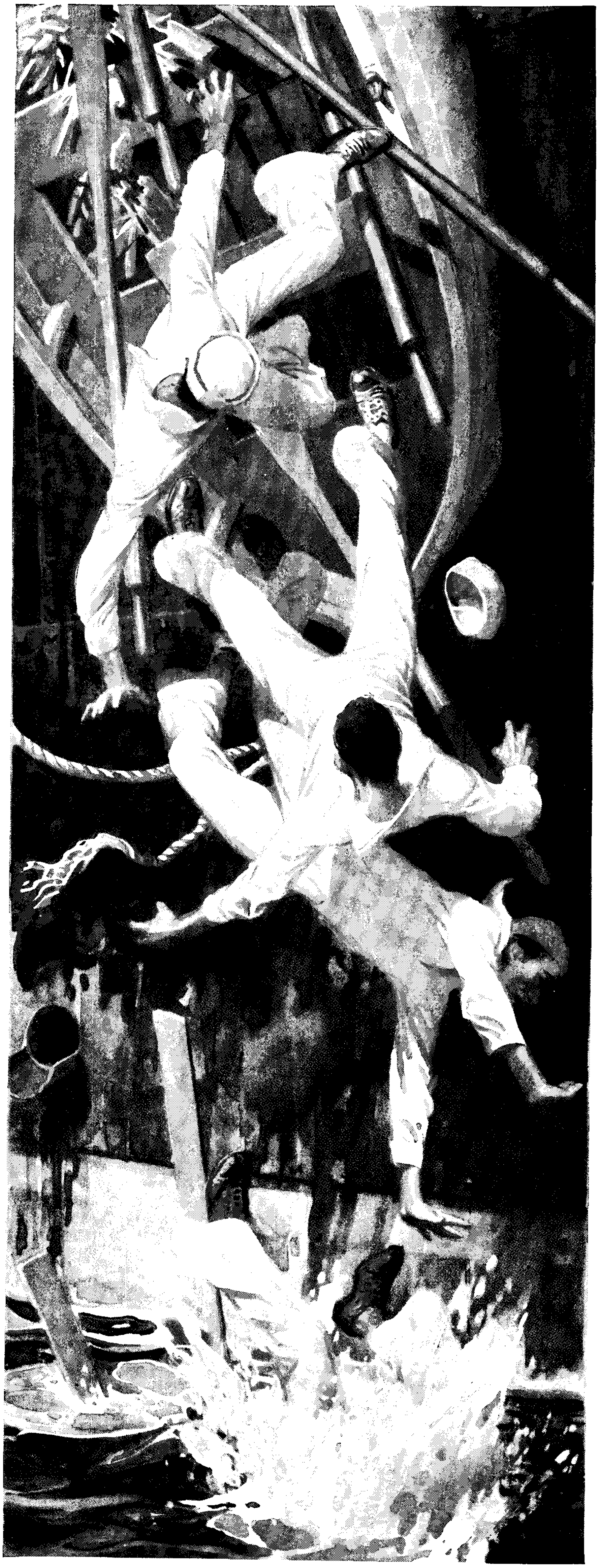
"What's he want to do? Give me a medal?" asked Jerry sourly. "Or log me for scarring the deck?"

The mate shook his head.

"I suppose it's about that Miss Ma-



"There certainly wasn't any need for you to knock me down," she blazed. "You stupid idiot"



There was a cracking sound, and one end of the heavy lifeboat dropped

drone business. You'd better watch your step. For some reason the old man's taken a dislike to you. I fancy he wishes he'd been on hand himself when that block came down. You know the talk."

"That he's sweet on her? Well, I don't want his girl, even if I had a chance. What she thinks of me is nobody's business."

The mate smiled a little.

"Women are queer. She's been saying a lot of good things about you all afternoon. She even went so far as to look in the ship's articles for information."

"Age, birthplace, married or single. Maybe she wanted to find out how much I make," said Jerry cynically. He pulled on his shore-going jacket and adjusted his tie.

"Watch your step, anyway," warned the mate. "I've put in a lot of time helping you get ready for your ticket. I don't want to see it wasted. The old man can be pretty dirty when he feels that way. And he's got influence."

Jerry shrugged and went up on the bridge.

Captain Stewart was in his cabin walking sourly back and forth, his hands clasped behind him, a cigar jutting from his mouth, and a frown on his face. Mr. Madrone sat in the swivel chair before the captain's desk, smoking a cigar also and inspecting the cargo list. They looked up when Jerry knocked, and the captain snapped, "Come in, Owens! Mr. Madrone wants to talk with you."

"Ah, yes," agreed Mr. Madrone. He looked keenly at the young bosun, noting with unconscious approval the broad shoulders, the weather tan, the air of sureness that not even a general manager's presence could lessen. "Ah, yes. You're the young man who saved my daughter's life this morning. I wish to thank you."

He got up and offered his hand.

"Naturally I can't express everything I feel," he went on. "But if there's anything I can do for you, I trust you will let me know."

JERRY shot a look at Captain Stewart, who was glaring vindictively. And he scowled.

"There's nothing right now, sir," he said. "Later perhaps. I expect to get my ticket this time home and if you think there's a chance of a berth for me afterwards . . . ?" He paused with his meaning plain.

"I'll be glad to speak to our port captain," beamed Mr. Madrone. "Very glad. Come and see me as soon as you're passed." He coughed and inspected the tip of his cigar. "In the meantime, I wonder if you would like to dine with my daughter and myself. Ashore. Tonight?"

"Eh?" said Jerry. It was all he felt able to say. He looked at Mr. Madrone as if suspecting that gentleman had taken leave of his senses. He looked at the scowling Captain Stewart. And then he looked blankly at the ship's clock ticking on the bulkhead. It didn't make sense. And, besides, he had a date with the third mate of the Gannet and two girls. "I'm afraid, sir," he began, but Mr. Madrone waved that aside.

"Of course you will," he said authoritatively. "It's the least I . . . we can do. Come just as you are and meet us on the dock in half an hour. There's nothing to feel embarrassed about. I assure you we're just people."

THERE was nothing Jerry Owens wanted to do less than go ashore with the general manager and his daughter. It wasn't only that it simply wasn't done, but he was certain he'd have a better time with the third mate of the Gannet. And then too he had a sense that he was being railroaded and he was apt to be a very independent young man, which, since he was an orphan and had fought his own way up, he had a right to be.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said firmly. "But you see . . ."

"Owens!" choked, or rather snarled, Captain Stewart. "Mr. Madrone has done you the great honor of asking you to dine with him. I hope you understand?"

Jerry smiled. "Very well, sir. I'll see you ashore," he said to the general manager, and with a half-salute he left the cabin. Captain Stewart waited a moment and when Mr. Madrone's back was turned he hurled his cigar viciously into the cuspidor.

"Don't you think it's bad policy to entertain a deck hand ashore?" he demanded heatedly. "After all, sir! He's liable to become familiar with Miss Esther."

"I don't think so," disagreed Mr. Madrone. "He's not that kind of man."

"How do you know?"

"I know men. That's why I'm running the Line," said Mr. Madrone shortly. Captain Stewart bit his lip.

"Well, Owens has got you fooled then. He's incompetent. What d'you think of that shackle business? A bosun's supposed to overhaul all cargo gear."

"I understood Mr. Tremont to say that shackle was flawed," Mr. Madrone commented. He looked sharply at the captain. "You don't seem to like Owens."

"I don't. Tremont always signs him. I'm damned if I would. He's too smart. A sea lawyer. Stirs up trouble. Can't handle his job. He's insolent!"

Mr. Madrone shrugged.

"Well, you ought to know. It's your ship. But it's funny. I had him sized up as a man with the real stuff. Likely to go far."

There seemed no point in going on with that conversation, so Captain Stewart lighted a fresh cigar.

"I suppose you know how I feel about Miss Esther, sir," he said diffidently. The general manager stared out of an open port.

"You've mentioned it," he observed

(Continued on page 52)

Texas Steerer

Jesse Jones began his business career by promoting a pig into a horse. He ran his possessions up to $75,000,000 and then went to work in Washington, where the pay isn't much but the opportunities are unlimited

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

AIKINS

Jesse Jones, as chairman of the RFC, has become, temporarily, the economic emperor of America

WHEN the Rooseveltian horde marched happily into Washington eighteen months ago, they found a drawling, oversized Texan sitting at the right hand of Herbert Hoover. Although he was of the new official faith, and his buddy, Jack Garner, had participated in the Chicago coup which nominated Mr. Roosevelt, they didn't quite know what to make of him. They weren't sure whether, if retained, he would become the joker or the fifth ace of the New Deal.

He was suspect for definite reasons. As a member of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation under Mr. Hoover, he had helped to frame policies which Democratic orators had assailed as favoritism toward sectional and political interests with backstairs influence at the Capitol. As a wealthy banker, insurance man, lumberman, real estate operator and publisher, he had run with the conservative crowd supposed to be out of favor with the incoming Administration. He represented the old economic order which Mr. Roosevelt said he meant to plow under.

Two influential groups—politicians and newspaper correspondents—had unhappy memories of one of his characteristic pieces of promotion. Waving a $200,000 check before the Democrats in 1928, he outbid many other rivals, and, for the first time since before the Civil War, brought a Democratic national convention below the Mason and Dixon line. But when the hopeful and perspiring boys and girls crowded into Houston, all the pre-convention talk about the selection as a delicate tribute to the good old Democratic South suddenly ceased.

It turned out to be a very solid tribute to Mr. Jones. He owned the hotels they slept in, the theaters they visited to flee the burning sun, the banks where they cashed their checks, the newspapers they read, and his lumber company built the hall where Franklin D. Roosevelt nominated the "happy warrior" for a second time. But the hotels were so overcrowded that the delegates had to double up, and also wait in lines for food and elevators. Hundreds trudged many flights of stairs every day for want of sufficient elevator facilities. The politicians lost their shirts in the laundry, and they lost their tempers when they learned that this man Jones owned the laundry, too.

Sitting beneath Mr. Jones' palms in Mr. Jones' hotels, the weary, dusty delegates didn't even turn their heads when Jones' bands tooted and Jones' cowboys yipped through the lobbies boosting Jesse Holman Jones for President and telling what an up-and-coming guy he was. They agreed he was the latter, anyway. But they grumbled when home-town admirers cheered him as the "master builder." The visitors called him "Jesse James."

The Texans' tales about his shrewdness and spectacular experiment with the skyline in Southwestern cities didn't impress the delegates. They didn't bat an eye at the legend that Jones, once a daring gambler, had won the site of their hotel in a poker game. They yawned over that one about how he promoted a pig into a horse when his father couldn't afford to buy the animal he wanted. Young Jones took the pig they gave him, fattened it and sold it for a cow. Fattening that, he sold it and bought a horse with the pyramided proceeds.

A Conservative Plunger

And there was the other one of how he got to the Chicago Fair in 1893 by his wits and a mortgage. When, again, the family could not afford the expense, he mortgaged his share of the tobacco crop for sixty dollars, bought a bargain round-trip ticket for ten dollars, and sewed ten dollars in the waistband of his breeches as reserve. He persuaded some colored boys to work his tobacco patch in his absence by promising to relate the Fair's wonders on his return. He came back thrilled by the bigness and beauty of it all, and with the ten dollars still sewed in his pants. Big things, showy things, still stir him, and he always keeps a figurative ten-dollar bill in reserve.

And now, confided his claque in a hymnal tone, he has built up a fortune of $75,000,000 against this background of parental "We can't afford that's" and the pioneering, promoting smartness that sent such other Tennesseeans as Sam Houston and Davy Crockett to Texas to win fame, if not a $75,000,000 fortune. When all these stories about the success boy of the Southwest went sour, you can understand how the waiting and wailing delegates of the Democratic party felt about Mr. Jones.

But Mr. Roosevelt didn't share his advisers' prejudices, for he didn't stay at a Jones hotel. Besides that, Mr. Roosevelt got to know the RFC director better during the campaign, and in the period between election and inauguration he was spokesman on the board for the President-elect. The two discussed methods by which this agency could be revamped so as to effect certain new policies Mr. Roosevelt had in mind. He wanted to reconstruct the Reconstruction Finance Corporation so as to carry out his conception of the state as a protective partner in industry and finance, as a participant in almost all the affairs of men. Mr. Roosevelt proposed administrative and legislative changes which have transformed the RFC from a mere lending agency into a social force.

These changes have, in a way, transformed Jones. Now he plays with $5,000,000,000 worth of chips in a social game in which the lives of millions of people constitute the stake. Now he rides a shiny white charger against the conservative, economic ranks in which he once trudged along. Since Pennsylvania Avenue has supplanted Wall Street as the nation's financial pot, he can match money with friendly financiers who once dominated business and industry through their control of credit. He has, temporarily, become the economic emperor of America.

Through this Tennessee boy who had only a few months' schooling the professors' bluish dreams of social control and management in the interest of the "forgotten man" may come true. Through this rugged individualist Uncle Sam is becoming an active manager in banks, railroads and corporations. He has made the RFC a lever for reducing interest rates on money, for investing in and supervising banks, for cutting corporate salaries and for slicing down other charges which are sometimes taken from the producer or passed on to the consumer. Though no reformer, he has turned state's evidence in a big way.

It's simple—for a man like Jones. He knows the game and he deals the cards. In return for government loans he makes conditions more strict than a suspicious Congress imposed. Again and again he suggests that by cutting officers' salaries corporations can afford to employ more men or purchase new equipment. In most instances his "advice" is taken, and in others he forces reductions. As an inducement for cutting railroad officials' salaries, he offers an interest rate of 5½ instead of 6 per cent on government loans.

The Guardian of Cheap Money

In accord with the President's wishes, he has moved to bring down money rates. When a New York bank demanded 5½ per cent from a great railroad, and also insisted that the line's loan from the RFC be extended, the Texan played his cards close to his chest. He "persuaded" the bankers to advance the money at 4.70 per cent. He sat in for three days during Mayor La Guardia's controversy over city funds with the bankers, and helped to obtain a rate of 3.61 instead of 4.03 on $70,000,000 worth of refinancing. He has announced that cities and corporations needing similar services should look him up.

The RFC has also become a partner in thousands of banks. Whenever it buys more than half of a bank's preferred stock, or whenever a bank defaults twice on other forms of indebtedness, the government agency may step in as an active director. Moreover, Mr. Jones encourages extension of this supervision.

Some good people consider this policy to be "interference" and "paternalism," and so it is from one standpoint. Whether government partnership will produce more honest and sound banking is still debatable, but for the cry against "government interference" Mr. Jones has an answer. One night he attended a chamber of commerce banquet, and heard every white-bosomed orator lambaste the Administration as a meddling dictator. But on the back of his menu card he jotted down the amounts each speaker's firm owed the RFC, and the ones who owed the most, he noted, shouted the loudest. Maybe it reminded him of men who denounce

(Continued on page 47)

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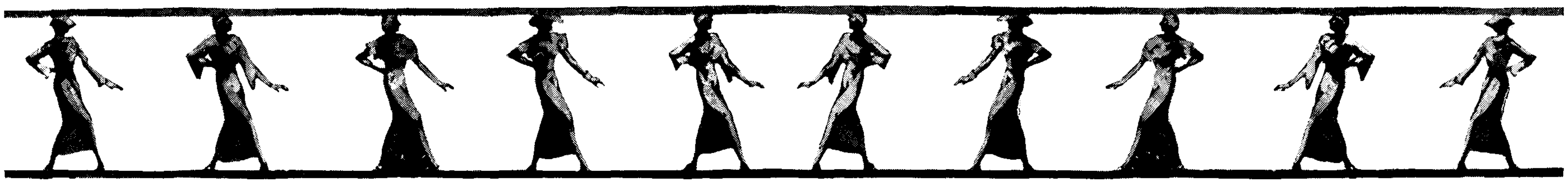
Screaming Time

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

The adventures of that up-and-coming young business man, Bill Hayes, who kissed a girl before he knew her name—and a girl who knew what to do about it



AH, BILL; white tie again tonight, I see."

The words were cordial and the tone was soothing, but the eye with which the senior Mr. Hayes observed the evening glory of his heir, across the table, stayed unkindled; and it should have been a warning.

"It's the Marsh girl's dance, Dad," Bill explained.

"Fine," said his father. "Fine. You look fine, too, Bill. Glad to see that you approve the studs your mother gave me Christmas. Splendid-looking vest, too. Splendid."

"Mine was at the cleaner's," Bill said. "Didn't think you'd mind."

"Of course not. Only hope it's comfortable, my boy."

"I really ought to have two, Dad, the way things look," Bill told his father optimistically. "There are so many parties next month that—"

"Next month," mused Mr. Hayes. "Now let me see. What does next month remind me of? Oh, yes, the future; that's it. I was thinking of the future just this afternoon. Odd, that." He paused and then said loudly, "Yours! Your future, Bill!"

The loud, cruel, sudden, unexpected words exploded in Bill's face with devastating impact.

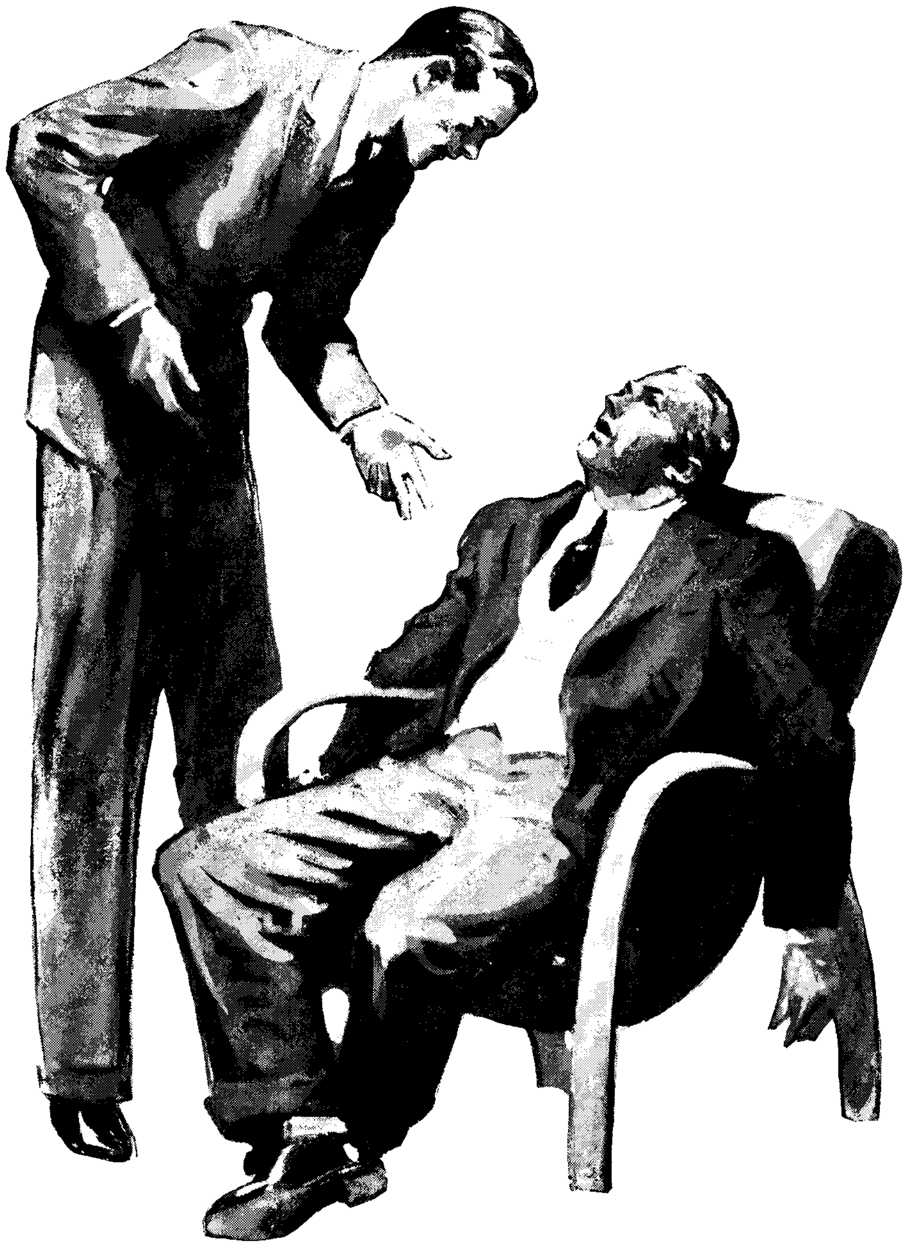
"Yes," his father said. "Your future, when you've finished strangling. We're just about to have a little tête-à-tête about it. Now!"

"Now?"

"Now."

Bill looked around him piteously, much as if he half hoped some eleventh-hour rescuer might clatter through the dining-room on horseback, waving a reprieve.

"Now?" Bill repeated, weakly. "At—at dinner? But—but, Father! Jennie said she'd made my favorite dessert!"



Bill saw his father's hands begin to flap again and added hastily: "Now, listen, Dad; don't have another spell"

BILL waited after dinner, as directed, in the library; but this brief commutation gave him no hope. Well, he'd known, of course, since last June that he'd have to face the future sometime but he'd kept on hoping that it would be sometime in the future. Hayes and Company; that's what the future meant. In just a minute now his father would come in and give a pep-talk on The Firm; the hand on shoulder and the brimming eye. I'm counting on you, boy! Get in there now and fight, fight, fight for good old Hayes and Company, the best sixteen-fifty Ladies' Dresses in the World!

Bill shuddered. Oh, the firm was fine for Dad and Mother. Mother was an artist and a marvelous designer and a great authority on fashions and she went to Paris every day or so and came back full of inspirations and she loved it. Father ran the Family Fashion Foundry, as the Hayeses in their lighter moments called it, taking Mother's inspirations and translating them into dresses, by the thousands, priced to please the trade. Hayes Maid, at Better Stores from Coast to Coast.

It wasn't that he didn't want to go to work, Bill told himself. Nobody minded starting in to work sometime, in moderation. But Ladies' Dresses; Ladies' Dresses! They expected him to spend his future in the midst of Ladies' Dresses; without even any ladies in them!

Mr. Hayes came in. He lighted a cigar and smiled at Bill. He said: "Well, Bill, according to my check book it has been five months now since you graduated. Your mother tells me you want to be an author. You can be. At nine o'clock tomorrow morning you can start to be the author of some touching letters to the customers who owe us past-due bills. And with your gift for raising money—"

Behind his smoke screen Mr. Hayes observed his son with some concern. The boy gave every evidence of going into an abrupt decline. The torso slumped, the limbs sagged and the features in a moment sold off thirty points. The trend was downward. The whole boy threatened to achieve a new low unless something could be done to rally him.

"Look here, Bill," said Mr. Hayes, and summoned up a worried frown. "You know, I'd really hate to have the thought, in later years, that maybe I'd prevented a career in letters when you may have talent. After all, I guess that all you'd need would be about five thousand dollars till you got a start; and after all, five thousand dollars wouldn't break me."

The effect was instantaneous. As at a launching, one could almost see the surge of life along Bill's keel as this new hope was started down the ways.

"Of course," said Mr. Hayes, "five thousand dollars is a lot of money, but —Bill, I'm inclined to make a deal with you!"

The deal, regrettably Bill found, began at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, but for all of that it was pretty sweet. It seemed that there were still some big firms—chains and retail syndicates—which Hayes and Company had never sold. You had to sell the big executives who dictated the buying policies, to get your line in, and to sell them you first had to show them, and you couldn't show them till you made them look your way. To catch their eye, with every dress house in the business waving advertising at them, was, as Mr. Hayes admitted, pretty difficult. But he had always felt, he said, that if he just had someone who could sense the drama and the romance and the profit possibilities in Hayes Maid Dresses, someone with a gift to write that story as it should be written—

"Bill," said Mr. Hayes, "I have in mind a sort of serial, in letter form, directed to the heads of twenty-nine big firms. Do you think you could write it? If you could, and it succeeded in just getting one of them—just one—to come into our sample room and buy a bill of goods, I'd—Bill, I'd—"

"Give me that five thousand dollars? Really?"

"Really."

"Really? All I have to do is simply just to write some letters and persuade some coot to buy some dresses?"

"That is all," said Mr. Hayes. "Yes, that is all. For it would prove that you were practically a genius."

THE senior Mr. Hayes disguised the serpent in a cloud of smoke. "Of course," he mused aloud, "the boy will have to know the merchandise. He'll have to know materials, of course, and styles. He'll have to learn the features of our quality and fit and workmanship and be familiar with the retail selling points. But with a chance like this, I'll bet the boy will buckle down. Yes, I will bet the boy will buckle down."

Bill buckled. Mornings he would buckle down on credit correspondence.

(Continued on page 38)

The Boll Weevil Gentleman

Another hilarious tale of Little Bee Bend. Massaline, who was a "natchal-born fool," lives up to her reputation—with the full approval of the Widow Duck

By Roark Bradford

JOKES were scarce on Little Bee Bend Plantation. Here it was the middle of June and Massaline was still mocking the hailstorm that had struck early in March. The people along Willow Chute bayou were getting to the point of walking away from Massaline every time she started kicking the bottom of a laundry tub, waving her arms and making strange clattering noises with her mouth—all of which, months before, had been an amusing imitation of large hailstones falling upon the tin roof of her cabin.

Even when Massaline seized a broom and went crutching wildly about the yard, shouting and praying like the one-legged B'r Charlie in a religious panic, she aroused not one ripple of laughter. In April her caricature of B'r Charlie had been the grand finale to her hailstorm performance that had literally rolled the people off their porches. Now nobody stayed long enough to see that part of it.

As a matter of fact, Massaline herself was getting a trifle bored with that hailstorm. She would have been willing to let it melt into oblivion, in May, when the four-way fight occurred between Jet, Odette, Mamie T and Charity, but the Widow Duck had stopped that.

"Hit ain't to be funned about," the Widow Duck told Massaline. "When a man whup his woman, dat's his business. A man got to rule his woman, right or wrong. And"—she squinted her eyes meaningfully at Massaline—"efn Sammy ruled you like he ought, you wouldn't be all de time ackin' a fool."

Massaline decided to let the four-way fight go by. And, excusing the fight, the hailstorm was the last really big thing that had happened. So she continued her imitations of that with little or no encouragement.

Then the white gentleman arrived. The bossman rode out from Shreveport and told Giles to have the cabin by the vegetable garden readied up for the white gentleman to live in.

"He's a professor from away up North," the bossman explained, "and he figures he wants to study about the boll weevils. You'd better have Sammy take care of him while he's here."

"Boss, Sammy don't know nothin' about takin' keer er no white gentlemans," Giles said. "He's a bear cat in de fields, all right, but he ain't never tuck keer er nobody. Not even hisse'f."

The bossman laughed. "Give him a can opener," he instructed. "From the looks of this professor, that's about all the cooking Sammy will have to do. I don't think it will last longer than a week, at most, and Sammy's crop is in better shape than anybody else's."

Giles didn't believe it would be as simple as that, so he elaborated on the orders to Sammy. "I'll keep Massaline choppin', and I'll run de mules through de field wid de cultivators," he said, "and whilst I'm takin' keer er yo' crop, efn you don't take keer er de white gentleman, I'm gonter break yo' neck."

Sammy told Massaline that night as modestly as possible. "Me and de white gentleman f'm away up Nawth," he informed her, "is gonter set and study about de bull weevils."

"You mean," Massaline countered, "you gonter set and de white gentleman gonter study." It was, Massaline figured, a pretty good joke, and she lost no time in laughing about it.

SAMMY was not amused. "Leastways," he informed his wife, "whilst I and de white gentleman is settin' and studyin' about de bull weevils, you ain't neither gonter set and you ain't gonter study. You gonter git yo' hoe and homp along in de Johnson grass."

Massaline was hurt. No matter how funny she got, she couldn't raise a chuckle. "I don't see," she grumbled, "how come ev'ybody in such a bad temper. Hit ain't nobody split dey mouf wid a grin in a month er Sundays."

"Efn hit wan't so much trouble," Sammy told her, "I'd whup you like Jet done Odette and learn you to quit ackin' a fool all de time."

Massaline allowed the threat to pass for something more interesting. "What was de tale Cha'ty packed on Odette?" she asked.

"I don't know and I don't keer," Sammy asserted. "Hit wan't about me and mine, so I minds my own business, and you do de same."

With the arrival of the white man, a cloak of mystery immediately surrounded all of Sammy's movements.

"My white gentleman," Sammy announced, "wants a washtub."

"What for?" Massaline asked.

Sammy wouldn't tell her; and she worried until, the next day, she saw Sammy laundering some of the white gentleman's clothes and hanging them on the line. That explained the need for the washtub all right. But when he had finished with the washing, what did Sammy want to fill the tub up with clean water and tote it into the house for? Next day in the field she asked the Widow Duck what she figured could be the object of that.

"Massaline, is you gonter be a fool all yo' days?" the Widow Duck demanded. "Don't you reckon Sammy's white gentleman want to take a bath?"

MASSALINE admitted the reasonableness of that. She chopped at the grass for several minutes. "How come," she asked, "is Sammy's white gentleman got to come out hyar and set and study about de bull weevils? De bossman study about 'em over in town. How come he can't stay away up Nawth and set and study about 'em up there?"

"White fo'ks," speculated the Widow Duck, "is like niggers, when hit comes to studyin'. Dey got to git close to git dey minds to workin' right. Jest like you goes to de church on Sunday to set and study about God's sweet glory."

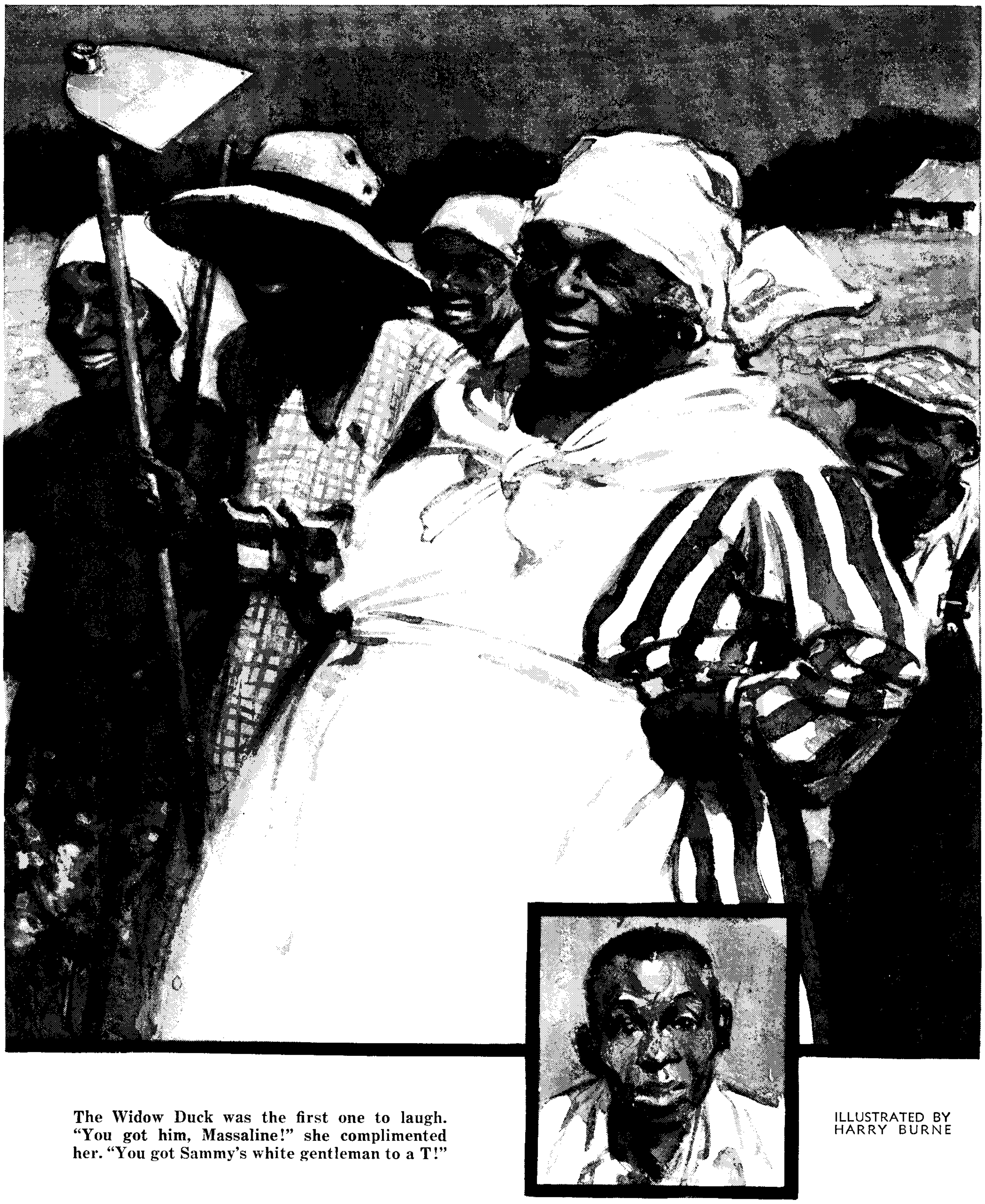
When things got about as bad as Massaline could stand, something happened. People now spurned her imitations of the hailstorm, and they fussed at her for making jokes about the four-way fight. Then Sammy got to acting mighty important about his white gentleman, and telling Massaline to mind her own business every time she asked a question. And then the white gentleman came out into the fields—right out where all the women were chopping cotton—in search of boll weevils.

The white gentleman was tall and sad-looking, with rapidly graying brown hair and a very white skin. He walked with a peculiar step, raising his knees higher than seemed necessary and clopping his feet heavily in the soft, plowed earth.

The white gentleman asked the Widow Duck to find him an infested square, and when she handed it to him he took out a large magnifying glass and held the boll weevil between thumb and forefinger and looked at it carefully and long. Then he put the insect into a little bottle, corked it tightly, and walked back to the cabin.

The Widow Duck was the first to comment. "Well, do my Sweet Redeemer!" she exclaimed. "Efn Sammy's white gentleman ain't huntin' de bull weevils wid a spy glass! And God knows dey's so thick you don't got to hunt 'em wid nothin'!"

Without saying a word, Massaline



The Widow Duck was the first one to laugh. "You got him, Massaline!" she complimented her. "You got Sammy's white gentleman to a T!"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BURNE

slipped the handle from her hoe-eye, walked a few steps in perfect imitation of the white gentleman, and then squinted through the hoe-eye as though searching for a weevil.

The Widow Duck was the first one to laugh. "You got him, Massaline!" she complimented her. "You got Sammy's white gentleman to a T!"

ENCOURAGED, Massaline elaborated on the impersonation. She caught a weevil, contemplated it sadly through the hoe-eye, and then sat down to study deeply over it. She pretended to put the weevil in a bottle, and finally walked off, imitating the white gentleman's steps to perfection.

"Ol' Massaline sho' is a case!" Mamie T exclaimed. "She's a fool for mockin' somebody!"

It was the first really good laugh Massaline had evoked in months, and it made her heart light. It made her hoe seem light, too. That evening, when the men were at the barn unharnessing, Massaline found occasion to drop by, walking with the heavy, awkward clumping of the white gentleman, and to repeat her boll weevil act.

"I swear, Massaline," Uncle Henry laughed, "I thought you was Sammy's white gentleman!" And even Giles, who was slow to comment on anything but serious work, broke down and admitted that Massaline was a "natchal fool for mockin' somebody."

Massaline was pleased with her success but not completely happy. The white gentleman spent most of his time inside the house and she wanted to know what he was doing in there, so that she might carry her mimicry clear through.

Of course Sammy knew what the white gentleman was doing, but he was vague about it.

"I and my white gentleman," he explained none too clearly, "is settin' and studyin' about de bull weevils. And when we ain't doin' dat, we's mindin' we's business. And you do de same."

Toward the end of the week the chopping was finished, and there was nothing to do until the following week, when it would have to be gone over again. Massaline spent all of one morning baking an elaborate cake, and without a word to Sammy she took it over to the white gentleman's cabin. She knocked politely on the door and went in.

The white gentleman was seated at a table writing in a leather-backed notebook. There were jars and tubes around him but he wasn't doing a thing but just writing. It was disappointing. Massaline had wasted a whole cake just to see the man writing!

"HOWDY do, suh?" she greeted. "I's Sammy's woman, and I brang you a cake. Sammy do's all right in de field, but he ain't much on takin' keer er white gentlemens. So I brang you a cake."

The white gentleman looked up, irritated. "Very well," he said curtly. "I don't like to be disturbed, though. Put the cake down, please, and thank you."

Massaline set the cake on the kitchen table and the white gentleman went back to his writing.

"Dat cake got too many aigs and stuff in hit," she mumbled under her breath, "to waste on jest seein' de man write in de book. I b'lieve I'm gonter wait a while."

She announced that Sammy was not such a neat housekeeper and maybe she had better look over the white gentleman's bedroom.

The white man was too busy to care. "Oh, all right," he snapped, "only please stop that everlasting chatter."

Massaline tidied up the bedroom, carefully and slowly, wasting as much time as she felt she dared, keeping an inquisitive eye on the white man. She found a roll of white tissue paper which she festooned in fancy figures around the room, and then ran loosely rolled strips of the paper from the four corners to the center of the ceiling, where she tied the four strips into a fancy wishing-knot.

"De knot," she told the white gentleman, "will bring good luck."

"What?" the man asked irritably. "Good luck? Oh—a superstition. H-m-m-m. Very interesting, I'm sure. Let me have a look at it." He took his big magnifying glass from his pocket and went into the bedroom. As soon as he saw the tissue paper, he gulped, and his face grew red and then white again. "That paper," he said sternly, "was not purchased for the purpose of making talismans. Will you kindly leave and not interrupt me any more?"

Massaline fled. "Dat cake," she grumbled, "had a heap er aigs and sugar and stuff in hit, too. And de man didn't do a natchal thing but quarrel and write in de book!"

IT WAS after dark when Sammy came in. And he was mad, too.

"Hyar I had to git to town for my white gentleman," he complained, "and no sooner did I git outn de house to you comed over."

"I jest made him a cake," Massaline apologized.

"He don't eat nothin' which don't come outn cans," Sammy retorted.

"And I fancied up his room, some."

"You wasted all his tissue paper, so's I had to roll hit all up again," Sammy accused. "And den you done somethin' low-down dirty, too. You tied a good-luck bride-knot in dat paper like what dey ties on a bride's bed so's her first baby'll be a man child. You know dat ain't no way to do no man, white or black."

"I didn't know hit was a good-luck bride-knot," Massaline whined.

"Don't make no diffunce," Sammy insisted. "You done hit. And I told you to stay away—"

"You didn't tell me no sich."

"I did. And now I'm gonter whup you."

"Aw, Sammy," Massaline pleaded, "I didn't know hit was a bride-knot."

Sammy spent a few minutes trying to stir up his anger to the point of whipping his wife. Finally he grabbed her by the shoulders, shook her disinterestedly a few times, and shoved her away from him. When she was a good five feet off he swung a closed fist viciously through the air, and missed her by only a yard. "And de next time," he growled, "I'll give you more er de same."

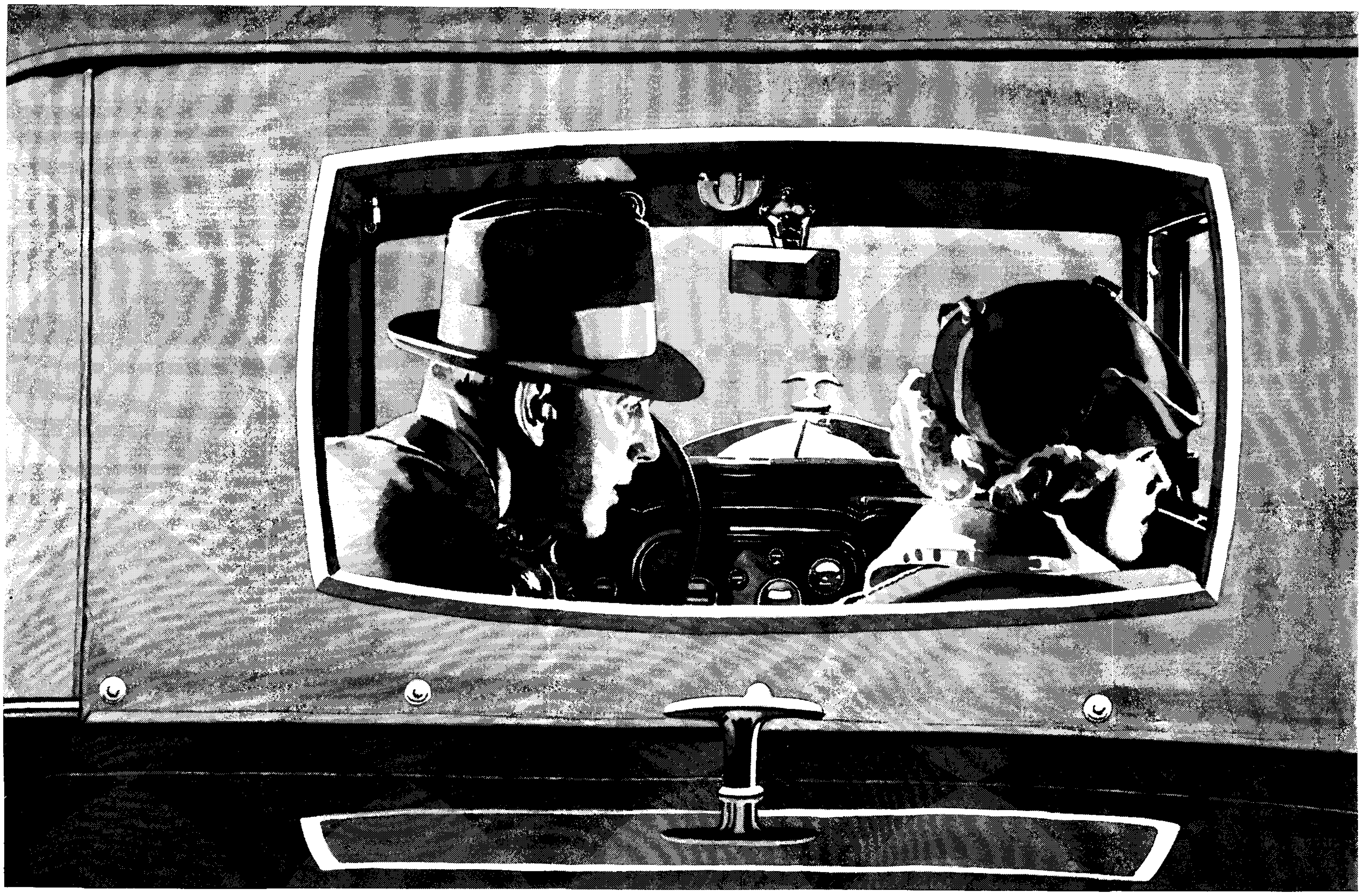
Massaline went off whimpering and miserable. The cake was wasted, her man was angry, and nothing had turned up interesting enough to mimic.

After a while, she asked meekly, "What did you git over in town, Sammy?"

"None er yo' business," Sammy told her.

Next morning at breakfast, Sammy sprang the big surprise on Massaline. "My gentleman," he announced casually,

(Continued on page 28)



Woman in Love

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

WHEN George Davis, brilliant attorney and candidate for the position of district attorney, asks Tamara Todhunter, San Francisco's loveliest actress, to marry him, she tells him her story.

Eight years before, an innocent girl just out of a convent, she had been cruelly betrayed. At the placid country home of Mary Hutton (a widow who, for years, had mourned the loss of her son, who had disappeared mysteriously) Tamara became the mother of a girl. Her child, "Mary Laurence," is still alive; she is living with Mrs. Hutton, whom neighbors believe to be her aunt. *And* (Tamara has just made this discovery) *George Davis is Mary Hutton's long-lost son!*

Amazed, Davis listens to the story. He has a happy reunion with his mother. Then he and Tamara are married. When they return from their honeymoon, they find San Francisco agog over a murder case: The State vs. Maynard Mallory, a Hollywood actor, accused of killing his wife. Awaiting Tamara is a frantic letter from Mallory—*Mary's father!*—in which he implores Tamara to persuade her husband to defend him.

Now, at last, George knows Tamara's whole story—Tamara, at his insistence, had omitted the name of the man. Merely to protect Tamara and her daughter against the possibility of Mallory blurting out what he knows, George defends him. The jury cannot agree. A second trial must be held: it cannot terminate until after the elections. Sure that he will soon be the district attorney, George turns over the case to Willoughby, an associate, and awaits results. They do not surprise him: Mallory is found guilty of murder in the first degree.

Answering the doomed man's frantic summons, out of kindness of heart, George, now elected district attorney, and Tamara visit him in prison, where he implores Tamara to see the governor, beg for a commutation of his sentence. Tamara, touched, promises to do what she can. Then, changing his tone, Mallory threatens to tell everything he knows unless she makes the governor yield. Whereupon George knocks him down. The following day the couple—radiantly happy, gloriously in love—go to Halfmoon Bay, where they plan to buy a quiet country place. They know that Mallory has gone to a hospital. They do not know the whole, terrifying truth.

X

DRIVING into town on a dark, wet Monday morning, Tam lamented their return loudly.

"Oh—oh—oh, my little house by the sea! Oh, and the baby calf and the gulls and finding eight onion flowers to put in the jelly glass! Oh, and the sea! And here it is dark and rainy and our Sunday newspapers will be piled up on the mat outside the door, and dust will be on everything, and the air will smell of carpets and grease! Oh, and our rock, with the waves coming over it, and your crab colony! Oh, dear, and my wood fire—and nothing but rain and rain up here, and Mayne acting up and people telephoning to say, 'Is George there? Say, tell him to come over to the office, will you?' Oh, dear! And I was going to buy some oilcloth and cover the table, and get nice white enamel nails for all the pots and pans, and new curtains! Oh, rain!" Tam said savagely to the wet winter road and the dripping skies. "Go ahead and *rain!*"

"Yep," George said decidedly, "next Saturday down we go, and make a payment to the old girl. That's our place, Tam. I don't care how boxed up we are during the week if we can get away there every Friday."

"Oh, but George!" Tam said, suddenly smitten with a disquieting thought, "what'll we do if they ever make you a senator and we have to go to Washington?" And when George laughed out suddenly and violently she laughed too, although she could not quite see what was funny.

They came in at the western end of the city, through soaked parks; they were crossing Presidio Avenue toward Washington Street when Tamara, whose eyes had been roving about with the insatiable interest in life that made even such an expedition as this interesting, said in an odd tone:

"George! Stop."

"What is it?" George demanded, drawing up to the curb, turning to face her.

"A newspaper there on the newspaper stand. It had—it had your name in great big letters! George, what is it?"

"Why, we'll very soon see!" George said. "What'd it say?"

"It said 'Davis' in great big letters, and then under it something about the district attorney." They drove another block to the next stand, stopped, were standing together in the wet street with their eyes drinking in headlines.

"District Attorney's Hideout Still Mystery. Slayer of Mayne Mallory Lying Low," George said aloud, in a mild, puzzled voice.

"Slayer of Mayne Mallory," Tam repeated, looking at him blankly. "George, is he dead?"

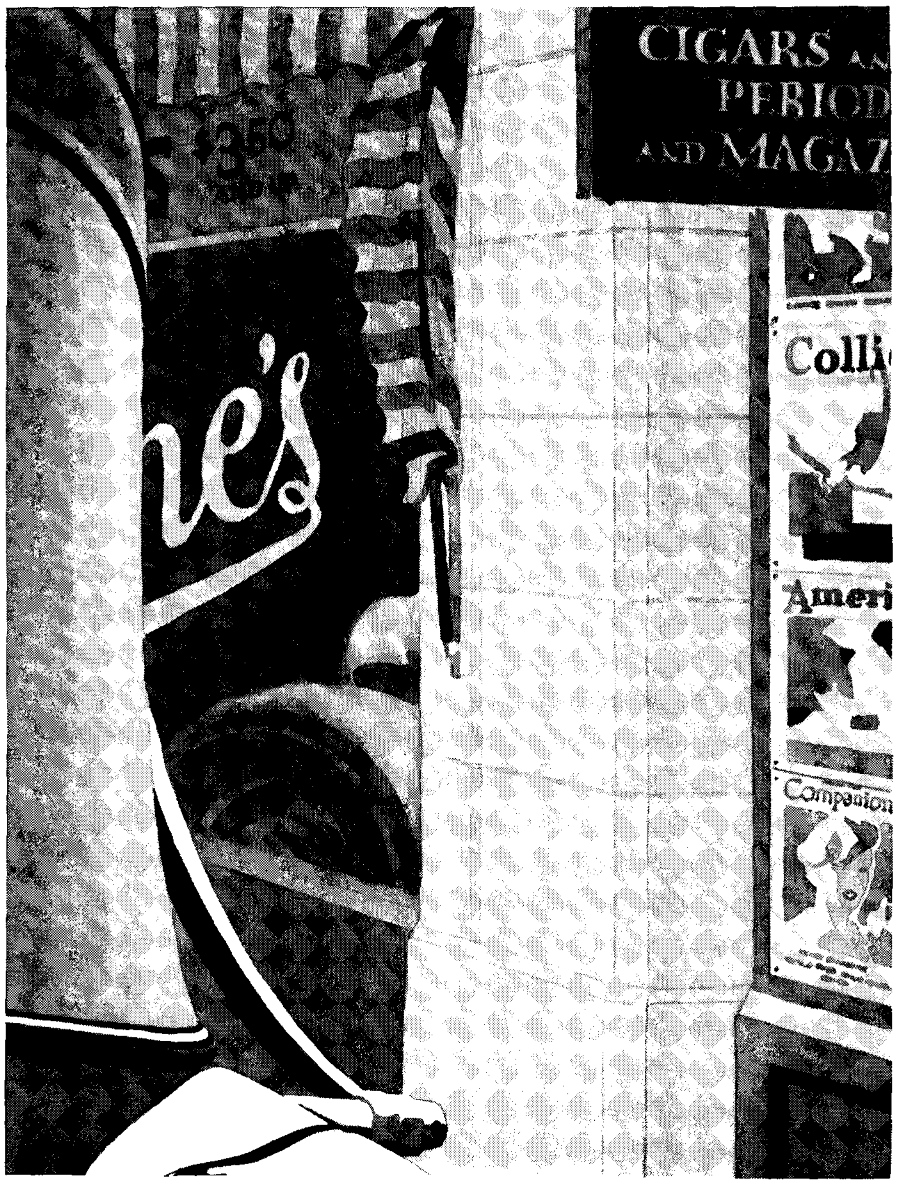
"Evidently," George said. The rain dripped off his old hat, his brown face had turned a little pale. "Yep, I guess that fall did for him," he said simply. "The police are looking for me, all right. We'll—I'll drop you at the house, Tam, and go down to the City Hall and see what they want. 'Manslaughter,' eh? See this editorial here? Ha—that's a break! Dead, eh?"

THEY went back to the car and got into it, and Tam said:

"Go straight to the City Hall, George. They'll be watching the house. It'll be better to—to give yourself up."

George turned the wheel obediently. Neither husband nor wife spoke again as the car moved through the splashing and falling rain toward the city jail.

That week-end the Davises went down to the Martell place in Menlo



"What is it?" George demanded, drawing up to the curb. "A newspaper there on the newspaper stand," Tamara replied. "It had your name in great big letters! George, what is it?"

Park. Bill Martell, the junior member of the law firm, stopped for them at twelve o'clock on a dark, somber Saturday and drove them down in his imposing big car. Tamara was on the front seat; her host entertained her all the way down the Peninsula with stories of the firms and homes they passed. Tam gathered that Martell, Hunter and Martell had sued or defended almost everybody in their time. The enormous packing houses had all been involved in various sorts of litigation; the city itself had had trouble about the bridge; the railway had evidently had a lawsuit for almost every mile of its length. Tam heard of them all and listened respectfully, more than half interested despite the gnawing fear and doubt that was always at her heart in these days. She learned that this old "robber" had seized one piece of property, according to Billy Martell, and that that old "crook" had misappropriated another, and that the descendants of these crooks and robbers were now living in newly raised great villas safely hidden away on the hill slopes toward the west under the magnificent oaks.

"Life is one long struggle in which you try to eat your fellow man so that he won't eat you," Billy Martell told her cheerfully.

"Oh, I can't think that," Tam said, turning her disturbed blue eyes toward him.

"Yep, that's it. Graft, that's the name for highway robbery now," Billy assured her. "But in those days robbers were robbers! Franchises, mines, land, they grabbed everything in sight. Now their grandsons give a hundred dollars a year to the Community Chest and get a thousand dollars' worth of newspaper advertising for it."

"I hate to think the world is so bad!" Tam said. George was audibly asleep among the bags and coats of the back seat and she could go on in a cautious undertone: "They—they can't do anything to George, can they? With everyone so bad, and everyone getting away with everything, and that man—Mayne Mallory, condemned to death, anyway, and no chance of a pardon, how can they do anything to George?"

"OH, THEY'LL not do anything to George!" Billy said reassuringly. "They may scare him; I mean they may feel that they have to scare him. He's in high public office—protector of the safety of the commonwealth, that sort of thing. But it'd be a good thing for the public health and morals, Mrs. Davis," Billy resumed with an oblique glance and the hint of a smile, "if someone would give every fellow like Mallory a good paste in the mug. He was a rotter if ever there was one! I sized that fellow up the first time I saw him. What gets me," the man continued in a musing tone, as they went on, "what gets me is George. Old George! It doesn't sound like him to get mad and sock anyone. What was eating him? He'd talked to Mallory before; he knew what sort of a man he was. All of a sudden George pulls back—of course," Billy interrupted himself to say in a lighter tone after another sidewise glance at the stricken face beside him, "of course Mallory had a bad heart—had angina pectoris, as a matter of fact. You remember he was sick a month ago?"

"Oh, that's what we're banking on!" Tam said fervently.

"Well, of course. His time," the man added whimsically, "had evidently *come*. Under sentence of death and with a bad heart, and then George has to step in and hand him a punch on the nose."

"They couldn't—" Tam began, hardly above a whisper, "they couldn't touch George? I mean they *couldn't* sentence George?"

"No!" the man said so scornfully that the monosyllable came out a long-drawn "Naw!"

"They won't even have a trial, will they, Billy?"

"Say, I like you to call me Billy," the driver said, diverted. Tam's color came up and she laughed.

"I always call you that when I'm talking to George."

"Well, keep up the good work," said Billy. "No, I don't think it'll come to a trial. There'll be—formalities. George doesn't deny he socked him, and nobody denies that he died the next day without ever recovering consciousness. The coroner has made his report, and now it's just a question—oh, of legal stuff. Don't you worry!"

"I can't help it," Tam said.

"I WOULDN'T worry about anything, Mrs. Davis. Lord," fat Billy Martell said comfortably, "what's the use of worrying? My grandmother came out here from France in eighteen-seventy, ruined—husband killed in the war, estates confiscated, seven kids. She opened a laundry on Powell Street and she used to have to take her two youngest kids to the place nights and let 'em sleep in a basket under the table she was working on. She told me when she was an old woman that she had the first good times of her life after her man was killed and she came away from her native land. 'Frenchwomen of my class are respectable, but they don't have much fun,' she said. 'Here I am my own law. I am not shut up in a dark back parlor sewing; I stand on my own feet.'

"Well, then, why worry?" he resumed, as Tam was still. She liked this big, sprawling, loosely built man, indeed she almost loved him for his goodness and loyalty to George, but the tenor of his words was stirring a chill uneasiness in her heart. Of what was he trying to warn her, for what was he trying to prepare her? "I flunked out of law school," he was saying. "Broke my mother's heart. She thought drink and cards and Lord knows what else had me. Shucks, it was just kid stuff! After a while I pulled myself into shape and that was that!

"Then take kids," he went on. "By gum, there isn't a month that you don't have something to worry about when you have kids! Our oldest, Bill—big rangy kid, you've seen him, he's going into law school next term—he got infantile paralysis at three. What my poor wife went through with that kid I couldn't ever tell you! He's lame now—a little, you don't notice it much—he can't go in for football or golf much, mustn't get too tired, but otherwise he's fine. That's life, isn't it? Worry yourself sick about something this year and forget it next year."

"I'm worried horribly—about this," Tam said in an undertone.

"Well, you forget it. We'll have old George out of this jam by this time next week," Billy said. "Been following it in the papers?"

"No, I couldn't. I've been too—too sick over the whole thing. He asked me not to, anyway."

"Sensible, too. See that place; that's Eucalyptus Court," Billy said, gesturing with his left hand toward a magnificent old place set in ten level acres of garden. "That's Budget's place. Old Budget was a highbinder who used to do some business with my father—"

"You two seem to be getting along very nicely up there," George presently interrupted in a yawning voice. "Isn't that Menlo Park?"

"Here we are," Billy said. He had turned on a curved drive into a garden hidden among shrubs and shadowed on this forbidding sunless winter day by trees; now he blew a long blast on his motor horn that brought a lean boy of eleven racing about the big house and caused a red-cheeked, drowsy little girl of nine or ten to come to open the front door.

"Mother, they're here!" she called, and immediately Ellen Martell came out of the dining-room doorway and welcomed her guests affectionately. Somewhere in the late thirties, a brown-haired woman with round brown eyes and a gentle manner, she went upstairs with Tamara to the guest room. The men disappeared into the library.

Elinor, the sleepy reading child, watched Tamara brush up her hair and change from her town suit to a silk frock.

"Mother, she is like an actress!" Elinor said admiringly. Tam touched the child's small turned-up nose with her hair brush.

"I was an actress until last summer, darling."

"Oh, no!" Elinor said, awed.

"Oh, yes. Do you like actresses?"

"Well, they scare me," Elinor said.

"I don't see that anything scares you," her mother said. "Staring poor Mrs. Davis out of countenance that way! Would you like to lie down and rest for a while, Mrs. Davis? Shall we disappear?"

"Oh, please don't!" Tam begged, stretching out an impulsive hand. "I like to—to be with people. I'm—" Her eyes met those of the other woman. "I'm *anxious*," she said simply.

"You must be. Of course it's terribly—*worrying*," Ellen Martell said sympathetically. "Well, let's go down and find these men. It's so horrid out that Billy was suggesting a game of bridge. They can't play golf; it's going to rain. And my father adores an afternoon game of bridge of all things!"

THE quiet, infinitely pleasant routine of the big household enveloped Tam. It was impossible to worry in this atmosphere of confidence, normality. She and her hostess descended to a snapping living-room fire. Ellen Martell's brisk old father was active in setting up a green table, hunting out complete card packs. There was no pencil anywhere. "It is extraordinary to me that I cannot seem to keep a pencil in that game closet!" Ellen said.

A capped and aproned maid came in to say respectfully that Martin would like to know how many for dinner.

"Billy, how many for dinner? Do help me," Mrs. Martell called to the men, who now emerged from the library. "Are you staying, Max?"

"I can't," Max Martell said. "Lou is having people in. How do you do, Mrs. Davis? No, I can't stay, Ellen. How do you do, Doctor Alexander? It looks as if you people were going to be cutting each other's throats in about two seconds. Goodby, everyone!"

"Aunt Ellen," a tall boy said in the doorway, "Dad's going, but he says I can stay if you want me. Do you want me?"

"Of course I want you, Max. But

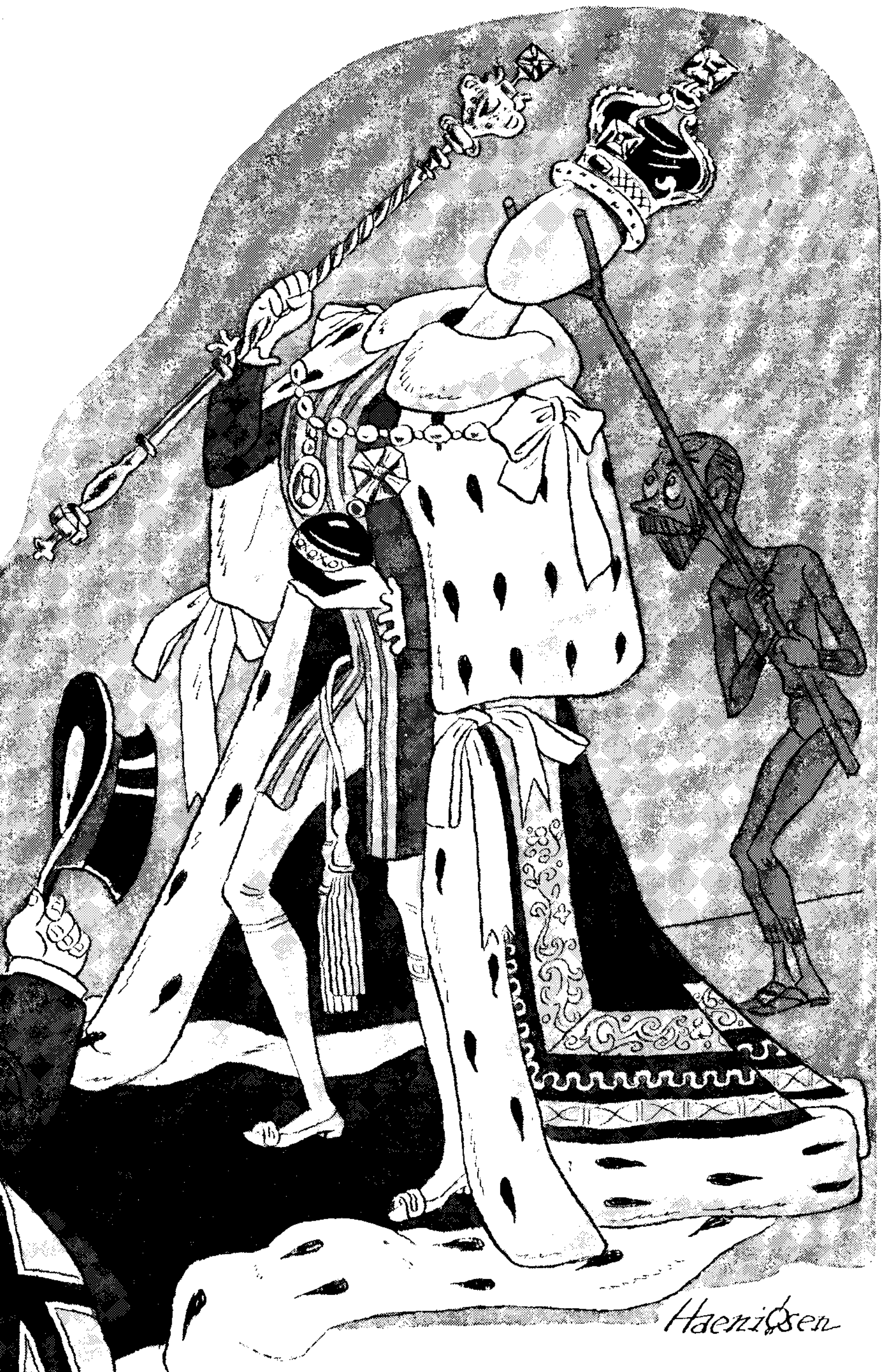
(Continued on page 43)

All the King's Money

King George is going to get a raise. A few years back he had to take a cut. Now Parliament has decided to increase his allowance by $125,000, bringing it up to about $2,675,000. Even so, he may have to spend a few sleepless nights worrying about unpaid bills. He's one man who's not allowed to economize. His loyal subjects make him spend till it hurts

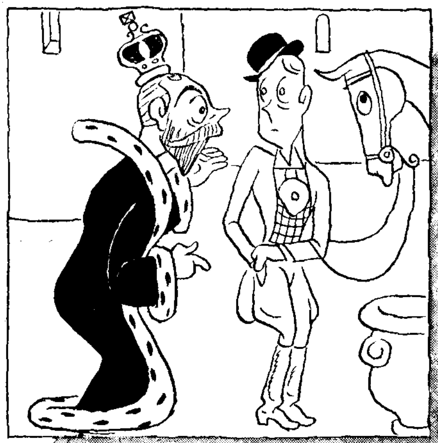
By T. R. Ybarra

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY HAENIGSEN



The pageantry and magnificence of royal functions, in British eyes, are the principal excuse for having a king around

"Could you lend me fifty pounds over the week-end, Edward?"



IN THE black year 1931, when the Bank of England, that symbol of British solidity, was wabbling and the pound sterling, that emblem of British stability, was tobogganing, the Royal Housekeeper-in-Chief, or somebody with a title like that, curtseyed respectfully to Queen Mary, consort of King George the Fifth, and said:

"Your Majesty, the windows of Buckingham Palace need new curtains."

And the queen, after a moment's thought, replied:

"Buy new curtains for the front windows. But, for the back windows, have the old curtains mended. The king and I cannot afford new curtains for back windows."

And that was that.

Now, however, things are better in the British realm. His Most Excellent Majesty George the Fifth, King, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India, is slated for a raise. Instead of being obliged to struggle along, as during the past three years, on an allowance from the British nation, which is the equivalent, at the normal rate of exchange, of a mere $2,550,000, or thereabouts, his bosses in the British Parliament are getting ready to boost his yearly pay this summer to around $2,675,000.

A Salary with Strings Attached

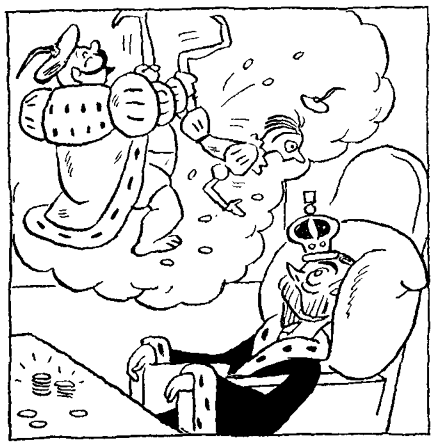
If you went up to King George and congratulated him on being an enormously rich man he would probably take exception in words which, shorn of their royal elegance, would boil down in meaning to: *"Me rich?* Where do you get that stuff?"

He might inform you—assuming British royal etiquette permitted that the conversation between him and you go on—that, to his way of thinking, a rich man is not merely one who has a big income but one who can spend it as he pleases, without a bunch of strings attached to the spending by precedent and tradition and custom and law. He might call to your attention—assuming the Lord High Equerry-in-Waiting hadn't already led you firmly out of the royal presence—that, in spite of getting over $2,600,000 yearly from the nation, to say nothing of a tidy sum from other sources (including a snug private fortune), the demands on his purse for kingly pomp and gaudy entertainments and keeping up the dignity of the Crown in general are so tremendous that he can spend only a very small part of his money exactly as he pleases.

"Say, about ten thousand dollars out of the whole lot," he might tell you—assuming the Grenadier Guards hadn't already thrown you out of Buckingham Palace on your ear.

The raise which the British nation contemplates giving King George is not really a raise. It is the restoration to his yearly pay of fifty per cent of a cut made in it three years ago. At that time, when things looked very black in England, the king voluntarily gave up 50,000 pounds of the allowance paid him by his subjects. Now they are thinking of returning 25,000 pounds of it—about $120,000.

No matter how the king economizes, his expenses exceed his receipts



George V must sometimes yearn for the bad old days of his ancestors

In view of the fact that, even without this, he gets $2,600,000 or so annually, you may think that the extra $120,000 will not make much difference. King George, however, thinks otherwise. He will be very glad indeed to get the extra money.

The British are a queer people. Their formula for a king is "pomp, not power." Long ago they took from their monarch the right to call his soul his own. And now, as the result of still more democratic encroachments on the royal privileges, he is no longer able to call his income his own. Practically all of it is ear-marked for disbursements to maintain the pageantry and magnificence which, in British eyes, are the principal excuse for having a king around. And the worst part of it (in the ruler's eyes) is that, whenever he tries to give himself some pocket money by cutting down on the pomp, the British nation sits up and howls.

The yearly stipend paid to King George is known as the Civil List. It was voted to him by Parliament after the death of his father, King Edward, in 1910. At that time a Parliamentary Commission was named to determine exactly what George should get. It was also expected to suggest possible economies—for Parliament, though fond of royal pomp, likes to keep a watchful eye on what the king does with his cash. The Commission, after pawing about among the royal ledgers, solemnly asked: "Why should we have a Master of the Buckhounds?"

"Hold Your Horses!"

Well, George couldn't put up much of a fight to keep the Master of the Buckhounds. For some time buckhounds had not been much in his life. So he surrendered their master without a struggle. The Parliamentary Commission promptly suppressed that official, together with the salary attached to his post. But they made it up to the new king in other ways. When the time came for voting him his Civil List, Parliament allowed him the same pay as had been slipped to King Edward.

(*Continued on page 33*)

Even MARK TWAIN *would have been stumped!*

THE great humorist said that cauliflower is cabbage with a college education. What would he, what *could* he, have said about the tomatoes which Campbell's develop to such glorious perfection for the making of tomato soup?

And if the tomatoes would have taxed his powers of adequate description, what of the soup itself! For Campbell's Tomato Soup, with all its individual tang and flavor, is hard indeed to put into words.

Just let it speak for itself—to your appetite and your delight in exhilarating goodness. One taste—and you'll understand why this soup has made such a world-wide reputation.

That takes special excellence—and if ever a soup appealed to your taste as being in a class by itself, this is it. "I don't know why it is so delicious or how to describe it," you will say, "but I *do* know that it is the soup for *me!*"

Tomato Soup when you add water. Cream of Tomato when you add milk. An irresistible delight either way!

Double rich! *Double strength!*

Campbell's Soups bring you condensed, concentrated goodness. So when you add an equal quantity of water in your kitchen, you obtain twice the quantity of soup at no extra cost.

21 kinds to choose from...

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
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Julienne
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Mushroom (Cream of)
Mutton
Noodle with chicken
Ox Tail
Pea
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CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP

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10½ OZ.
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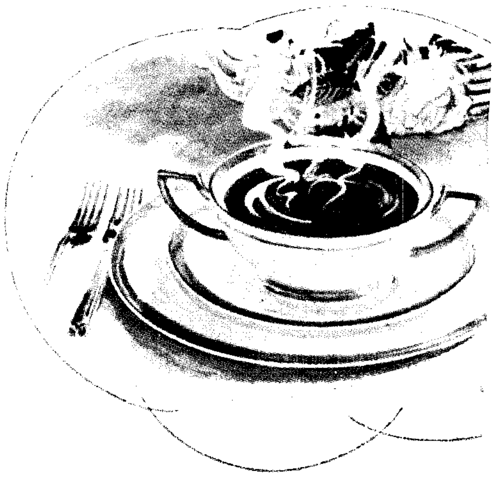

Astonishing Young Man

By Quentin Reynolds

Meet Jefferson Davis Dickson of Natchez, Mississippi, who has gone far in the world translating unconventional inspirations into coin of many realms

IFOR THOMAS

Jefferson Davis Dickson, promoter of anything, anywhere, any time

Jefferson Davis Dickson, Parisian man-about-town. With the chief of police and President Albert Lebrun

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS

Jefferson Davis Dickson, one-fight matador. He killed his bull, too

THIS is the story of An Astonishing Young Man and if part of the story happens to take place in the barrooms of London, Paris, Barcelona and New York, please excuse it. It is only because this Astonishing Young Man transacts a great deal of business on a purely conversational basis, without the aid of either contracts or lawyers, and anyone will tell you that conversation is always freer in barrooms, especially in the very superior kind of barrooms which are patronized by our Astonishing Young Man. In fact, they are the kind of barrooms which are called barrooms only by vulgar people like myself. They are always called clubs or taverns or inns by the proprietors of same. Now . . .

Trevor Wignall writes a sport column for the London Express and every morning two million Englishmen read Trevor with their breakfast. Many an Englishman would much rather miss his breakfast than miss his Wignall, and that's all right with me because Wignall is almost always very good while English breakfasts are almost always very bad.

Trevor walked out of his Fleet Street office one day and he bumped right into Jefferson Davis Dickson, our Astonishing Young Man.

"It would be very nice," Trevor said, "if you would buy a very cold drink for both of us."

"Why not?" Jefferson Davis Dickson answered and, needless to say, Mr. Wignall could think of no reason why not. So the two walked up Fleet Street and along the Strand and to Piccadilly, where there is a place called Prince's, which is well and favorably known among the merry, merry men of Fleet Street. They sat at a table and nodded to H. Bradbury Pratt, who is the proprietor of Prince's, and Mr. Pratt, quite conversant with Mr. Wignall's wishes and Mr. Davis' purse, told one of his minions to hurry up a bottle of the best champagne to his two distinguished customers. Mr. Pratt knew our Astonishing Young Man very well and he knew that our Jefferson likes only two drinks—champagne and another which we will discuss at some length later on.

"And now, Jeff, my lad," Trevor said, "have you a spot of news about you that I might use in my column tomorrow?"

"Indeed, I have," Jefferson said. "I have just matched Primo Carnera to fight Paulino. They have signed to fight next month, but as yet I haven't picked a spot."

Spain is a Nice Place

"Well, now, let's pick a spot." Wignall looked thoughtful. Wignall is always at the ringside at big bouts, be the bout fought at Shelby, Montana; Sidney, Australia, or Timbuctoo. "Let me see now, Jeff," Wignall ruminated. "I have been all over the world. Not a country in Asia or the Americas have I missed. I have visited every country in Europe, Jeff, except one. I refer to Spain. That is bad. I am getting no younger and sooner or later I would like to see Spain. Besides, I have just read a book by Mr. Hemingway and he comes out heartily in favor of Spain, so, all in all, it must be a pretty nice place."

"So what?" Mr. Dickson asked.

"So why not hold the fight in Barcelona?" Wignall answered triumphantly.

"But why Barcelona?" Mr. Dickson again asked.

"Because," Trevor explained patiently, "Barcelona is in Spain."

"Well, then, why not?" Mr. Dickson mused. "Surely, Trevor, if you like, we'll hold it in Barcelona, which is in Spain. I'd like to see Spain myself."

"But of course," Trevor added doubtfully, "there may not be a stadium in Barcelona big enough for the fight."

Dickson pushed this objection aside with an airy wave of his hand. "If there isn't I'll build one," he said, and that settled that.

Well, Jeff Dickson took the Paulino-Carnera fight to Barcelona, Spain, and he didn't have to build a stadium because there is a bullfight arena there which seats ever so many people. In fact, it seats 82,000 people. However, there was such an aggressive and wholehearted attitude of indifference toward Mr. Dickson's fight that it began to look as if the seating capacity of the stadium would not even be strained a bit around the edges. Barcelona was very cu-razy about bullfighting and it didn't care much for any fight in which no bulls were scheduled to appear. So Mr. Dickson decided to take steps. He took them.

The World's Worst Bullfight

He circulated about in the local pubs, or barrooms as I like to call them, until he found the place where the matadors (bullfighters, to you) did their hoisting. He became friendly with them and he broached his plan. Now remember, when Jeff Dickson turns that personality smile on he could persuade anybody of anything. I'll bet he could persuade Admiral Byrd that his future lay in the raising of tropical fish. Anyhow, he persuaded the matadors to let him try something.

The next day the crowd at the bullfighting ring was startled to hear an announcement that Jefferson Dickson, the famous American matador and fight promoter, would replace one of the regular bullfighters on the day's card. Then to a rolling of castanets or drums or whatever it is they roll in Barcelona there stalked into the arena our Astonishing Young Man, resplendent in matador's costume. He killed his bull, too.

"Of course," Dickson says apologetically, "it wasn't much of a bull." Well, perhaps it wasn't much of a bull but it was considerable of a publicity stunt and the next day all of Barcelona was buzzing with the story of the crazy young American. And when they mentioned him—they mentioned the Paulino-Carnera fight. The fight was a huge financial and artistic success despite the fact that there was a general strike on and that the monarchy was as shaky as a top hat in a stiff breeze. In fact, 82,000 people came and 68,000 people paid. Those who didn't pay were soldiers whose guns proved to be very effective Annie Oakleys. Yes, it was a great success and Dickson made sixty

(Continued on page 37)

BUICK

$795

SERIES 50—*There are five models in this series, built to meet any particular taste or requirement. Wheelbase, 119 inches. Engine, 88 horsepower.* **$1110***

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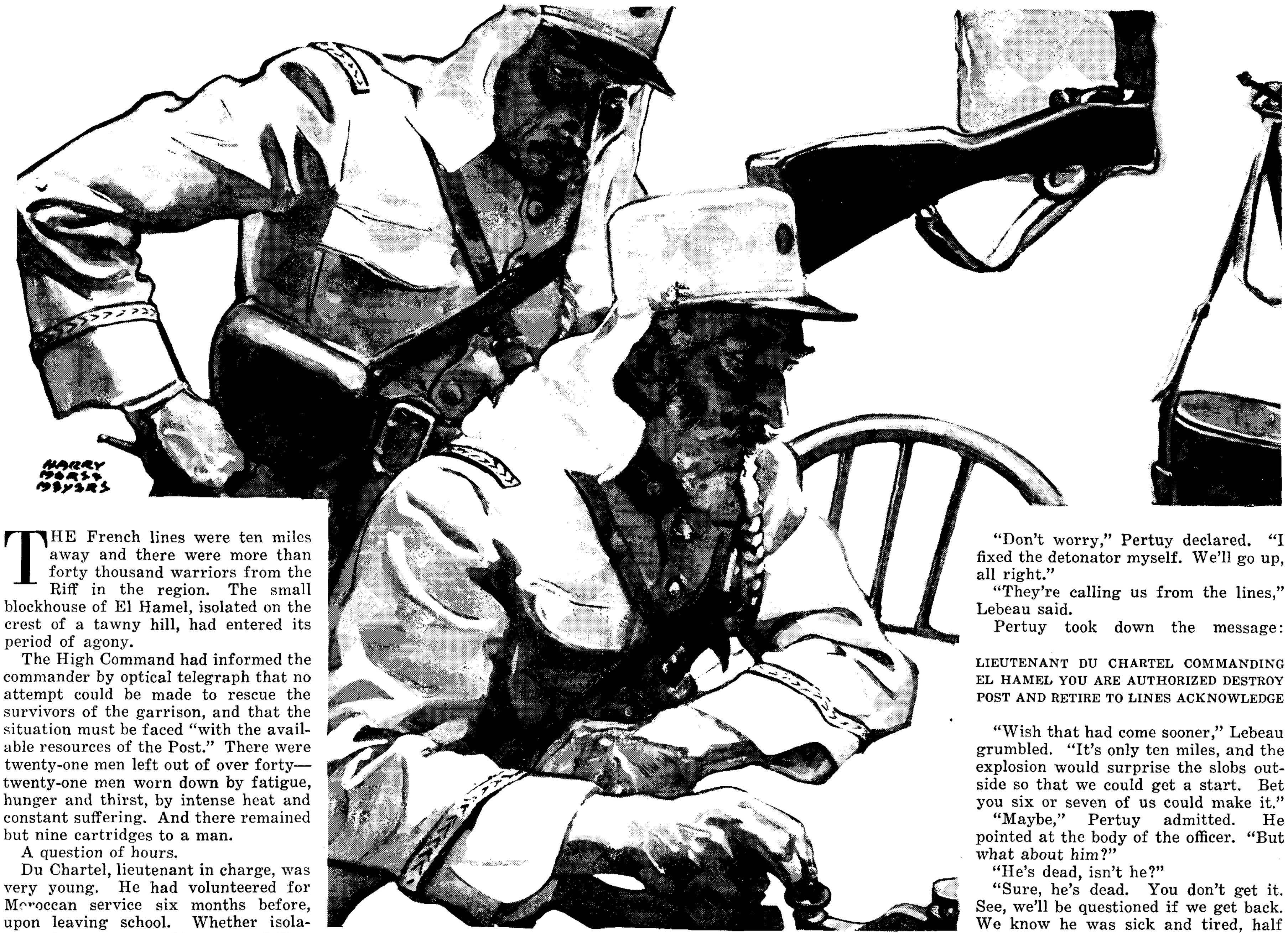
ILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



Pertuy sat down, flashing his acknowledgment

With Glory

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Georges Surdez

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

THE French lines were ten miles away and there were more than forty thousand warriors from the Riff in the region. The small blockhouse of El Hamel, isolated on the crest of a tawny hill, had entered its period of agony.

The High Command had informed the commander by optical telegraph that no attempt could be made to rescue the survivors of the garrison, and that the situation must be faced "with the available resources of the Post." There were twenty-one men left out of over forty—twenty-one men worn down by fatigue, hunger and thirst, by intense heat and constant suffering. And there remained but nine cartridges to a man.

A question of hours.

Du Chartel, lieutenant in charge, was very young. He had volunteered for Moroccan service six months before, upon leaving school. Whether isolation, the worry over his responsibility, had driven him mad or whether there was a flaw in his character is not important. But upon receiving the message which ended all hope he shot himself.

Of the score remaining alive, only two were white, sergeants both, Pertuy and Lebeau, Colonial infantrymen. The nineteen blacks were resigned and patient. Fetishists from the Benin Zone or Moslems from Senegal and Sudan, they accepted Fate easily, without mental perturbation. They were aware that there were several hundred kilograms of explosives under the Post, and that one of the white men would touch them off when the time came. They knew that they would die. And they grinned and shouted, fought as best they knew, and saw no reason to complain.

Both Pertuy and Lebeau were veterans. Together, they counted over forty years of service. They had roamed from the Chad to Madagascar, from Mauritania to the Tonkin. They had seen the trenches of France, gone through hell at the Dardanelles. They had reaped a fistful of medals, which meant nothing to anyone outside the army. Each one had a wife and kids somewhere in France. But they found themselves responsible for the blockhouse and all it contained. And they knew they were close to the end.

"Too young and nervous," Pertuy said when he found the body in the small room of the mirador, near the telegraph apparatus.

"Sure. Waiting's hard at his age," Lebeau agreed.

"Shall we let it out to the men?"

"What for? We have only a few hours to go. The slobs outside are beginning to realize we're short of ammunition, and they'll rush us. Without machine gun or grenades, what can we do? The men liked the kid and would feel badly. He usually stayed up here anyway, except during the attacks."

PERTUY nodded. He picked up the body, laid it against the wall and placed a handkerchief over the face. He leaned through the trapdoor, spoke to the Negro corporal below, who had discovered the body.

"You're not needed, Moussa. Get back to the men and say nothing. You understand, nothing!" Then he picked up the note that the young officer had written and touched a match to it.

"What's the idea?" Lebeau wondered.

"His nerve was gone when he wrote that." Pertuy was shy and spoke stiffly. "He had written other letters, when he intended to stick and go up with the Post as he should. And those will be better reading for his people."

The two sergeants went to the loopholes, scanned the surroundings. There was the enclosure, with the swollen spots where corpses had been buried; there was the maze of tumbled masonry and barbed wire, through which the blacks moved cautiously, khaki bodies crested by the scarlet skullcaps. Beyond, blasted by the ardent sun, was the arid slope, the boulders and meager bushes. They saw knots of men moving about, massing out of range.

"They're wise," Lebeau commented. He laughed. "With nine cartridges apiece, they'll get us easily. Don't know but the kid had the right idea. The charge may miss fire. In that case—"

In that case they would be taken alive. Alive, while there were two hundred dead buried by the attackers all around their blockhouse, two hundred dead to be avenged according to mountain code. That was what had frightened Du Chartel into suicide.

"Don't worry," Pertuy declared. "I fixed the detonator myself. We'll go up, all right."

"They're calling us from the lines," Lebeau said.

Pertuy took down the message:

LIEUTENANT DU CHARTEL COMMANDING EL HAMEL YOU ARE AUTHORIZED DESTROY POST AND RETIRE TO LINES ACKNOWLEDGE

"Wish that had come sooner," Lebeau grumbled. "It's only ten miles, and the explosion would surprise the slobs outside so that we could get a start. Bet you six or seven of us could make it."

"Maybe," Pertuy admitted. He pointed at the body of the officer. "But what about him?"

"He's dead, isn't he?"

"Sure, he's dead. You don't get it. See, we'll be questioned if we get back. We know he was sick and tired, half crazy, just a kid from school. Just the same, he was an officer and his job was to stick. It would look bad—"

"We couldn't help it—"

"But it's bad for the regiment," Pertuy resumed. "We're new in the lines. The Sixth Colonial had garrisons all over, so did the Legion. And they had nothing like this. Get it?"

LEBEAU produced a pipe, forgetting that he had no tobacco, and mechanically searched his pockets.

"Sure," he granted, "it would make a stink."

"Well?"

Lebeau shrugged. "You're senior sergeant, you know."

Pertuy smiled and touched his arm. Then he sat down, and worked the key, flashing his acknowledgment.

EL HAMEL TO COMMANDER MOBILE GROUPS MESSAGE RECEIVED GARRISON UNANIMOUS WISH TO DEFEND POSITION TRUSTED TO US TO LAST EXTREMITY MORALE HERE EXCELLENT GREETINGS TO ALL ARMY COMRADES VIVE LA FRANCE

The two looked at each other. It seemed to them that if they signed their names to the message they would somehow survive, be surrounded with glory in their last moments. But the Riffs might delay their attack, the lines might ask what had happened to the lieutenant. There would be that dreaded development, a regimental scandal.

Lebeau voiced this. "It would start talk, cause a stink."

"Right—"

Pertuy sighed wearily, and his fingers reached for the key to flash:

"DU CHARTEL"

1921
MAZDA
60 WATTS
1934

Talk about your bargains!

Everybody uses the popular 60-watt lamp—but hardly anyone realizes how much *more* light it gives and how much *less* it costs as the result of constant research under General Electric leadership.

And the 60-watt General Electric MAZDA lamp—which gives 40% more light and is 58% lower in price than in 1921—is typical of what the General Electric monogram means to users of *all* sizes of lamps. For instance: During the past ten years alone General Electric research and lamp development has provided additional light to the value of over one billion dollars *without one cent of increased current cost!* General Electric is not alone in making good lamps. But, at the same time, it points out that not all lamps are good lamps. Some are so poor you shouldn't be asked to pay for them. Such lamps use too much current for the light they give—blacken quickly and burn out prematurely. General Electric urges users of electric light to buy lamps carefully—to look for such a mark as the famous monogram when buying lamps for any purpose. This is the only way you can be sure you are taking advantage of the real bargains in light that research is constantly making possible. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

HIS FEET WERE ALWAYS
ACHING
BECAUSE HE WORE
LOPSIDED
HEELS

THOUSANDS of people suffer needless foot troubles, simply because they are careless about keeping their heels straight.

Any good orthopedic surgeon will tell you: *"habitually wearing run-over heels can injure the foot structure, sometimes permanently."* For the heel-bone supports the arch. If it turns at every step, the arch twists, too – often causing painful strains, weak arches; even flat foot!

That is why there is no foot-health insurance like Goodyear Wingfoot Heels. Built of tough, resilient rubber that distributes pressure EQUALLY, these heels wear down EVENLY – *keeping feet straight and preventing strain.*

Because Goodyear Wingfoot Heels keep feet feeling better, more people walk on them than on any other kind. Give your feet this comfortable protection today. At all good repair shops.

GOODYEAR

NRA CODE

WINGFOOT HEELS
keep shoes and feet straight

The Boll Weevil Gentleman

Continued from page 19

"is fixin' to take him a shower bath."

"Humph!" she grunted. "Who keer what he fixin' to take?"

Sammy finished his breakfast in silence, and left for his gentleman's cabin. Massaline watched him until he disappeared in the willows, and then she made tracks for the Widow Duck's house.

"Miss Duck," she announced with much concern, "Sammy 'lowed dat his white gentleman was fixin' to take a shower bath, and hit ain't a cloud in de sky. You reckon he kin make hit rain?"

The Widow Duck considered for a few minutes.

"He ain't got hit in him," she concluded. "Rain is God's business, not no white gentleman's."

"Sammy say he fixin' to take a shower bath," Massaline repeated firmly.

The Widow Duck frowned. "Sammy," she stated, "gittin' too proud er his gentleman. He been braggin' 'bout de place for so long, to now he done gone to lyin'."

Massaline worried all the rest of the day, but it still made no sense.

THAT night, Sammy gave Massaline another surprise. After supper he announced carelessly, "I got a little gittin' about to do for my white gentleman." And off he went.

Massaline was not exactly jealous, but she could name at least a dozen women who would like to have Sammy for a husband. She wondered if Sammy's pretended business for his white gentleman was not an excuse to meet one of these women on the bayou. She went over to discuss the possibilities with the Widow Duck.

"I seed him go 'cross de bayou bridge," the Widow Duck confirmed. "Look like he's headin' for Duke's Bend."

The night was clear and warm, and the moon was almost full.

When at last they caught sight of Sammy, he was toting a large, grotesque object on his back. Closer inspection revealed it to be a window shutter.

"What you doin' wid dat shutter?" the Widow Duck demanded, stepping into the road and confronting Sammy.

"You rogued dat shutter offn Mist' Wash's house," Massaline challenged, gripping him with all her strength. "I wouldn't live wid no rogue."

"My white gentleman's business is he own," Sammy declared, "and his business ain't for field hands to tawk about."

"Efn I told Giles you rogued dat shutter offn Mist' Wash's house," the Widow Duck threatened him, "Giles'd break yo' neck in four pieces."

"Giles say efn I don't take keer er my white gentleman he gonter break my neck," Sammy recalled.

"And yo' white gentleman got you roguin'?"

"My white gentleman claim he want a shutter," Sammy said, "and so I got him one."

"What he want hit for?"

"He claim he want hit to take a shower bath," Sammy said.

"Don't lie," the Widow Duck warned.

"Hit's what he claim," Sammy insisted. "He claim he need a stepladder for de same thing, too, so I had to went to town and rogue one f'm Mist' Roos' store."

"A window shutter and a stepladder sound like hoodoo stuff to me," put in Massaline.

"He claim," went on Sammy, "he need two rain barr'ls and a ten-gallon lard can wid holes punched in de bottom. Giles gimme de can, and I rogued one er yo' rain barr'ls last night, Miss Duck, and I'm fixin' to rogue one er Giles' tonight."

The Widow Duck shook her head sadly. "Sammy, you done got proud in yo' heart and went to braggin'. And den you went to lyin'. And now you gone to roguin'. . . . When is yo' white gentleman countin' on gittin' de shower for his bath?"

"Tomorrow, about eleven o'clock, he claim," Sammy said.

"He aimin' to git buck nekkid and run in de rain?" the Widow Duck pressed.

"He gonter git buck nekkid in de back yard, by dat cane brake, over agin de gyarden fence. De brake and de vines on de fence will shet him off on two sides, and de house will shet him off on another side, and I got to put up some quilts to shet him off f'm de yuther side. He got plenty er shame, Miss Duck."

The Widow Duck nodded. "Git de shutter and git along about yo' business," she commanded. "I don't reckon you'd rogue at night efn de white gentleman didn't make you."

The next day, an hour before noon, Massaline announced elaborately that she had left a pot of cabbage on the fire and she believed she would go stir it.

"I'm cookin' collard greens," the Widow Duck said. "I better go chunk up my fire, too." The other women wondered about their own dinners and soon there was not a woman left in the fields.

MASSALINE and the Widow Duck separated at the bayou path, each going to her own cabin. But Massaline didn't stop in her house. She went straight out the back door, and over to the vegetable garden where she hid in the bean vines by the fence.

Sammy and the white gentleman came out of the house. The white gentleman had on carpet slippers and a long bath robe. He directed operations while Sammy set the two rain barrels on end and placed the window shutter on top of them, making a scaffold with a latticed floor. Then Sammy put the stepladder up by the scaffold.

The white gentleman climbed up and stood on the shutter. Sammy filled the ten-gallon lard can with water, and toted it up the ladder. The white gentleman threw off his robe and said, "Let her go, Sammy, my boy," and there he stood, buck naked, while Sammy held the leaking lard can over his head.

It was too funny. Massaline bit her tongue, but it did no good. Before she knew it, she was laughing out loud, and Sammy heard her.

"You, Massaline!" he yelled. "Ain't you got no manners?"

AS HE shouted to her, he turned on the ladder and overbalanced it. The ladder swayed and threw Sammy on the scaffold. The barrels tottered and turned over, and the ten-gallon lard can slipped over the white gentleman's head. And they all landed in one big, disordered pile on the ground.

The fall knocked the breath out of Sammy, and he groaned as if he were dying. Massaline rushed out of the garden to the rescue. The Widow Duck waddled up from the cane patch, just as most of the other women emerged from their various hiding places.

The Widow Duck herself yanked the battered can from the white gentleman's head, and he, both embarrassed and furious, grabbed his robe, wrapped it about himself hastily, and ran into the house. He immediately packed and left Little Bee Bend.

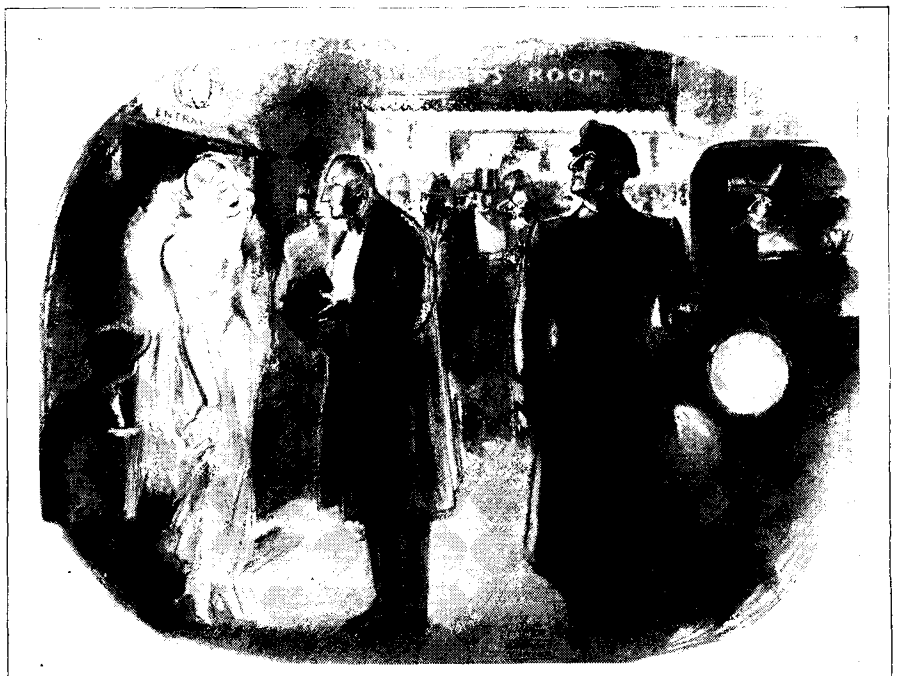
After a few minutes, Sammy sat up and blinked his eyes. "How come y'all ladies is out hyar?" he demanded in a rage. "I ain't told nobody—"

"Us hyared de Widow Duck squeeze hit outn you, last night," Charity informed him. "You been too shut-mouf, so us had to know what was goin' on."

"I told Massaline to stay home," Sammy growled. "I'm gonter—"

But even at that moment, Massaline had set up the scaffold and was saying, "Let her go, Sammy, my boy," exactly like the white gentleman. And when she rolled off and wedged her head in the ten-gallon lard can, Sammy was forced to laugh, too.

"Massaline," he declared warmly, "you's a natchal case! You got dat white gentleman down to a T!"



"Heavens, Mr. Gertz, did you have to bring that chaperon again?"

RAYMOND THAYER

HOW YOU ARE PROTECTED WHEN YOU BUY OUR CARS ON TIME

TO THOSE people who, instead of paying cash for their cars or trucks, prefer to take advantage of the convenient "time payment" plan of buying, we are glad to make this explanation of what financing should cost—and what the financing charge should cover.

The finance charge pays for the great convenience of buying in this manner. It covers interest on the money advanced by the finance company. It pays for credit and collection service, and more important — it provides adequate insurance for your car or truck while you are paying for it; insurance against the hazards of fire, theft and collision.*

The charge for financing added to the cash delivered price of the vehicle will give you the total cost if bought on time payments. Some people are confused by financing and do not understand its cost. By applying the rule set forth in the box at the right you can tell to the penny just how much the financing charge is on a car or truck under any plan.

We have provided for the time buyers of our cars and trucks the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Plan of time payment financing. This plan assures you of a financing service courteously administered with adequate insurance protection and at the lowest possible cost.

Compare the financing charge under our Official Plan on a Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler, Dodge Commercial Car or truck, and you will find that it is as fair as the charge on any car you can buy.

Your financing arrangement is backed by the resources of Commercial Credit Company — a pioneer company in the field of automobile financing, with $40,000,000 invested capital. You receive an insurance policy written by one of the largest old line companies. More than 1800 trained employes and 142 Commercial Credit or subsidiary offices provide the utmost convenience—quick, considerate and courteous attention to all your dealings.

Chrysler Motors adopted the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Plan as the fairest, soundest and most economical plan available. We believe it can be used as a fair comparison of what proper financing should cost.

We urge you, therefore, to cut out the box or copy off the rule worked out for you, use this rule to measure the cost of buying a car or truck on time. Pay no more than our Official Plan calls for—and you will pay no more than is fair.

---

*On Dodge Commercial Cars and trucks, collision insurance may be had at manual rates.

PAY NO MORE

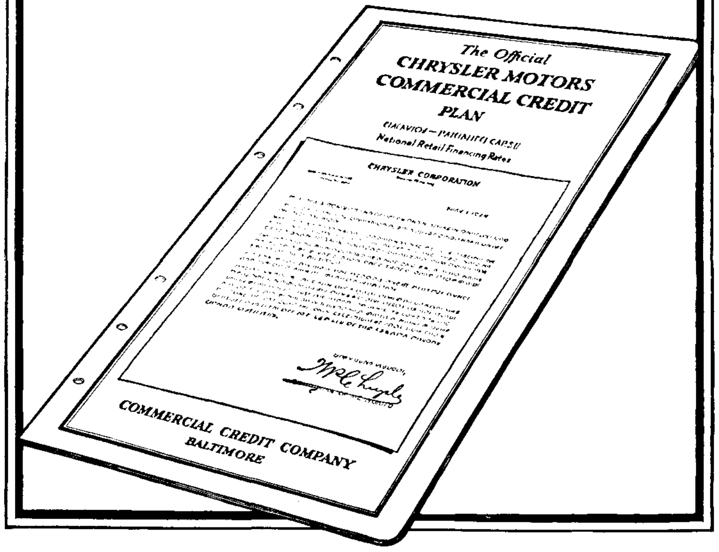
for financing than the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Plan calls for.

Check Cost This Way:

1. Write here the amount your dealer asks as down payment (this may include trade-in value of an old car). $..............
2. Write here the total of all monthly payments required. $________
3. Add the two figures above. Their sum is the total cost of car including financing and insurance. $..............
4. Write here the cash delivered price of the car. $________
5. Subtract amount No. 4 from amount No. 3 above. The result is the total cost of financing, including insurance*. $..............

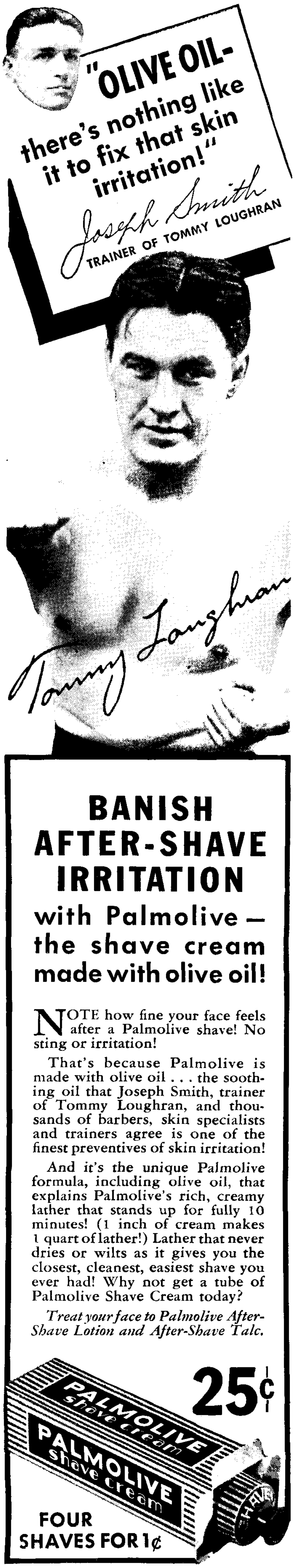
Then—compare this cost with the finance cost under the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Plan, and *pay no more* for the financing of your car purchase.

**Fire—Theft—Collision.*



CHRYSLER MOTORS

PLYMOUTH
DODGE
DE SOTO
CHRYSLER


"OLIVE OIL—there's nothing like it to fix that skin irritation!"

Joseph Smith
TRAINER OF TOMMY LOUGHRAN

Tommy Loughran

BANISH AFTER-SHAVE IRRITATION

with Palmolive—the shave cream made with olive oil!

NOTE how fine your face feels after a Palmolive shave! No sting or irritation!

That's because Palmolive is made with olive oil . . . the soothing oil that Joseph Smith, trainer of Tommy Loughran, and thousands of barbers, skin specialists and trainers agree is one of the finest preventives of skin irritation!

And it's the unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's rich, creamy lather that stands up for fully 10 minutes! (1 inch of cream makes 1 quart of lather!) Lather that never dries or wilts as it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had! Why not get a tube of Palmolive Shave Cream today?

Treat your face to Palmolive After-Shave Lotion and After-Shave Talc.

25¢

PALMOLIVE shave cream

FOUR SHAVES FOR 1¢

Tradition

Continued from page 11

same streets. I have stood still many a day and watched you pass by."

Surprise stirred her smooth, guarded face. She said, forgetting her reserve, "What are you telling me, Bourke?"

"This quarrel has spoiled three generations. You're a beautiful girl, Val, and a proud one. You are right about me. I'm too slow and too dumb to take a gamble. But the kids are different—let them alone."

Val Durran got up. "What I wanted to tell you was that Uncle Ben Lee is carrying a gun."

"This feud has lasted long enough."

"I wondered," she murmured, "what you thought about that," and slipped silently through the back restaurant door.

HE WENT down to the bank—Tamarack Lane's bank—at three and drew out a thousand dollars. He returned to Garman's and began another gloomy game of bottle pool. At a quarter past five Clay Starr came in hurriedly. The words jumped irregularly out of him.

"Can you get a car—and go along? Bob Durran's on my heels and there ain't any time left now."

Bourke laid down his cue with tremendous relief. "Good boy. Go out the back way and stand on the next corner." He walked into the rain, grinning. Bob Durran stood on watch near the hotel, and when he sighted Bourke he wheeled into the lobby. Bourke's grin turned broader and more ironic as he paced the distance to Tamarack Lane's bank, in front of which was parked Tamarack's big car. There was always a way, he thought, for a man who took a chance. He stepped into Tamarack's car, cut sharply around in the middle of the block and swung around the next corner. Clay Starr ran from the shadows and pulled himself into the car; and looking back just then Bourke saw Bob Durran galloping across the street.

"East on the highway," said Clay. "Elaine got word to me. It's a break."

Bourke whipped the car to its limit. . . .

They were up in the hills, running along a highway slashed through tall pines. The lights struck a car's dark shape on the side of the road, and Bourke drove abreast and stopped with the whole thing at once clear to him. Clay was immediately out of the machine, running toward Valerie and Elaine Durran, who now appeared from the parked car. Bourke, stepping into the rain, watched this scene with a rising wonder. Valerie stood quietly within the disk of light, her head bowed against the weather. "So she helped Elaine," he thought, "and her tribe won't ever forgive her for that."

What happened next shocked him. Elaine Durran ran forward and caught his idle arms and reached up and kissed him. She was laughing and her face was eager and alive to this one moment.

"My people have made a monster out of you—but you're human and a grand sport! I'll never forget it!"

She whirled around to Valerie and for an instant those two clung to each other. Clay was in the parked car. He had the engine roaring and was calling out in a voice that was sure and pleased and chuckling, "Come on, Eliza, the ice is gettin' pretty thin!" Valerie Durran pushed Elaine away. Elaine was still laughing—a young and lanky-limbed and reckless girl—as she ran around the car and got in. Clay yelled something and waved his arm and sent the car roaring down the wet road.

Standing somberly in his tracks, Bourke watched Val Durran walk forward and stop in front of him and look up with an obscure, strange interest. The whole business was pretty unsatisfactory. Val's body made a slim, indomitable outline against the glow of the car lamps.

"You and I are not so bright," he said taciturnly. "What made you do it?"

"I was going to ask you that same question, Bourke."

There was another car racing up from Pendleton—which would be Ben Lee hot on the trail. Bourke got in his machine and backed it around until it blocked the road. He locked the ignition and got out. He went around and stood in the oncoming glare of Ben Lee's car. Valerie was beside him. Her hand touched his arm.

"Ben Lee's got a gun, Bourke."

He said, "To hell with Ben Lee," and he dropped his eyes against the brightening light. Brakes growled at his knees. Ben Lee stepped out of the other machine and came into the light with Bob and Henry Durran at his heels. Ben Lee said:

"Get that car off the road, Starr!"

"Your trouble," stated Bourke evenly, "is you've never been taught to give the other fellow half of the road. Your mind stopped growing sixty years ago. Peace Creek is history and you belong in a museum where you won't bother anybody."

"Starr!" yelled Ben Lee. His old body bent a little and he reached toward his coat. It was the ancient gesture; Ben Lee didn't know any other answer to an argument. Bourke's long muscles turned hungry and stiff and he balanced himself for a long plunge forward. But that was unnecessary. Val Durran's hand, meanwhile resting on his arm, threw him off balance with one short push. She ran in front of him and she slapped old Ben Lee twice across the face. Then she spoke:

"You've fed the men of our family on Diamond Dick legends long enough. I'm sick of listening to your sagebrush rules of conduct. At least one Durran is going to marry one Starr and nothing on earth will prevent it. Bob, take Ben Lee back to Pendleton and see that he gets his cough syrup and his slippers. It is six o'clock—and time to put your toys back in the closet. All of you ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

It took a woman, Bourke thought, to lay the ghost of this old, tough scrap. It had been very real; but now it was merely silly. He felt no better for the anti-climax, and he was remotely sorry for Ben Lee, as the old man, saying not another word, turned and got in the machine. The two boys followed. Presently the car slid down the road, Pendleton-bound.

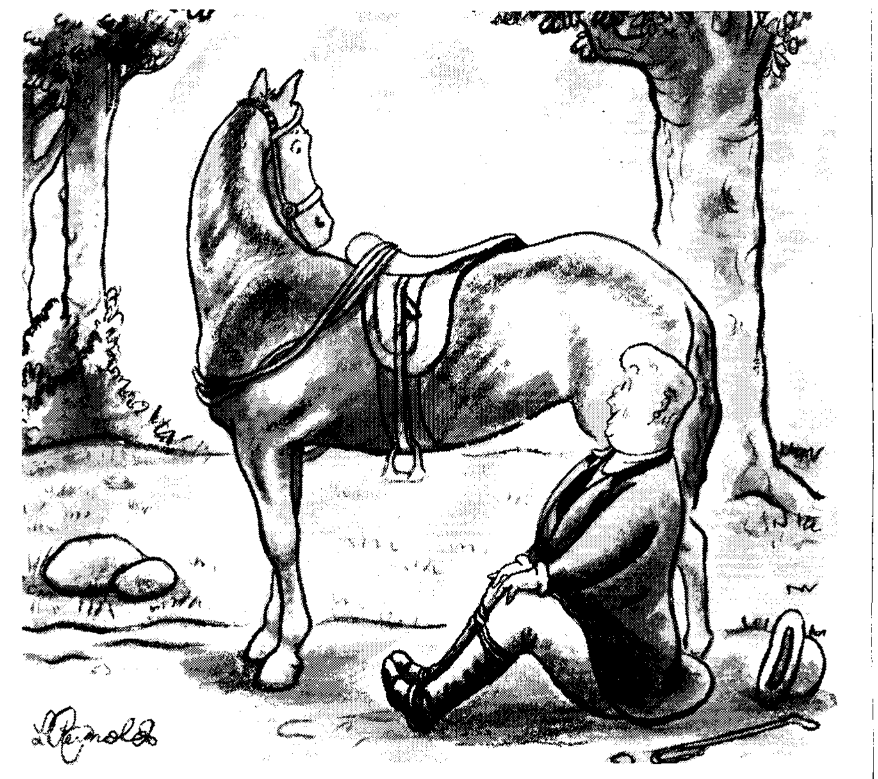
Bourke swung around and opened the door of his borrowed car and waited for Val Durran to get in. Afterward he went around to the driver's side and eased himself morosely in. He put his big hands on the wheel, stolidly plowing through his uncertain, plagued thoughts. Val Durran's voice was remote and still-toned.

"I have hurt Ben Lee's pride beyond repair. I suppose I have hurt yours as well. Men hate to have women laugh at their quarrels. Take me back to town."

HE LOOKED around. The light from the instrument board flowed softly across her cheeks. She was relaxed against the car cushions, both hands folded, and her chin was tipped back so that she might watch him; and there was suddenly something gallant about her that hit him hard.

He squared his shoulders; deliberately he pulled her forward against him and reached down and took the kiss he'd been wanting to take. There was a fragrance rising from her hair that made him bitterly angry for all the years he'd lost. Val Durran pushed herself away from him quite gently; and he could see a smile breaking along the full curve of her lips.

"When you picked me out of the ditch yesterday, Bourke, I knew this was the way it would have to end up."



"Here I am, Laughing Boy. I came off this side this time"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

ATWATER KENT

offers new values in world-wave RADIO

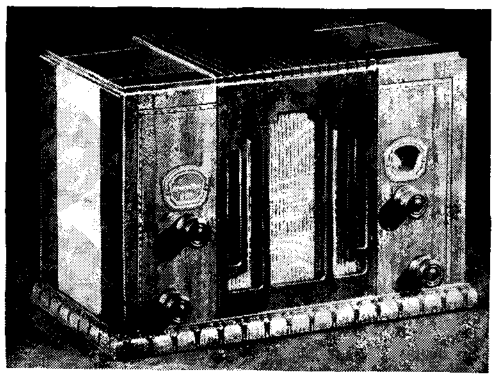
ALL-WAVE—Model 318-K—(at left)—true world-wide reception—an 8-tube superheterodyne with 9 SILENT tuned circuits—tuning range from 540 kilocycles to 22.5 megacycles—in 4 separate tuning bands—with 2-speed tuning control and illuminated shadow tuning—automatic antenna switch for single wire or double antenna—11-inch speaker, 6-gang condenser, 4-point tone control. **$89.90 f.o.b. factory**

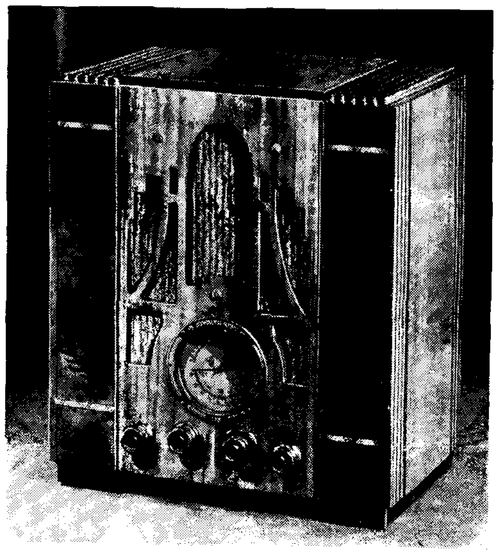
FOREIGN SHORT WAVE and BROADCAST—Model 325E—(at right)—3 tuning ranges on airplane dial cover foreign stations, and all American broadcasting, including police, amateur, and airplane channels. 3-way illumination of airplane dial shows band in use. 2-speed tuning, 3-point tone control, 5 tubes, 3-gang condensers, 11-inch speaker, beautiful cabinet of matched walnut veneer. **$49.90 f.o.b. factory**

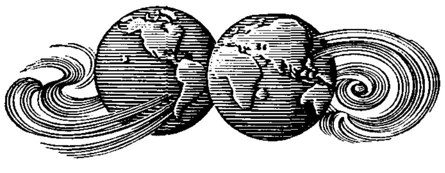
AC-DC BROADCAST and POLICE—Model 825—(directly below)—a personal radio that is easily carried wherever you go—operates on either AC or DC current. 5 tubes. Has full-size 6-inch speaker, automatic volume control, tone control and 2 tuning bands, illuminated dial accurately calibrated. **$34.90 f.o.b. factory**

FOREIGN SHORT WAVE and BROADCAST—Model 145 (at bottom)—5 tubes, 6 tuned circuits—3 tuning ranges in separate bands on illuminated airplane dial. Hears foreign stations as well as all American broadcasting, police, amateur, airplane and many maritime signals. **$39.90 f.o.b. factory**

Prices subject to change without notice.







EVERYTHING YOU COULD ASK OF RADIO IS HERE! PRICES RANGE FROM $22.50 TO $190.00 F.O.B. FACTORY

ALL-WAVE radio, foreign short-wave and broadcast, broadcast only, DC Radio, AC-DC, sets for battery and 32-volt power, Motor-Car Radio—and the new Atwater Kent Tune-O-Matic—the biggest radio news of 1935—a radio that starts itself, stops itself, changes from station to station automatically.

FOR SHORT-WAVE RECEPTION, THE NEW ATWATER KENT DOUBLET ANTENNA GREATLY REDUCES BACKGROUND NOISE AND INCREASES VOLUME ON DISTANT STATIONS

THERE never was a time like today to buy a radio, with all the broadcasting wonders of the world yours for the turning of a dial. It is all the more the time to be sure of *known quality* in the radio you select. Fine materials and precision workmanship make an Atwater Kent *today's value* in radio—proved so by years of quality performance.

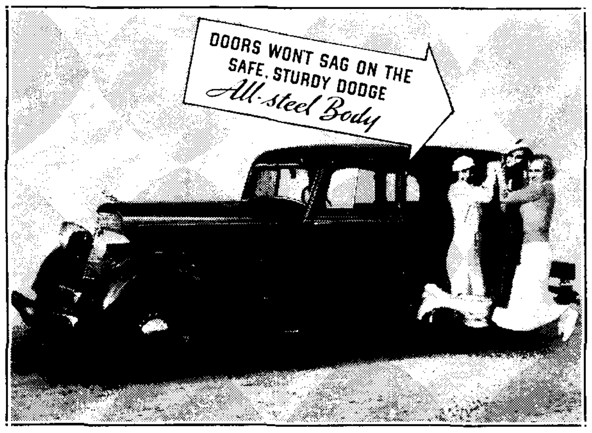
Four of the new Atwater Kent Radios are shown. These, and all the 23 others, from the smallest compact to the greatest console, bring you a more *truthful* tone, whether you are listening to far-flung foreign stations or to the station nearest your home.

Buy a new 1935 Atwater Kent Radio. Get everything the air offers and keep getting it through years of trouble-free service.

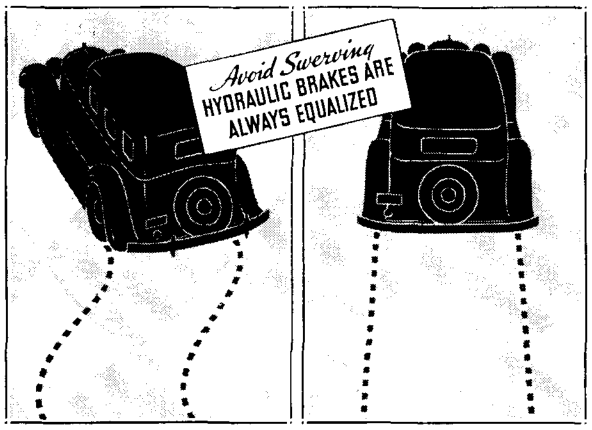
ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY *A. Atwater Kent, President* PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FIRST IN VALUE AND LEADS IN SALES

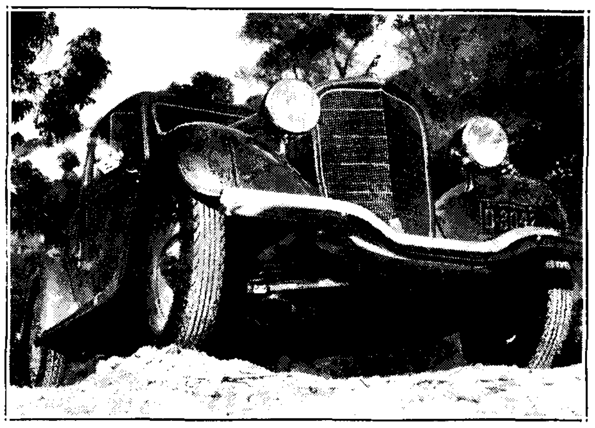
It's a big, sturdy car, priced amazingly low...now only $645* ...pictured below are just a few of the reasons why Dodge holds first place in its price class...*selling more cars than any other* except the three smaller, lowest priced makes


DOORS WONT SAG ON THE SAFE, STURDY DODGE
All-steel Body

SAFETY ALL-STEEL BODY—provides utmost safety for you and your family. No rattles; no loosening up. The Dodge steel body is welded—not bolted—into a single strong unit.


Avoid Swerving
HYDRAULIC BRAKES ARE ALWAYS EQUALIZED

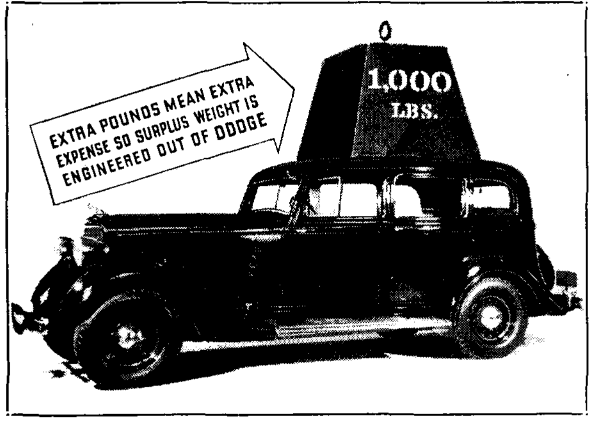
HYDRAULIC BRAKES—safe, sure, smooth—and quick in action! Weatherproof; self-equalizing; save expense of frequent adjustments. Save tires and brake linings, too.



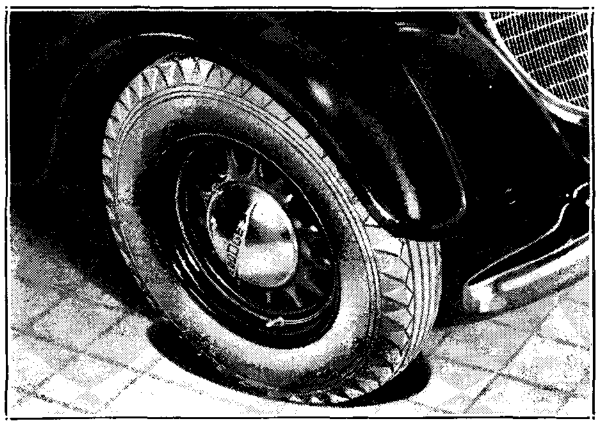
"FLOATING-CUSHION" WHEELS—pass right over bumps or ruts without a jar or tremor. Make even the roughest roads seem smooth. Stop rear seat "tilting" and jolting.

MY SPRINGS SQUEAK TERRIBLY
IF YOU HAD A NEW DODGE WITH OILITE SPRING-INSERTS THEY WOULD NEVER SQUEAK

"OILITE" SPRING INSERTS—self-lubricating. They never need oiling, yet springs never squeak . . . See all the other advantages Dodge gives you. Visit your dealer now.


EXTRA POUNDS MEAN EXTRA EXPENSE SO SURPLUS WEIGHT IS ENGINEERED OUT OF DODGE
1,000 LBS.

GREATER ECONOMY—you're not hauling "dead weight" in a Dodge. That's another reason why Dodge costs so little to run. Owners report 18 to 22 miles to a gallon of gas.



AIRWHEEL TIRES—bigger, softer. Provide maximum comfort. Some cars charge $32 extra for this feature—but they're standard equipment on every Dodge.

Polly Walters
LEADING LADY IN BROADWAY HIT "SHE LOVES ME NOT"

INTERIOR BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT—behind back of rear seat, easily accessible, provides plenty of room for luggage, safe from dust, rain, theft. And a big Formbuilt trunk also available, giving double baggage capacity.

FLOATING POWER—Johnny Farrell, former U. S. Open Golf Champion, drives off the hood of a new Dodge—*with the engine running!* Patented Floating Power engine mountings, by smothering vibration, make such a "drive" possible.

DODGE now only $645*

*Big Dodge Six 117" wheelbase—Coupe $645, Rumble Seat Coupe $690, Sedan $695, Sedan $745, Convertible Coupe $745. DeLuxe 117" wheelbase—Coupe $665, Rumble Seat Coupe $715, Sedan $715, Sedan $765, Convertible Coupe $765. Special 121" wheelbase—Brougham $845, Convertible Sedan $875. *All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, and subject to change without notice. No extra charge for wire wheels. Special equipment at slight extra cost. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

All the King's Money

Continued from page 22

Their Majesties' Privy Purse	85,000 pounds	or $ 414,000
Salaries of the Royal Household	125,800 pounds	or $ 613,000
Expenses of the Royal Household	193,000 pounds	or $ 939,000
Works (repairs on royal palaces, etc.)	20,000 pounds	or $ 97,000
Royal bounty (pensions, etc.)	13,200 pounds	or $ 64,000
Unappropriated	8,000 pounds	or $ 39,000
	445,000 pounds	or $2,166,000
Paid to King George, to be handed over to his younger children and various other members of the royal family	106,000 pounds	or $ 516,000
	551,000 pounds	or $2,682,000

Reckoning in the raise which King George is scheduled to get this summer, his receipts from the British nation are apportioned as shown in the table at the top of this page.

In addition, the king gets the revenues from the Duchy of Lancaster. In good years these have run as high as $300,000, roughly. But nowadays they can hardly be expected to yield more than $200,000. Then there is the income from his private fortune, the facts concerning which he keeps pretty much to himself. This fortune includes whatever remains of a bequest of nearly $2,500,000 left many years ago to George's grandmother, Queen Victoria, by an eccentric old miser. All in all, somewhat over $3,000,000 seems a fair estimate of King George's total annual income.

Incidentally, King George does not have to make any allowances to his eldest son, the Prince of Wales. The Prince receives every year the net revenue from the Duchy of Cornwall, amounting in round figures to some $300,000. As his expenses for contributing to the pomp and glitter of royalty are nowhere nearly as heavy as those of his father, and as he is still single, there must be times when King George would like to reverse the usual order of things by going to his eldest son and saying confidentially: "Could you lend me fifty pounds over the week-end?"

Preserve the Derby!

George V has tried again and again to cut his expenditures. First, he decided to economize on his string of race horses.

"Nothing doing!" shouted the British nation. "What will the racing season be without horses under the royal colors? Don't you know one of the principal duties of a King of England is to lend pageantry to Ascot and pomp to the Derby? The idea! Nothing doing!"

Then he turned a cold eye on his yacht. He ran a blue pencil through his item for yachting expenses and gave instructions that the royal yacht was to be laid up until further notice.

Another howl from his subjects.

"What will become of the Cowes regatta?" asked England, "if the Britannia isn't there?" Sadly the king's advisers bore to His Majesty eloquent reports of the deep grumblings resounding all over his dominions.

Then he turned his attention to the traditional royal visits to Scotland. Every year the monarch is expected to transfer his household, or a large portion of it, from Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle to Balmoral, in the Scottish Highlands.

"I'll cut out Scotland this year," said George recently.

"Oh, mon, ye canna do that!" wailed Scotland.

Scotland won.

Then the monarch turned, in despair, to his expenditures during the London season.

Every year, during the colorful weeks of the season (in June), King George and Queen Mary are expected by their subjects to give a grand and expensive series of "courts" and garden parties, culminating in a magnificent royal ball, the bill for which is a thing calculated to make any multimillionaire gasp from shock.

At the "courts" during a recent season no fewer than 2,800 young ladies (some of them Americans) were presented to the king and his consort. At a garden party last year, 10,000 persons milled around in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, consuming appalling quantities of pâté de foie gras and ices and lemonade.

For these functions hundreds of extra servants must be hired; the extra expenses run into tens of thousands of dollars. Even under normal conditions, keeping up the vast residences in which his subjects force King George to live is enough to drive their occupant mad. Why, the laundry bill alone at Buckingham Palace runs to about $40,000 a year! What this—and an army of other items—amounts to, after the round of royal festivities which are the traditional climax of the London season, may be imagined!

"I'll cut out the festivities this season," said George recently.

"You will not!" growled the British nation.

George lost.

The present ruler of England is a king with a conscience. He has a deep respect for the British Constitution. He believes in the theory that a king is the first servant of his people. He acknowledges the voice of the British Parliament as his master's voice.

But there must be moments, secret moments, of rebellion, in the small hours of the morning, when Buckingham Palace is stilled in slumber, and Parliament has stopped talking, and the last check in payment of the last bill in connection with the last expensive royal garden party has been duly mailed, when George V must yearn for the bad old days. Little moments of envy must come to him for those royal ancestors of his, who, whenever they got hard up, could ride forth and help themselves to as much money as they needed, with the care-free swagger of a highwayman.

What a difference between the England of today, democratic and fussy and snoopy, and the England of, say, eight hundred years ago, that land of great open purses, where kings were kings!

Royal Racketeering

Then the power of the monarch was purely personal.

If a nobleman died, the king collected huge death dues. When the deceased's next of kin made motions to succeed to the vacant dukedom or earldom, or whatever it was, the king was right there with his little bill for royal rights of succession. If the king got himself captured in war, his subjects were obliged to ransom him. If his eldest son was knighted, or his eldest daughter married, another royal bill was presented.

When a noble estate fell to an unmarried heiress, her hand was at the disposal of the king, who usually proceeded to bestow it (and the fortune attached to it) on the highest bidder among the greedy grandees of his realm. And, in addition to all these lucrative sources of wealth, the monarch had the privilege of imposing heavy fines on his subjects for a long list of offenses; and —in case all these numerous fountains of gold ran dry—there was always the church!

Whenever a bishop or an abbot died the king was entitled to the entire huge income from the bishopric or abbey over which the deceased prelate had presided, until such time as a successor was appointed. And here was the catch in the system! Only the king had the right to appoint the said successor. Having, as a rule, excellent heads for business, the early rulers of England were in no hurry to name new bishops or abbots to fill vacancies.

Finally, the English got sore. (That is, the English nobles did. At that time the poorer classes seldom staged protest meetings; and, when they did, the king and nobles just clubbed them over the heads with a mace, or cracked them down with a two-handed sword, until the meeting was indefinitely adjourned.) The monarch of the moment, a shifty individual called John, being particularly short of funds even for an English king, was establishing a new record in the way of getting it by high-handed methods.

He was seizing noblemen's castles, imposing the heaviest sort of taxes, exacting illegal fines, helping himself to ecclesiastical properties as if they were just so many bags of peanuts, holding prominent persons for ransom, and otherwise storing up trouble for his successor of seven centuries later, King George V. So the barons cornered John on an island in the middle of the Thames and refused to let him go until he had signed the Magna Charta. Among the stipulations of that renowned document, the mainstay of the English in their catch-as-catch-can struggle against their rulers, was one to the effect that no money was to be collected henceforth by the king from his subjects except with the consent of a council composed of barons and prelates. And there were also provisions against arbitrary confiscation by the monarch of the property of Englishmen—even of the common people!

John was so mad when he first read the document that, according to a chronicler of the period, "he flung himself on the floor and gnawed sticks and stones." Nevertheless, he signed it.

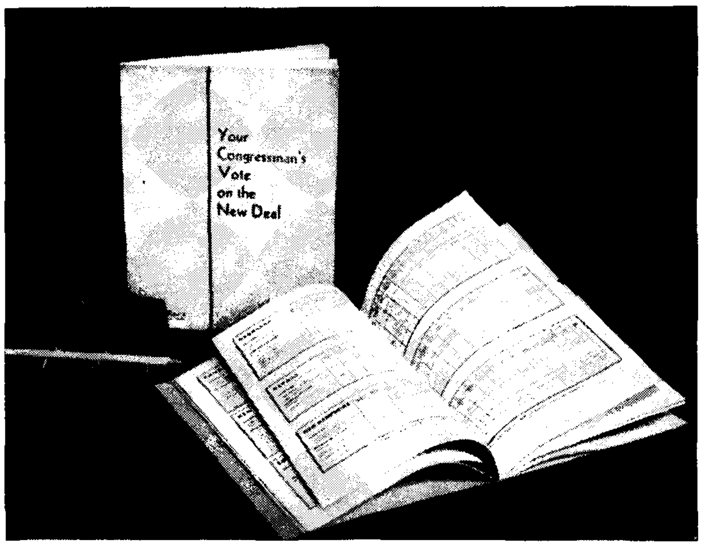
Parliament, however, had some bad setbacks. One of the worst was under Henry VIII.

Everybody knows how a man's expenses shoot up when he marries. Well, Henry married six times. And, being of a most extravagant nature anyhow, and having got into his hands practically unlimited power to raise money, he proceeded to feather his nest with a thoroughness that would have made King John gnaw another full set of sticks and stones in envy.

He dissolved about 1,000 rich monasteries, thus sweeping into the royal coffers an income of something like 1,600,000 pounds a year, equivalent, in view of the far bigger purchasing power of money in his day, to the colossal sum of about eighty million dollars! And this, mind you, in addition to the millions from other sources which he had already assured himself by his ruthless methods!

But the English people got more and

(Continued on page 34)



Let's Look at the Record

How did your congressman and senators vote on the important issues of the New Deal? That's the best yardstick for measuring their claims to reëlection. The voting records of all members on the important measures before the Seventy-third Congress have been compiled and printed in a booklet for easy reference. Send 5 cents in stamps.

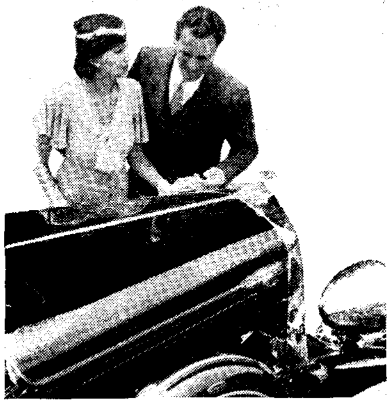
Address: The Record, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

STOP "Finish Rot"

Every car needs Simoniz to guard its beauty against "finish rot"... decay caused by exposure to weather, dirt and ultra-violet rays that destroys the finish

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

A car's finish magnified showing "Finish Rot"



Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener don't cost much. They're sold by leading hardware, auto accessory stores and garages everywhere

SIMONIZ KEEPS CARS BEAUTIFUL FOR YEARS

Unless you Simonize your car, "finish rot" is sure to dull and ruin its beauty. The world-famous Simoniz positively stops this damaging decay, which is caused by weather, dirt and ultra-violet rays. So, the sooner you Simoniz your car, the better. The remarkable protection Simoniz gives the finish makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading. That is why Simonized cars stay beautiful for years.

Simonizing is the modern beauty treatment used and recommended by millions. It's the sure, dependable way to beautify and preserve all motor car finishes. Besides, Simonizing is easier and more economical.

Nothing takes the place of Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Insist on them for your car, and it will stay new looking.

Copr. 1934, The Simoniz Co.

SIMONIZ KLEENER
DUCO
SIMONIZ

Simonizing is so easy, you'll enjoy doing it yourself. If your car is dull, use the wonderful Simoniz Kleener to restore the lustre. It employs a new principle of cleaning developed by the famous Simoniz laboratories, which does away with hard rubbing. Nothing could be speedier or safer to use. After cleaning, apply Simoniz. It protects the finish and keeps it always beautiful.

(Continued from page 33)

more disapproving. They kept insisting that the days of despotic financial action by their kings were over. The popular attitude toward illegal taxes and other vexatious impositions by their rulers was well summed up in the slogan current at the time among the peasants: "Of every two cows, one for the king—*but only if Parliament consents!*"

Finally Parliament boiled over. It put an end to the royal racket by cutting off the head of King Charles I. Royal power in England never recovered from that—though George III (unfavorably known to George Washington) and a few other kings did pretty well, considering, in running up big debts and blarneying Parliament into paying them.

At the beginning of Queen Victoria's long reign the luster of the British monarchy was somewhat dimmed. Radical undercurrents in the politics of the day were making her subjects feel more important, in relation to royalty, than they had for years. Some of the high officials around her court began to look on royalty as something to be run primarily for their own advantage. One day the young queen inquired of a servitor why there was never a fire in the dining-room of Buckingham Palace.

"Because there is trouble, Your Majesty," he replied, "between the Lord Steward and the Lord Chamberlain."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the Lord Steward lays the fire and the Lord Chamberlain lights it. As they are at outs, neither will do his work."

And the result was that, until the difference was patched up, Queen Victoria had to shiver while she took her meals!

In spite of this attitude, Queen Victoria did not hesitate to get into arguments with Parliament about money matters. She did not think that her subjects were generous enough with money for her children. So, being a lady of great frankness and torrid temper, she said so.

But the nation gave her as good as it got. Sir Charles Dilke, a leading political light of the time, talked darkly of the possibility of a British republic! The queen was actually hissed at the races. A member of Parliament asked heatedly why England had to bother with "princely paupers." A radical pamphlet appeared pointing out that the queen received 385,000 pounds a year and inquired caustically: "What does she do with it?"

When Edward came to the throne on the death of Queen Victoria, he called Parliament's attention to the fact that, in spite of his reputation as a spendthrift, he had balanced his budget. He also reminded that jealous bunch of auditors that, as king, he meant to be most conscientious in giving expensive parties, navigating expensive yachts, racing expensive horses, contributing the most expensive features to the London season, and otherwise upholding the expensive dignity of the Crown. And Parliament, highly pleased, voted him a Civil List considerably larger than his mother's.

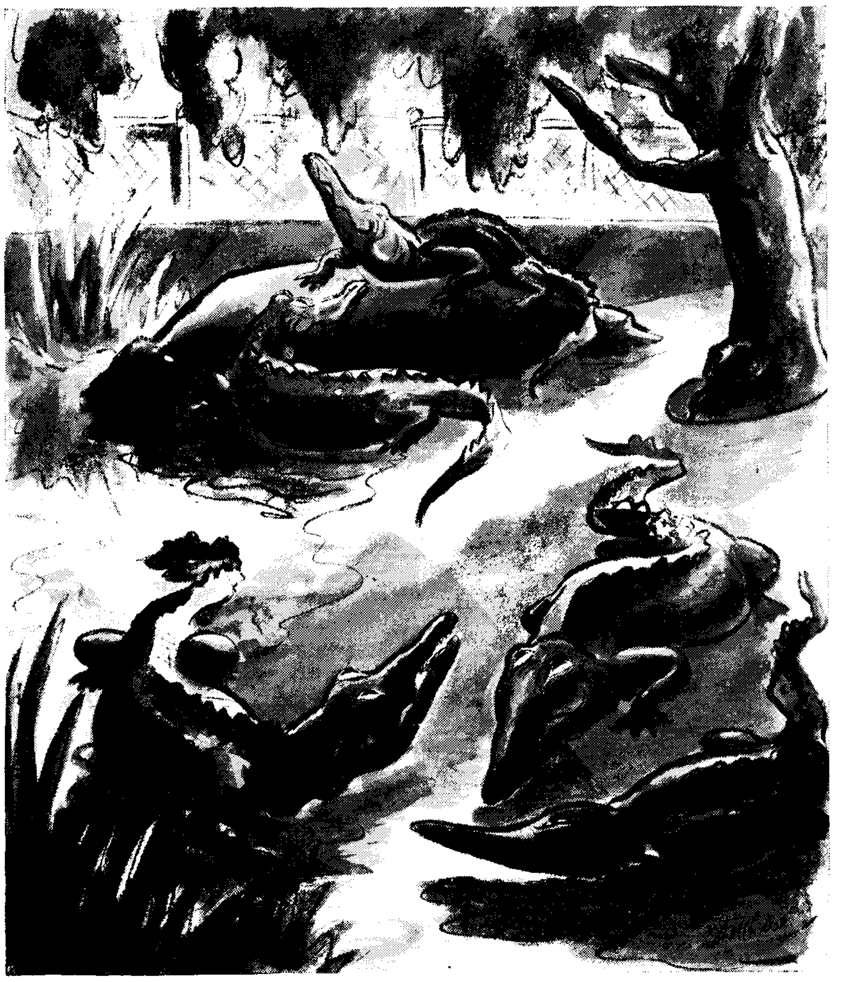
No Curtains for the Palace

And now his son, King George V, having inherited his father's Civil List (which looked pretty big when Parliament voted it to him), is sitting up nights trying to make both ends meet.

No matter which way he turns, he finds nothing but expenses.

Thousands of pounds for royal relatives not provided for in the Civil List (it is estimated that there are 150 of these). Thousands for pensioning superannuated servants. Thousands for charitable bequests. Thousands for Christmas presents to relatives and friends and employees and servitors. "And don't forget that next visit to Scotland, George." "Dear me, I forgot to include it, Mary."

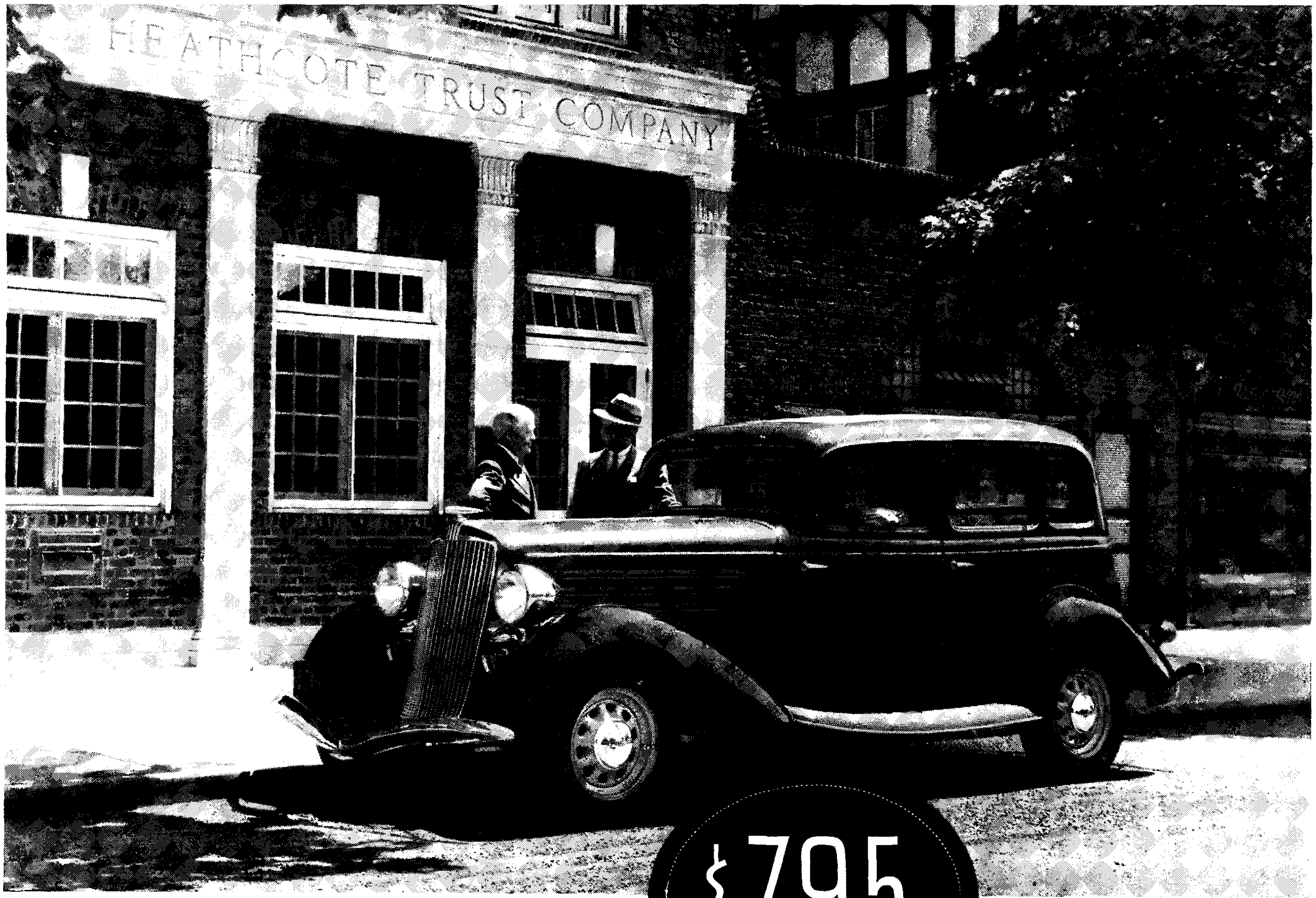
Will there be new curtains for the back windows of Buckingham Palace? Hardly.



"It can't last—she's almost 150 years older" GEORGE SHELLHASE

"It's good to own a Hupmobile again"

IT'S A CAREFUL INVESTMENT IN DEPENDABLE TRANSPORTATION



$795

Hupmobile challenges the low price field with this big 4-door Sedan at $795! Touring Sedan (with trunk) $845. Coupe with rumble seat $795. De luxe equipment $50 extra. Other Hupmobile models from $1095 to $1345. Prices f. o. b. factory . . . tax and special equipment extra.

"I'M THROUGH with makeshift automobiles! This new $795 Hupmobile has taught me a lesson I should have learned long ago. That was when we gave up our last Hupmobile and started experimenting around with other cars. They were all right in their way, too. But now I'm back with Hupmobile for keeps! My job means at least 2,000 miles a month in a car . . . and I need Hupmobile stamina and dependability for that."

• • •

Hupmobile owners want sturdiness—and they get it in this remarkable $795 car. They want smartness . . . the photograph shows how Hupmobile's Aero-dynamic lines fill the bill. They want the latest in modern automotive engineering . . . this low-priced Hupmobile answers with all-steel body for strength and safety, "sealed cooling," an amazing new development for radiator efficiency, Hupmobile's exclusive chassis torsional stabilizer which ends road-weave and shimmy, and a host of other important features.

When all this car—all this true Hupmobile quality—can be bought for $795—why consider makeshifts any longer? Drop in at your dealer's today for a demonstration.

FINE-CAR FEATURES IN THE $795 HUPMOBILE

Chassis Torsional Stabilizer—an exclusive Hupmobile feature—puts an end to road-weave and shimmy.

Motor Smoothness—achieved by such expensive features as a crankshaft with nine integral counterweights, vibration damper and the new "shear-type" rubber engine mounting.

"Sealed Cooling"—prevents water loss; insures better operating temperature and improved performance in mountainous sections.

Riding Comfort—long, supple springs with double action shock-absorbers thermostatically controlled.

Strength and Safety—from all-steel body and powerful, deep frame with rugged X-member.

VISIT HUPMOBILE'S EXHIBIT AT THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR (TRAVEL AND TRANSPORT BUILDING). DRIVE AMERICA'S MOST MODERN CAR IN A THRILLING SPECTACULAR TEST

Also recommended for diversion seekers, Laurel & Hardy Comedies, *one of the many entertaining M-G-M Short Subjects.*

3 Prize Winning Stars

MORE GLORY TO THEM

All three were signally honored by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best performance of a year...Now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer brings them together for the leading roles in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street". On the stage, this tender and moving love story held all America in its spell for nearly three years...It comes to you on the screen, with this brilliant cast, in all its beauty and emotional sweep as another example of fine motion picture entertainment, as produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

NORMA SHEARER

FREDRIC MARCH

CHARLES LAUGHTON

in

THE *Barretts* of WIMPOLE STREET

with Maureen O'Sullivan
Katharine Alexander
From the play by . . Rudolph Besier
Directed by . . . . Sidney Franklin
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Astonishing Young Man

Continued from page 24

thousand dollars and Trevor Wignall saw Spain.

And allow that little story, my friends, to introduce you to Jefferson Davis Dickson of Natchez, Mississippi; Paris, France; London, England, and any other place on this sphere where a man can make an honest dollar by a judicious use of his wits. That is Jeff Dickson, who was born in Natchez, Mississippi, in 1896 but who never really began to live until 1924. Tex Rickard was a cold-eyed gambler and, like all professional gamblers, he never allowed Lady Luck to take a hand when he could help it. Jeff Dickson is a gay, happy-go-lucky gambler who can do more with two lumps of sugar than most gamblers can do with a pair of loaded dice. His impudence has apparently so tickled the fancy of Lady Luck that the lady stands at his side at all times.

Jeff Dickson is by all odds Europe's greatest sports promoter. As a matter of fact, he is probably the world's greatest sports promoter and in addition he is the world's greatest one-man corporation. In this country a group will form a corporation and buy some property such as Madison Square Garden. Then they will hire a promoter and a matchmaker at a stated salary. Dickson doesn't operate on the American plan. He buys a place with his own or borrowed money, runs the whole works himself, and if he makes money it's his. If he loses money the headache is his. He can take either gracefully.

Chiefly known in this country for his fight promotions, his scope is actually much greater, being bounded only by his imagination, which itself seems boundless. He has promoted everything from Cossack Choirs to lion hunts.

Negotiable Notions

Dickson was named after Jefferson Davis, who once upon a time was head man in the South. This gave our Astonishing Young Man the idea that he might be a head man, too, and he has put the idea into practice so well that wherever he now sits is the head of the table.

He went to France in 1917 with the 17th Engineers and he did a good enough job to receive four citations.

Back home again, he went driving in his car, one day, and rubbed noses with a large truck. Mr. Dickson emerged uninjured and to his surprise the car was likewise uninjured. The front bumper, however, which had borne the brunt of the shock, was crumpled up considerably.

"Ah, that's it," he cried with delight. "The cars in France have no bumpers. I'll sell them bumpers."

Jefferson trooped back to France and pretty soon he was selling bumpers all over the place. This made him what I have nicknamed a pretty penny. Jeff has never been a hoarder and he spent his money freely enough. Each week he would attend the fights at the Salle Wagram. The owner of the place—a man named Boyer—was a good friend of Jeff's and now and then Jeff would lend him a thousand francs. One night Boyer asked for and received another thousand francs and he said gloomily, "Jeff, I'm in you for so much now that if you'd lend me another thousand you'd own my fight club."

"Why not?" Dickson said, and he handed over just one more bundle of francs. And that's how he became a fight promoter. This was in 1924.

Dickson hired a matchmaker and the matchmaker immediately signed up Paulino and a punch-drunk stumblebum named Drake, whom they had to hoist into the ring. Paulino threw one punch. Drake threw one fit—collapsed, and the customers started to throw chairs.

This little incident taught Dickson a lesson. He fired his matchmaker and from then on he handled the whole business. Corporal Izzy Schwartz was the flyweight champion then. Jeff cabled him an offer of $5,000 to fight Emil Pladner, the French champion. The corporal lost no time in hurrying to France. He fought Pladner and immediately afterward he got his—in cash, Dickson got a reputation for paying what he promised and it wasn't long before he was luring the best European and American fighters into his Paris ring. He extended his operations to London and it was he who made a lady out of professional boxing there. The Prince of Wales attended one of his boxing shows and Dickson hinted that it would be nice if holders of ringside seats would dress. They did, and now boxing attracted the moneyed and social world.

"Look and see if there's anything about a cave on the road map—the detour signs got him mixed up!"

FRANK OWEN

It was Dickson who first saw the possibilities in Primo Carnera. Leon See brought Carnera to see Jeff and even to See the Italian was only a big freak. Dickson realized that he could be more than that. Before he was through building up Carnera he had attracted 72,000 people to White City Stadium to watch the big boy fight Larry Gains. That's a lot of paying customers. Dickson's success at boxing promotions is too well known to need embroidering. Let's look at some of his other stunts.

Not long ago the Seine froze and two hockey teams gave an exhibition. Hockey was brand-new in France and the novelty of this match attracted a huge crowd. Dickson was among those present and when he heard the shrieks of excitement which greeted the efforts of the hockey players he began to think. Then he began to plan.

By now he owned the huge Palais de Sport in Paris. He cabled to Bill Carey, then the head man at Madison Square Garden, to ask advice about installing a hockey rink. Carey referred him to a London firm. In no time at all the Palais de Sport boasted the finest (and practically only) indoor hockey rink in Europe.

A Synthetic Demand for Hockey

Dickson imported two teams, advertised the event and the teams played to 300 cash customers. Dickson was groggy but he wasn't out. He had 100,000 tickets printed for his next hockey match. His former connection with the automobile industry now stood him in good stead. He sent the heads of automobile factories large blocks of free tickets and when the night of the next match came his place was crowded. Only he knew that it was a paper crowd. He did this three more times and then brought a team over from Canada. By now those free-ticket holders were so crazy about hockey that they'd even pay to watch it. Dickson had counted on this. This time there were no free tickets, yet the crowd came just the same. That established hockey in France and today it is as popular there as in this country.

As an example of the astonishing versatility of our Astonishing Young Man, take the case of Sonja Henie. Sonja is the world's champion fancy skater. She gave an exhibition at Dickson's Palais de Sport and Jeff was entranced with her amazing performance. However, he insisted that she could do even better. He devised a new routine for her—a variation of the Dying Swan dance.

Sonja might have said, "Mister, I've been a world's champion at this game for a long time. Don't tell me my business." Instead, she listened attentively to this man who had never had a pair of skates on his feet in his life, proceeded to follow his instructions, and today her performance of the Dying Swan dance is almost as well known as was Pavlowa's a few years back.

Jeff noticed that a great many fight tickets were sold in Paris barrooms. The proprietors would buy up blocks of tickets for their regular customers and then sell the tickets at a small or large advance according to the importance of the fight. This set Jeff to thinking—and he ups and buys a bar room himself. It was a very superior barroom, too, called the Silver Ring.

He advertised that patrons of his enterprises could buy the best possible tickets at the Silver Ring without paying any advance over the regular price. The Silver Ring prospered. People who came in to buy a ticket would end up by buying a few drinks. People who came in to buy a drink would end up by buying a few tickets. He had them coming and going.

Since 1924 Dickson has alternated between London and Paris. Dickson is suave, cultured, a bon vivant, a connoisseur of food and wines—a man-about-town brought to its highest denominator. But there's still a lot of Natchez, Mississippi, about Jefferson Davis Dickson. I mean Jeff came to New York a month or so ago and he immediately asked for a drink of corn liquor. Mind you, Jefferson is a very temperate man. It was only one drink he wanted—but he wanted corn liquor.

He Gets What He Wants

So Jefferson appealed to Cecil Thompson, the English newspaper-man, who is stationed in New York. The astute Mr. Thompson made me a proposition.

"Jeff Dickson was going to sell his story to a magazine," Mr. Thompson confided. "However, if you can get him one drink of corn liquor he will gladly tell you his life story for nothing."

The proposition seemed reasonable. Investigation, however, revealed the astonishing fact that not one drink emporium in New York sold corn liquor. However, I remembered a story told by Sherman Billingsley, proprietor of the Stork Club, a dining and wining place much frequented by the boys in our set. It seems that Billingsley hired a Southern cook who was a very wonderful cook indeed. As soon as Billingsley realized what a find he had in this cook he took steps to keep him happy and contented.

"We have the finest wines, brandies and whiskies in the world here," Mr. Billingsley told his cook. "Whenever you want a bottle do not hesitate to ask me."

"Well, suh," the cook replied wistfully, "I don't care much foh no drinking whisky except that Southern corn. Boss, if you could get me a bottle of corn likker . . ."

"I will," Billingsley said hastily. He sent to Georgia for a gallon of corn and ever since the cook has been happy. I remembered this story and took Mr. Dickson to the Stork Club. Mr. Billingsley took us behind the scenes to meet the cook. The cook listened for a moment to Mr. Dickson's still broad Southern accent, a smile broke over his face and he reached for his jug of corn.

So we sat there for hours while Mr. Dickson toyed with his one glass of corn and Mr. Dickson was content. At last he felt as if he were really and truly home. And Mr. Dickson told me the story of how he rose from being a bumper salesman to being the world's foremost Astonishing Young Man.

I would gladly swap a drink of corn liquor for a story like that any day.

Screaming Time

Continued from page 17

Afternoons he'd buckle down in some department of the factory. Evenings, mostly, he would buckle at his letters for a while and so to bed. Oh, it was pretty grim all right, but after three tenacious months Bill had four letters finished to his satisfaction. Good, too, Bill felt. Meaty, succinct and cajoling. Why, they almost made Bill want to buy a Hayes Maid Dress himself. He wanted expert criticism, though, before he showed his letters to his dad and so he took them in to Mr. Merriwell, an advertising friend of Mr. Hayes, and told his story.

"To the heads of twenty-nine big corporations, eh?" said Mr. Merriwell, and read the letters one by one and laid them, without comment, on his desk. Bill's hopes were down around his insteps when the expert finally spoke.

"Bill," Mr. Merriwell said finally, "these letters are exceptionally good. They are convincing and they hold the interest. They arouse desire and—"

"That's it!" Bill fairly yelled. "That's what I'm after! To arouse that old fierce, brutal urge to buy Hayes Maid dresses. Dog-gone! You really think they'll read them and—"

"The trouble is," said Mr. Merriwell a little sadly, "that they won't."

"Won't what?"

"Won't read them, William."

"But they'll be personally addressed," Bill said. "I've got their names!"

"Bill," Mr. Merriwell inquired, "do you know why those busy, big executives have bright blond secretaries?"

"Well?" Bill said.

"They have them," Mr. Merriwell explained, "to sit outside the office door beside a nice, big wastebasket and read your nice, convincing selling talks and throw them in."

Oh, you could reach and sell the average business man, by mail, thank heaven, Mr. Merriwell told Bill, but not the heads of front-rank corporations; not till you had got some kind of contact, anyway.

"There must be *some* way I can make somebody read these letters," Bill said.

"Sure there is," said Mr. Merriwell. "I'll tell you what you do, Bill; pick out someone on your list and after you have rescued him from drowning, rush into his burning house and drag his daughter from the flames. If he won't read them after that, forget the whole affair and marry her."

"But, good Lord," Bill said, "I've been slaving for three months to learn the dog-gone business and the dog-gone merchandise, so I could write these letters. Why, I've worked my head off! Why—why look here, Mr. Merriwell! Dad must have known there wasn't any chance of landing one of those accounts by mail. He must have, mustn't he?"

"Your father," Mr. Merriwell informed Bill slowly, "is a very able man."

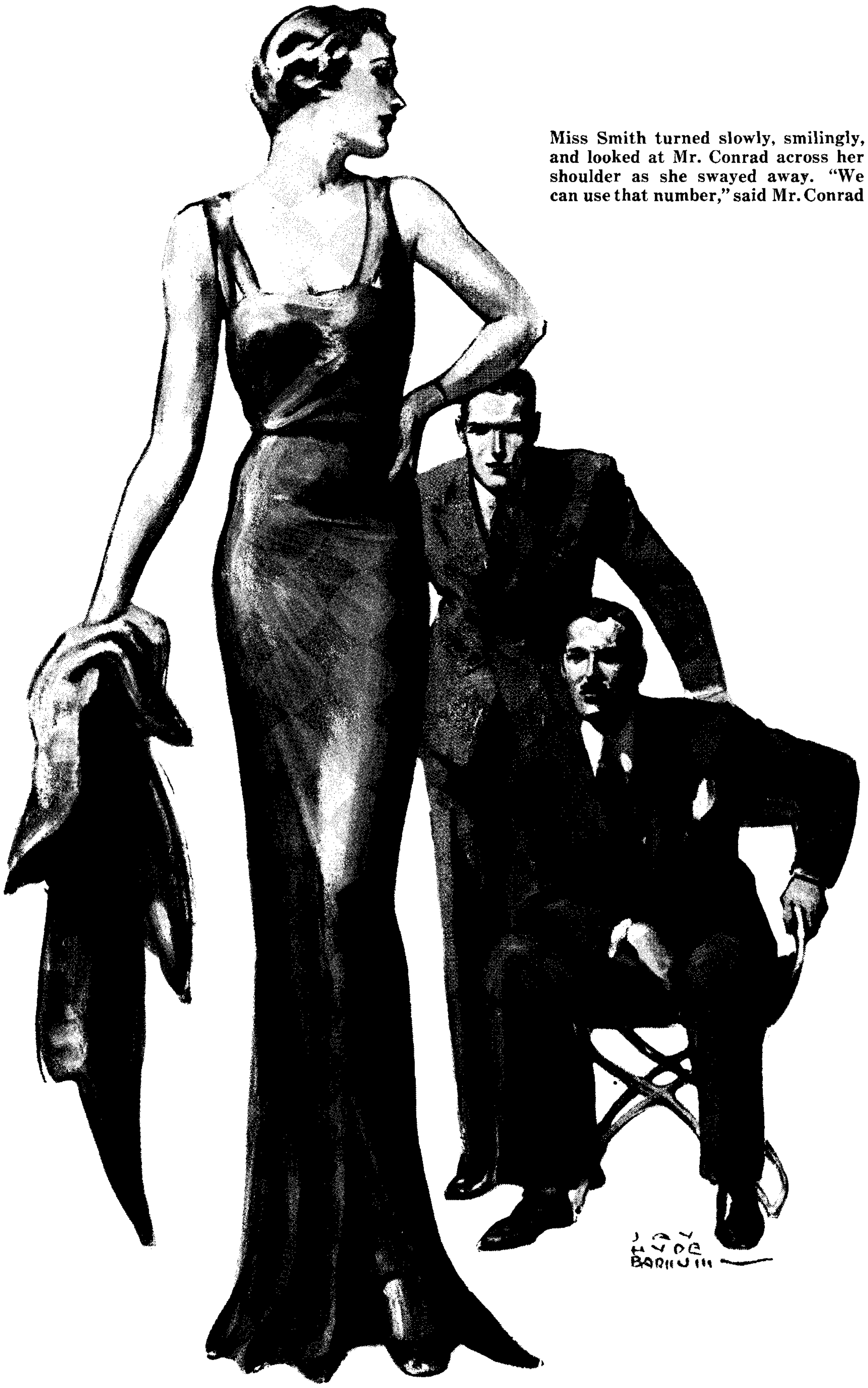
That evening, sitting in the library, Bill sadly tore his letters up. He saw it now, all right. The backward Hayes boy finally saw the light. The whole darn' thing had simply been a scheme. He'd schemed to duck a dismal future in the Family Fashion Foundry and his dad had seen right through it and had schemed right back at him to make him buckle down and learn the business. Well, he'd learned it. Dad had made a dress man of him, Bill guessed, and—he had to grin—it served him right.

Those letters! So you wrote your heart out, you addressed your letters personally to Mr. Whoosit and you pinned your faith on Uncle Sam. And what did Sam do? Passed them over to a bright blond secretary who just gave a sniff and hurled them in the basket. Swell! Why, using Mr. Whoosit's name just made it all the more sure that he'd never see them. Dandy!

"Well," Bill thought, "what if I didn't use their names at all, or any name, and just addressed my letters to the merchandising offices? Who would get them then? Why, some assistant and it wouldn't do me any good because Dad says the buyers for the chains can't buy new lines without instructions from the boss. But say I figured out some kind of letter an assistant wouldn't know just how to handle. Say it looked important. Say it didn't look like it was advertising at all. Or, say—say!—say it looked like it was sent in answer to an inquiry! Then what? Why, then it would be passed around to find the man who had inquired, wouldn't it? And finally it might even reach the boss himself!"

AT HALF past four next morning Bill had finished four new letters. Tired and excited, he went over them again. The first one stated, simply: "Gentlemen: Under no circumstances could we consider deviating from our regular terms. Sincerely, Hayes and Company." Well, that was just a simple statement of the truth that no one could object to and, if it appeared to be the answer to an inquiry, well, he, Bill Hayes, would take the full responsibility. Well, who more likely than the boss himself to ask a price cut? What more likely than they'd pass a letter like that right straight on to him? And if they did, it would drive home to him, upon the Hayes Maid letterhead, and with impressive, practically indignant brevity, the fact that here was one firm who made no concessions even to a big chain. Mr. Whoosit probably would roar: "Who are these people anyway, and who the devil asked them if they'd cut their price?" But it would register all right!

The second letter said: "Gentlemen: We regret to advise that we never submit samples." And this, Bill hoped, would also reach the boss and irritatingly again impress the name. The third, Bill thought, would be a teaser. It said: "We can accept no additional orders upon our group of sports-frocks for less than six weeks' delivery." And it was meant to make the great man roar: "Six weeks! With every dress house in the country begging us to take



Miss Smith turned slowly, smilingly, and looked at Mr. Conrad across her shoulder as she swayed away. "We can use that number," said Mr. Conrad their season's surplus off their hands at any price! What is this line? Who saw this stuff? What buyer was this letter meant for, anyway? By George, this house must have some merchandise to book that kind of business."

With the fourth epistle Bill hoped he might cash in on the interest he'd aroused, if any. It said: "Gentlemen: New trends observed by Madame Hayes at the late Paris openings decide us to delay the showing of our new Fall line until the fifteenth. Please note."

And then Bill thought of one more follow-up. A wire, stating: "Opening delayed until the twentieth. Please have your buyers guide themselves accordingly."

Well, there you are, Bill thought. And maybe—yes, just barely maybe—some one of the twenty-nine upon his list might get that wire and say: "Hayes Maid? Let's see, now, that independent house I've heard was booking a tremendous business. Better see that line."

Bill told himself: "Don't get your hopes up, fool." But just the same, when he had mailed his letters out, at four-day intervals, he found that he was getting pretty tense about it. Then he sent his wire—that was what would do the trick, that wire!—and began to clench his breath. Why, any minute now—!

THE next day Bill decided that he'd better, finally, tell his dad. If someone from the South Atlantic Merchants or the Mammoth Stores, for instance, popped in unexpectedly, it might be too much of a shock. Besides, with Mr. Ord away, his father ought to be there every minute, just in case.

Bill found his father in his office picking up a suitcase. "Bill," he said, "I've had a wire calling me to Chicago. Train leaves in half an hour. I was just about to stop and tell you. Wire you when I'll be back."

"But, Dad, what if somebody should come in?"

"One of our customers? Well, Miss Dean knows them all. She'll sell them. Goodby, Bill."

His father in Chicago. Mr. Ord in Dallas. No one here who'd ever tried to sell the line except Miss Dean, the model. Wouldn't this be just a dandy time, Bill thought, to have some chain-store buyer walk in here? And just his luck?

It was, for just before the office closed a wire came. It said: "Will see your line tomorrow ten A. M. Conrad, Western Merchants."

The western syndicate! Next to the Mammoth Stores, the biggest buying group beyond the Rockies!

"Miss Dean!" Bill yelled. "Somebody send Miss Dean in here."

"We'll sell them, Bill," Miss Dean assured him calmly, when he'd told her.

Bill thought so, too. He had to think so, so he did. All night long, he kept on thinking that he had to think they'd sell them, and he was thinking it as hard as ever sitting in his office the next morning when, at ten to nine, his phone rang and Bill plucked off the receiver and a wail came out of it that chilled him to the core.

"Who—who is it?" Bill gasped.

It was Fate. Miss Dean had broken her ankle.

She was doing everything she could, however; she'd called the agencies already; she was calling every girl she knew to try to get a model there by ten o'clock. . . .

"Well," Bill thought, "I will have a stab at it, at least. I've worked three months to learn the dog-gone merchandise and I will have a stab at it—if she can get a model here in time."

Bill told the information girl: "If anybody looking like a model comes in, grab her by the spine and rush her in here!" But he didn't have much hope.

At five to ten Bill started popping out his office door at sixty-second intervals, pop-pop, to see if any model was arriving. And the third time proved to be the charm. A girl was coming into the reception-room, and not just simply an average, ordinary girl; a girl de luxe; a girl to make you gasp. A tall, blond, slim—but what's the use? A million girls are tall and blond and everything; but this one made you gasp.

"You made it!" Bill said. "Swell! Come on, we've only got about a minute!"

She seemed a bit amazed.

"Well!" she said. "But I—but what—"

Bill didn't stop until he'd towed her swiftly to the showroom. "Look," he said, "did Miss Dean tell you anything?"

"Miss Dean?"

"Oh," Bill said, "then you're from an agency. Well, look; Miss Dean, our model, sprained her ankle. That's why they sent you here. And in just about a minute now a buyer is coming in who means a crisis in my life and I mean crisis—if I sell him. Everyone's away and I'm an amateur but Miss Dean has arranged the styles the way she meant to model them and we can sell him. Are you with me? To the hilt?"

She suddenly looked up at Bill and smiled and Bill looked down at her and he had never really seen a pair of violet eyes before, except in books.

"Well," Bill said, "I guess you better go and try the first dress on now, darn it."

She came out of the dressing-room in just a minute. She had on the first Hayes Maid creation. When Miss Dean had modeled it for Bill the day before, it had looked swell. And now it looked like eighteen million dollars!

"Oh, I like it," she told Bill. "I like your styles!" She raised her arms and swayed a step or two. Bill and the showroom swayed in unison.

The showroom phone buzzed. Bill picked the receiver up. He said: "Fine, show him in."

"Listen," Bill said hastily, "you scuttle in the dressing-room and stay there till I holler yoicks or go er-hum or something. Then you suddenly float out at him and it will bust his sales resistance in a million pieces if he's under ninety-three. Duck!"

Mr. Conrad came in smiling. He was a brisk young man who wore a pair of football shoulders and a firm, decisive manner and a terse mustache.

THEY sat down. Bill placed a swatch book on the table and an order pad and said: "Er-hum."

She came out swaying just a little and she smiled at Mr. Conrad and Bill saw his eyes begin to bulge.

"Now this style," Bill said, "features the new sleeve."

"H-m-m," said Mr. Conrad. "Ver-ee nice."

"Just note the slenderizing hip-line, Mr. Conrad."

"I am noting it. Intently."

"And the—the kind of general effect," Bill said.

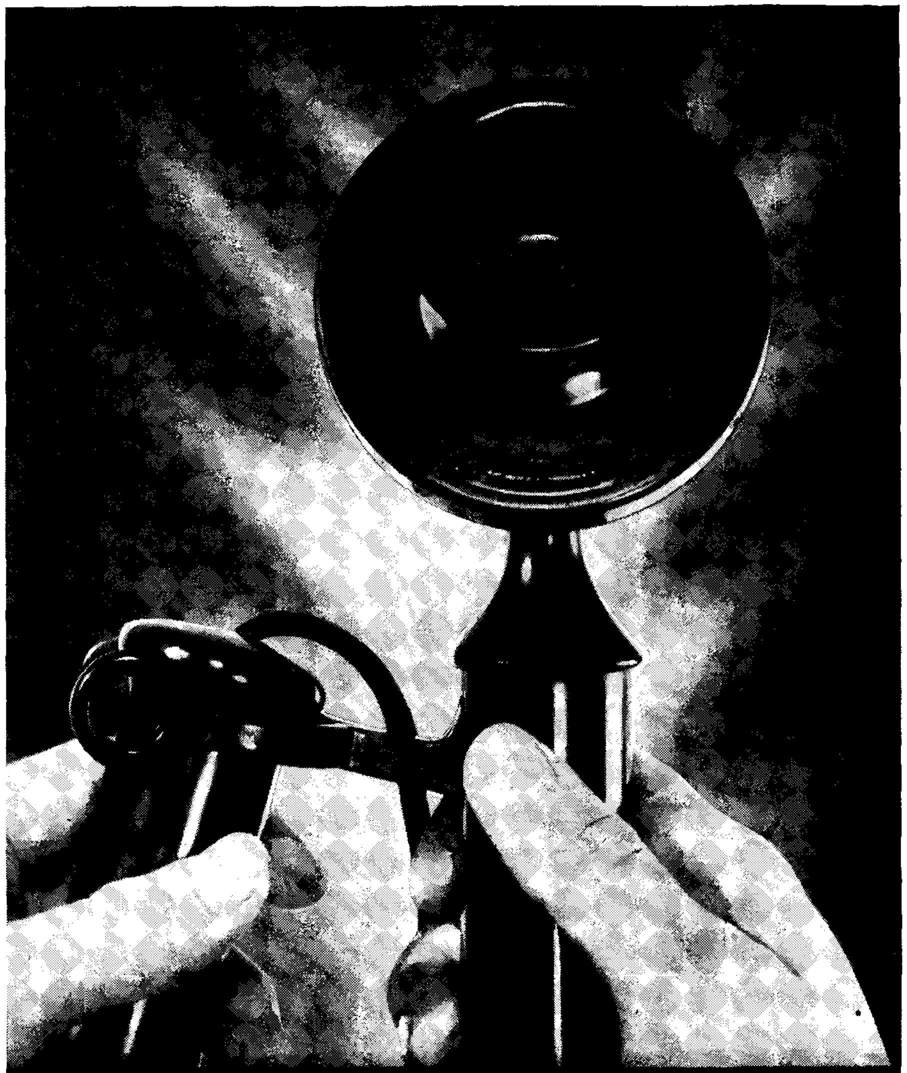
"The kind of general effect," the buyer stated, "is—is ver-ee nice. Now, if you'll turn around, Miss—Miss—"

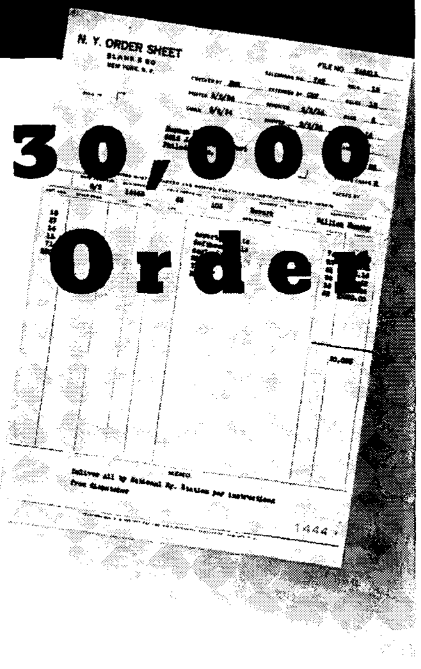
"Miss Smith," Bill told him desperately.

"Miss Smith" turned slowly, smilingly, and looked at Mr. Conrad across her shoulder as she swayed away.

"We can use that number," said Mr. Conrad decisively. "I'll take it. Keep the styles that I select to one side, please. I'll write the order up when I have seen the whole line."

(Continued on page 40)





He turned a rumor

into a $30,000 Order

AN EASTERN manufacturer heard a rumor that a Michigan company was about to make a new product. He reasoned that its manufacture might require certain articles which he could supply. A Long Distance telephone call to the company's purchasing department confirmed the rumor. Further telephone conversation with the engineering department secured complete specifications. Two additional telephone calls got the business. Total orders, $30,000. Cost of calls, $13.65. • Use Long Distance as *your* business scout . . . *and watch it bring in orders at low cost!*

"Hold the line, please!"

Williams
Luxury
Shaving
Cream
Poell

THIS TUBE
IS FULL OF SMOOTH SHAVES

Wise men with stubborn beards buy Face Fitness by the tube—the tube of Williams Shaving Cream. This dense, generous lather puts whiskers at the mercy of your razor; but leaves your skin feeling soothed and comforted.

For Williams lather stays full-bodied and moist right through your shave—subdues the stubbornest beard quickly—prepares the way for your razor.

Because Williams contains only the finest and mildest ingredients, your skin feels and looks relaxed and fit after the shave.

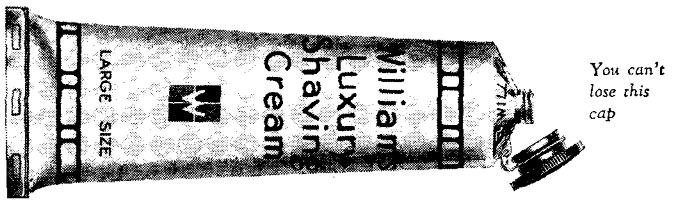
Shaving soap "shoppers" cease their searching once they've tried Williams. It's the final choice, in all lands and climates, of men who realize that the best pays—in efficiency, comfort, true economy. Men like what's inside the tube—they like the outside too with that man-sized hinged cap that *stays put.*

Try this bland, white cream—and see what a pleasant habit shaving becomes.

If you're not already an Aqua Velva fan—buy a bottle today. It's the perfect complement for any shave.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams



Shaving Cream

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Can.

(*Continued from page 39*)

Just like that!

At one o'clock Bill sent out for some lunch. At three they finished showing him the line, and Mr. Conrad had selected nineteen styles. And what an order that would be, when he began to write down colors, sizes, quantities, for thirty-seven stores! It seemed, to Bill, to be too good to be quite real. What if he stalled? What if the whole thing was a dream? What if—!

The buyer calmly reached into his brief case for his order book. He said: "If you'll bring out those styles now—"

She went into the dressing-room to get them. Bill went in to help her. How he ever kept from hugging her he never knew.

"Did I do all right?" she asked. "I wanted to. You told me how important this sale was."

"Important?" Bill said. "Just my future hanging by a shred, that's all, until you came along. I didn't tell you who he was because I didn't want to make you nervous. Conrad's from the Western Merchants, that's all, and—"

"The Western Merchants? The—The Western Merchants!"

"That's all," Bill said. "That's who you've been working on. And did you sell him! Wait until you see that order! Thirty-seven stores! Come on, I'll carry this bunch out. You bring the rest."

Bill hung them on a rack before the buyer's table.

"I'll step out and tell them not to bother us with phones or anything until we've finished," he told Conrad.

Bill spoke to the information girl and turned back toward the showroom. Outside the door he stopped to take a good long breath. He could see his father's face now, when he heard the story; when he got his check-book out! Five thousand dollars! You could take a honeymoon abroad for that! Bill turned the doorknob. As he did so, from within, where love and fame and fortune waited, came a scream that, for an arctic instant, froze Bill to the spot. . . .

AN HOUR later—sixty furious, disordered, incoherent minutes later—Bill sat in his office all alone. His office door came open and an apparition entered.

"Surprised to see me, Bill?" his father asked.

"In my condition?" Bill said. "No, of course not."

"I finished up my business in Chicago in an hour and flew back," the semblance of the senior Mr. Hayes observed, and added genially: "Well, anything been happening around this fashion foundry?"

"Yes," Bill told him, "anything."

Bill's father eyed him speculatively. He said: "You look a little limp about the gills, my boy. Not feeling well?"

"I guess so," Bill said, "physically. But probably it doesn't matter. Wait until I tell you about Miss Dean's ankle and you'll get to realize I'm sort of in a daze and—"

"Miss Dean's ankle?"

"Yes," Bill said, "because that's why they sent Miss Smith. And I don't even know her name!"

"Whose name?"

"Miss Smith's," Bill said. "Ye gods, Dad, don't you understand?"

"I guess I'm slipping just a bit," said Mr. Hayes apologetically. "Do you suppose you could go back to Miss Dean's ankle for a moment for your poor old father, son?"

"Her ankle's all right," Bill said, "only sprained. The point is—"

"Wait a minute," Mr. Hayes said, as a light began to break. "You mean this Miss Smith was a model somebody sent in because Miss Dean had hurt herself?"

"Good heavens, Father," Bill said. "Isn't that what I've been telling you? The point is, though, they didn't! No one did. I called up Miss Dean afterward. I called the agencies. And no one knew a thing about her, and what's driving me insane, Dad, is, if no one sent her, how did she get here in time?"

"In time for what, Bill?"

"Why, for Mr. Conrad," Bill said. "Haven't you been listening? And, Dad, you should have seen her when she floated out in model sixty-three. I knew right then—"

"I'm sorry if I keep on interrupting, Bill," said Mr. Hayes, "but it occurs to me it might be interesting if I knew who this Mr. Conrad was. Of course, if you don't think so—"

"Mr. Conrad? Why, the buyer for the Western Syndicate, of course. Well, Dad, when she—"

"The buyer for the *what?*" whooped Mr. Hayes.

"The Western Syndicate," Bill said. "I guess I hadn't mentioned it. And so— Why, what's the matter, Dad?"

THE president of Hayes and Company was obviously in the throes of some deep-seated seizure. His hands flapped feebly, and he gave a low moan.

"And you guess you hadn't mentioned it!" he said, almost in awe. "Ten years I've hoped to get a crack at them and they come in while I'm away. Well, after all, Bill, that's not your fault."

"Of course it isn't," Bill said. "If I'd known you meant to leave, I wouldn't have sent out the wires."

"Wires? Wires? Wires?"

"Sure," Bill said. "The final follow-up. The Western Merchants' Syndicate was on the list, you know. I wish you'd let me finish what I started in to tell you, Dad."

"Go on, Bill," Mr. Hayes said, "for I find I can stand anything."

"You should have seen her work on him," Bill said. "I didn't have to do a thing, myself, but simply sit and think how swell she was. Well, finally, we got through the line and I went out—"

"You mean he'd left? You mean—"

"Oh, no, he hadn't left," Bill said. "I just went out to see we weren't disturbed while we wrote up the order for the nineteen styles he'd picked out."

"Great grief, boy! You mean you sold him? Nineteen styles? For forty stores! Why, boy—"

"He told me only thirty-seven," Bill said. "Well, as I was saying, I'd just started back into the showroom when I heard this scream and—"

"What scream?"

"Why, this awful scream. And, listen, Dad, now comes the part that drives me nutty. After I had kissed her—"

"Kissed her!" bellowed Mr. Hayes. "You mean this model hurt herself somehow and you rushed in and slobbered over her in front of the Western Syndicate?"

"I do not slobber, Father," Bill said firmly. "And she hadn't hurt herself and, anyway, he wasn't there. This happened after."

"After what?" moaned Mr. Hayes.

"Why, after I had thrown him out," Bill said.

Bill saw his father's hands begin to flap again and added hastily: "Now, listen, Dad; don't have another spell. You would have done the same darn' thing. Why, when I opened up that door, Dad, I saw absolutely red. She was on his lap and screaming when I busted in, and then she struggled up and screamed again and ran into the dressing-room. Well, what would you have done?"

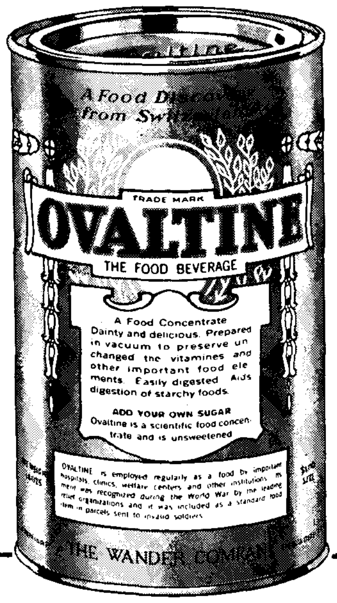
"I would have screamed, too," Mr. Hayes said, weakly. "I am thinking of it strongly even yet. And—so—you—threw—the—buyer—for—the—West-

(*Continued on page 42*)

Not Because Our Business Is Bad
But Because Our Business Is Good . .

We Announce:

A DRASTIC PRICE REDUCTION


A Food Discovery from Switzerland
TRADE MARK
OVALTINE
THE FOOD BEVERAGE
A Food Concentrate Dainty and delicious. Prepared in vacuum to preserve unchanged the vitamines and other important food elements. Easily digested. Aids digestion of starchy foods.
ADD YOUR OWN SUGAR
Ovaltine is a scientific food concentrate and is unsweetened
OVALTINE is employed regularly as a food by important hospitals, clinics, welfare centers and other institutions. Its merit was recognized during the World War by the leading relief organizations and it was included as a standard food item in parcels sent to invalid soldiers.
THE WANDER COMPANY

Millions of Ovaltine Users Will Be Glad to Learn That Their Patronage Has Enabled Us Once Again to Reduce Prices. This Time Over 20%

EVERY year since 1918, when Ovaltine was first brought to this country from Switzerland, its usage has increased at a very rapid rate. The American public have been quick to recognize the unusual merits *and the many uses* of this unique food beverage.

We, in turn have reduced the price, each time that increased sales became large enough to cut our costs. (*This is the third reduction since 1927.*) And each time the public has responded with greater usage.

Since 1929, for example—in spite of a business depression—the usage of Ovaltine has increased more than 100%. Decreased incomes, we believe, have made people keener in judging values.

Up to now, however, most people have used Ovaltine as a specialized food for specific needs; for example, to build up underweight children; for convalescence after illnesses; or as a hot drink at bedtime to induce sound sleep.

But now, at these new low prices, we believe that Ovaltine can, and should be kept in every home for *all of the many wonderful purposes it serves.*

TABLE BEVERAGE

If you searched the world over, we doubt if you could find a better daily beverage to protect you and fortify your meals against many of the deficiencies that creep into the average diet. The food values of Ovaltine are not only exceptional, but the elements it contains have been scientifically selected to meet the main needs of the human body.

FOR CONVALESCENCE

Ovaltine is widely used in hospitals throughout the world as an important aid in building up patients during convalescence—especially after illnesses and surgical operations—when digestion is weak or impaired. For this concentrated food is highly nourishing—and extremely easy to digest, even when digestion is weak. Thus, Ovaltine provides, in readily assimilable form, *extra* nourishment *needed* for the rapid repair of nerve, brain and muscle cells.

After illness in your home, try giving Ovaltine (with your doctor's consent of course) 3 or 4 times a day. Note the difference it makes—the gain in energy and strength!

STOMACH OUT OF SORTS

If your stomach is over-tired or out of sorts—reducing your pep and energy, robbing you of sleep—you may find that it needs a rest from rich, heavy foods. Physicians recommend Ovaltine for this purpose.

For Ovaltine supplies highly concentrated nourishment in a form that digests almost without effort—even when your stomach is out of sorts. Made according to directions, it is almost a complete food in itself.

Avoid rich and heavy foods. Simply take Ovaltine mixed with milk—with light meals and before retiring every day. See how much better your stomach *acts* and *feels*.

FOR ELDERLY PEOPLE

To restore strength and vitality in old age—when digestion is weak and mastication difficult—the use of Ovaltine in the diet aids in a very important way!

For this highly nourishing food concentrate is easy to digest—and is taken in liquid form.

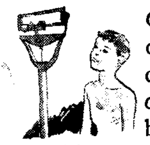
Try giving Ovaltine as a hot drink with meals or between meals, and especially at bedtime as an aid to deep, restful sleep. During sleep it aids nature greatly in restoring energy and vitality.

NURSING MOTHERS

To meet the added strain of maternity—a mother needs *special* nourishment. That is why physicians so widely recommend Ovaltine—to promote the flow and quality of milk upon which a baby's tiny life depends.

For a cup of Ovaltine provides, in quickly digestible form, the definite food elements necessary for building nerve, bone and muscle. Thus acting importantly to foster a baby's normal development and growth.

UNDERWEIGHT CHILDREN



Ovaltine mixed with milk has worked wonders with underweight children. First, because it is so easy to digest; even when digestion is slow, upset, or impaired. Second, because Ovaltine itself is exceptionally nourishing. And third, because it contains definite properties to stimulate the appetite for other foods. Hundreds of mothers report weight increases of a pound or more *per week* when Ovaltine is given. In this way it combats nervousness, too. For *underweight and nervousness* usually go hand in hand.

SLEEPLESSNESS

Doctors have found that Ovaltine, when taken as a *hot drink at bedtime,* usually induces calm, restful sleep. They like to recommend it, for in doing so, they avoid the use of drugs. In addition to this, the unique food properties of Ovaltine make it a valuable aid to nature in rebuilding body, brain, and nerve tissue while you sleep. By this method you awaken—not with a "druggy" feeling—but clear-eyed and refreshed—nerves calm and mind clear.

1093

OVALTINE

LOOK FOR NEW LOW PRICES AT DRUG, GROCERY AND DEPARTMENT STORES

THIS ELECTRIC CLOCK

PUTS THE FIRE TO BED

AND WAKES THE FIRE UP

...while you sleep

This handsome clock tells time . . . accurately, electrically. But that *is* the least of its accomplishments.

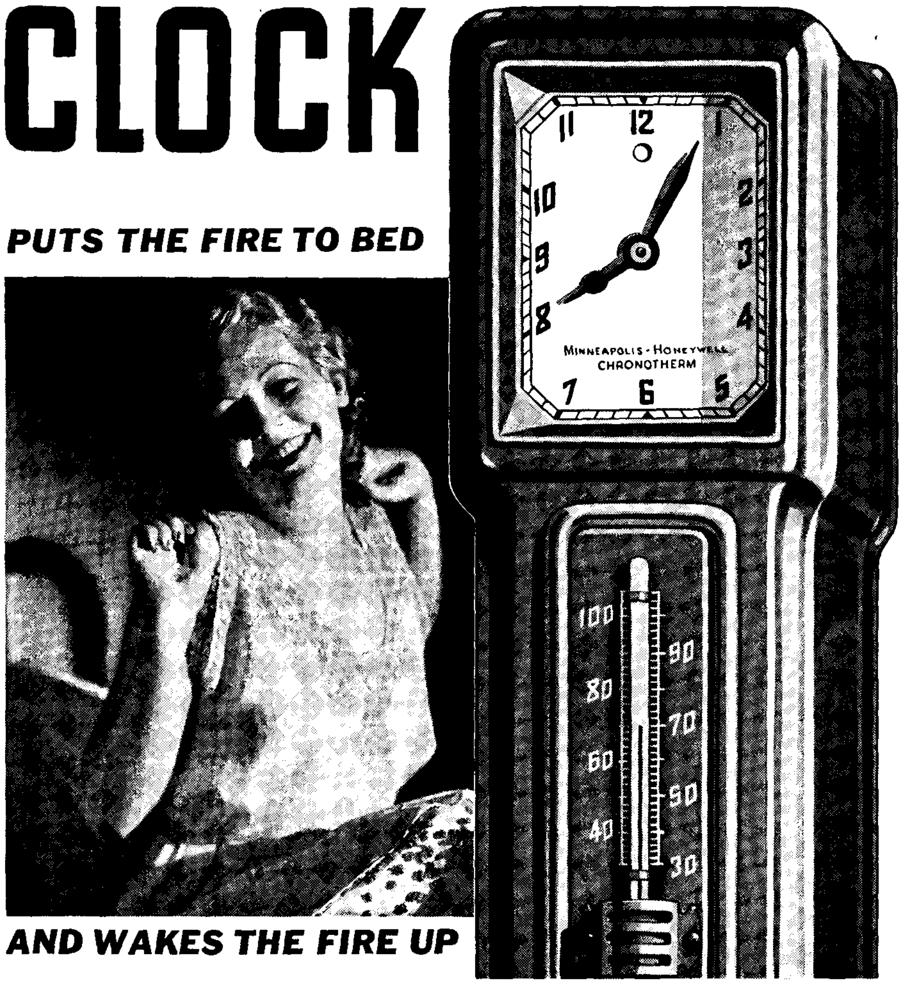
The clock puts the fire to bed *after* you retire—cuts down the temperature to an economical, comfortable, healthful degree. And *before* you arise, it wakes the fire . . . you jump out from under the covers into cozy warmth. Night and day the Chronotherm keeps the heat in your home on the level *you* choose.

Chronotherm "feels" for temperature changes 48 times a day—catches them *before* they happen—slows down or speeds up your heating plant in time to *level* comfort. Unheard of before.

Cost? A bit higher, but you can hardly afford to be without it when you figure that a Chronotherm cuts fuel bills 10 to 30% under the cost of hand operation or with manual thermostatic control.

Coal, oil, gas—no matter what you burn, or intend to burn—or whether you are getting a new heating plant or modernizing your present one—insist on Chronotherm leveled heat *with the electric clock.* When buying a new automatic heating system—examine the controls. If they're Minneapolis-Honeywell, you can be sure the manufacturer places quality standards above price. Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., 2720 Fourth Avenue, South—Minneapolis.

LEVELED HEAT
with the
CHRONOTHERM
MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL
TEMPERATURE AND AIR CONDITIONING CONTROL SYSTEMS
FOR HOMES, LARGE BUILDINGS AND INDUSTRY



Screaming Time

Continued from page 40

ern — Syndicate — out — in — the — street!"

"Not clear out," Bill said. "Only through the door, because I wanted to get back to *her!*"

Bereft of speech, the president of Hayes and Company lay back and closed his eyes.

"And now, Dad," Bill said, "I am coming to the part that's got me goofy. Are you listening?"

"Don't let him keep on," Mr. Hayes was muttering. "Don't. Don't. Don't. Don't."

"Well," Bill said, "I was kissing her and telling her I loved her, and—"

"Arf," Mr. Hayes said. "Arf."

"Well," Bill said, defensively, "I don't see how you'd get a better time. And everything was going swell, Dad. Why, she even said—now this may sound a little silly, but she said it, darn it—Dad, she said I was her knight. Well, that meant *something,* didn't it? And, then I started thinking of that scream again and started out to take another pop at him and right then, Dad, was when she told me."

"Told you wh-wh-what?"

"Why, that she'd done the whole darn' thing on purpose."

BILL'S father made a timorous attempt to feel his pulse.

"What whole thing, son?" he asked.

"Why, sitting down on him and screaming," Bill said. "All on purpose. She admitted it. He hadn't made a pass at her at all! Ye gods, Dad, here she'd worked from ten till three to sell him and just when we had him sold she sat on him and screamed. On purpose! That's what's rushing me to the asylum!"

"I will be there first, my boy," said Mr. Hayes, "and tell her you are coming."

"But look, Dad," Bill said, "what's the explanation? I have thought and thought and thought. Do you suppose that when she found out who he was and what the order meant to me, that it just kind of temporarily unbalanced her?"

"No," Mr. Hayes said, "probably not temporarily, my boy."

"But look, Dad," Bill said, "when I kissed her, everything was just as rational as it could be. She kissed me back, too, and she said I was her—you know what I said she said, Dad, and—"

"Well, Bill, did you ask her why she'd done it?"

"No, dog-gone it," Bill said, "I was kind of upset, and I—I yelled at her. And then she yelled at me—I don't know what, because I was still yelling—and she ran out hollering that I'd be sorry. And—and, Dad, I do not even know her name!"

"Thank God!" said Mr. Hayes.

There was a knock upon the door. The information girl said: "Customer. I took him to the showroom, Mr. Hayes."

The buyer for some small town fashion shop, no doubt. Mr. Hayes rose wearily, and Bill said:

"Let me wait on him, Dad. Honestly, I do fine."

For just an instant, once again, the elder Mr. Hayes could feel his reason straining at its moorings, and he looked at Bill with reminiscence and regret. "A few short years ago, my son," he said, "I dangled you upon my knee. You were so little that I could have choked you with one hand."

"But, Dad!" Bill said, "I've got to have experience if I'm to carry on the business, haven't I? And look, I want to be a dress man, Dad. And darn it all, I got a chain-store in here anyway—you'll have to hand me that. And, darn it, Dad—"

But Mr. Hayes had gone.

"Dad!" Bill yelled after him, and then a voice said, "Ah! Still yelling?" and Bill snapped his head around and there she was, more beautiful than ever, more—more everything!

She floated in, the way she kind of floated, and she calmly took a chair.

"I'm waiting for an explanation," she observed.

"You!" Bill said. "*You* are waiting for an explanation? Oh, ye gods!"

"I should have said apology, perhaps," she told him. "I'm not used to being yelled at like you did, and—Look! Your face is getting funny. You are on the verge of it again!"

"I'm not," Bill told her. "I am not. I'm calm. And all I ask is just for you to tell me calmly *why in heck*—"

"You see?" she stated. "Bellowing! Just simply bellowing!"

Bill took a good, deep breath.

"Anyone would bellow," Bill said in a low, hoarse voice. "They'd bellow like a mangled bull. I've sat here by the hour, nearly nuts, or even closer. Look, you knew what that sale meant to me. It meant five thousand dollars and I heaved him out because I thought he—he—"

"My knight!" she said, and giggled when Bill clutched his head. "My poor old nutty knight, who doesn't even know his lady's name."

"And that's another thing!"

"You never asked me, but it's Ruth. Ruth Ware. You simply clutched at me and dragged me in your showroom and I thought it would be fun to be a model and a dandy way to see the line, and that was what I'd come for, anyway, because we thought the letters were so cute, and you keep still until I finish. So, I loved the line and all this time you'd never told me who that buyer was and when I found out he was buying for the Western Syndicate I simply had to stop the sale because I knew that Dad would like it as much as I did, but we never buy the same lines they do—all those towns we both have stores in—and we—"

"Who is we?" Bill managed.

"Why, the Mammoth Stores, of course," she said. "Dad's in your showroom now and writing down the order from the list of twenty-seven styles I gave him and the only thing that I'm afraid is that he'll think some of them are too extreme except for just our sixty larger stores, but when he realizes that it's all just sort of in—in—the family, I think he'll— And you don't *do* anything! You simply sit there and you don't *do* anything!"

BILL finally came out of his daze and knocked his inkwell over, tipped his chair aside and whammed his shin against his desk and bellowed; but he finally broke a dictaphone and got around to her. And, at the instant that he did so, Min, the information girl, knocked on the door and opened it and finally found her breath.

"Your father," Min said, "sent me out to find the—the vice president and ask him if he'd come into the showroom. Does he mean *you,* Mr. Bill?"

Bill hardly even looked around.

"Convey my compliments to Mr. Hayes," he said, "and tell him—"

"Tell him the vice president's engaged," Ruth said, "or will be, if he's got a grain of sense, as soon as you can close that door."

Woman in Love

Continued from page 21

tell Martin, and telephone your mother."

"Dad'll tell Mother. I'll catch him." The boy disappeared, and an anxious little girl in a raincoat took his place in the doorway to ask timidly:

"Is Elinor here?"

"Upstairs, Grace Marian. She was here a minute ago. She's been trying to telephone you all day."

"I was at the dentist—" Grace Martin giggled on a fading voice. She went away and Mrs. Martell spread the pack briskly.

"Cut, everyone! I'm out. No, Billy, don't—I want to be out; I have to telephone and send some flowers to Ann Bainbridge. No, honestly, Father, I really want to be out! You two take the Davises on and trim them nicely."

Tam looked at her hand. George's lazily happy expression, Billy Martell's undisturbed manner had completely reassured her. She felt a sudden confidence and gayety take possession of her.

"Two hearts," she said.

"Oh, help!" Billy ejaculated, on her left. "Is that the kind of rough stuff you're going to start off with? Two hearts, says you," he mused, looking at his own hand.

"GEORGE," Tam said presently, when the cards were making, "I love a big house full of grandfathers and children and flowers and books."

"I love my house," Ellen Martell said appreciatively from a chair beside the fire.

"I'm out now, and you're in." Tam changed places with her; lay back in the big chair with her half-closed eyes fixed on George's face.

"Come on, Tam, we've got to have a walk!" George shouted at five o'clock, and immediately one Bailey Wilson, a young man who had drifted idly in a few minutes earlier, had taken his place at the card table, and he and Tamara were out in the cool, lifeless dusk, climbing the hills toward the west.

There was no wind stirring among the silent, leafless orchard trees and over the frost-bound earth. The sunless day had ended without sun, but level yellow streaks broke the lead-colored western skies, and an old man driving in two Jerseys stopped them to offer the opinion that tomorrow would be clear. Tam and George mounted steep, muddy roads and looked down on the town and the houses as upon a panorama; got their breath and climbed again.

"What'd you all talk of in the library, George?"

"Oh, lots of things. Look out for these squashy leaves, Tam—sometimes they're over holes."

"Will you promise me one thing?"

"I'll promise you anything, darling."

"I'm not reading the papers, you know; you asked me not to. But as soon as you know anything will you tell me?"

"You could read the papers if you wanted to. But there's a lot of bosh in them about the thing—my being district attorney, and your being Tam Todhunter is meat and drink for them, of course! Read 'em if you want to."

Was he deceiving her? Was that careless, unalarmed manner assumed?

"I don't want to read them," Tam said forlornly. "I just—don't want them to do anything to you. They're not holding you, anyway. Is that a good thing?"

"A very good thing. Oh, they're giving me the breaks all through," George said comfortably. "Don't you worry about me."

"You're not on bail, George?"

"Well, of course. Judge Moore fixed that."

Tam stopped in the thickening dusk; turned upon him a stricken face.

"Oh, George, you're not!"

"It's just a matter of form in cases of this kind, Tam."

She came close to him, put a hand on his arm.

"Tell me the worst," she said. "What is the worst that can happen?"

"I don't know, pussy." George stooped and put a kiss on her nose. "Let's wait and see what actually does happen," he said.

"Could they—I have to ask you! Could they send you to jail?"

"Well, yes; they could," George answered briskly, his hand under her arm as he walked swiftly along. "We've got to get back to our road," he reminded her, "before it gets too dark. But what a swell walk!"

"No, but listen, George. You say they *could?*"

"Oh, sure they could."

"But—but your being district attorney would have some weight, wouldn't it?"

"I should think so!"

"I've been—for five days since we came back from Halfmoon Bay—you don't know what a purgatory I've been in!" Tamara exclaimed.

"I can imagine it, sweetheart, and I've appreciated your not talking about it, but feeding me and going to pictures," George said in his tenderest tone. "But I believe it'll be over soon now—this week, anyway. Just buck up and try not to take it too hard."

"I could bear anything as long as I knew you weren't going to pay for it."

"I knocked him down, and a good job too," George said with a brief laugh.

"But before I would let them send you to prison I'd tell everything!" Tamara said. "I would, George! I'd tell them about Mary, and what he did to me and what he said to you! I'll not have your whole career blighted by anything he can do. You must let me! They'd open the whole thing up again, then, and it'd be justifiable homicide. You said yourself it would!"

"Don't you get excited, little girl. Here we are home again, and I'm going to have a bath before dinner. I could eat a horse," George said. "If you'll worry about this damn' thing as little as I do we'll come out of it all right."

Her small, soft hand was warm in his as they came blinking into the lighted, hospitable hallway.

"I adore you!" she murmured.

HE TOOK her to dinner at the city's finest hotel a few nights later; they had soft music and mellowed lights about them when he told her the news.

"I think they're going to make a sort of example of me, Tam."

Her alarmed eyes came up from her plate; George hooked an oyster from its shell, put it in his mouth, grinned at her.

"How do you mean?" Tam demanded, paling.

"Oh," he said carelessly, "I think I'll have to go across the bay for a little while."

"How do you mean?" Tam breathed again, very white.

"I mean that I think that—formalities must be gone through with," George explained.

"They're—they're not—" She choked on the words and was still, her eyes on his.

"I think so."

(Continued on page 44)

HAWAII CALLING
"—AND WALT, LISTEN, BEFORE I HANG UP I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE DELICIOUS DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE YOU CAN GET HERE IN HAWAII."
"YOU CAN'T TELL ME, JOAN! I'VE BEEN HAVING THE SAME FIELD-FRESH DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE EVERY MORNING. WAIT UNTIL YOU GET BACK HERE. WE'LL HAVE IT FOR ALL OUR BREAKFASTS. THE JUICE IS SO GRAND AND SO FULL OF TANG YOU'LL THINK YOU'RE STILL VISITING IN THE ISLANDS . . ."

These 4 points are important to remember about DOLE Pineapple Juice: (1) ***It's just the pure, unsweetened juice of sun-ripened DOLE-grown pineapples. (Don't confuse DOLE Pineapple Juice with the sweetened syrup in canned sliced pineapple.)*** (2) ***The special DOLE High-vacuum packing method preserves maximum of vitamins A, B, C.*** (3) ***A delightful, fruit juice for breakfast and all other meals. Serve straight or mixed.*** (4) ***At grocers everywhere—look for the name "DOLE" stamped on top of the tin.***

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DRINK
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ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN Committee on Foods

"Dapper looking shoes those – *and a most becoming shade of Brown*"

Bostonians introduce WALNUT BROWN. . . . A handsome new shade of Brown in a man's way . . . a complement to the season's colors and fabrics in men's clothing. . . . Bostonians also feature the exclusive Flexmore* Process which eliminates breaking in new shoes . . . at the smart shops $6.50 to $10.00 the pair.

*Registered U. S. Patent Office

Bostonians
SHOES FOR MEN

(Continued from page 43)

"Jail?" she whispered.

"Oh, for a while. Nothing much."

"No, they won't!" Tam whispered. She looked about her like a creature in a trap. "Oh, why did you bring me here!" she breathed. "We could have gone some place—some little place—we could have had supper at home—"

"I wanted you to be somewhere where people could see you," George said mildly. "We'll have plenty of time to talk—we can talk all night. But I had to tell you this and I thought it might be a good way. Mullins wasn't apt to let me off, Tam—you can see that."

"No, no, no," she said. "I'll not let you! I'll tell everyone. You shan't do this for me!"

"I'm not doing it for you, Tam."

"They'll know—everyone'll know, what he said, why you hit him! Do you think—do you think for one minute I'll let you be ruined for something I did—for me? No, I won't!"

"Let's finish our oysters," George suggested. "We'll have plenty of time to talk and we'll get together on it."

"George, did you tell old Mr. Martell or Mr. Hunter the truth?"

"Of course not!"

"They think that you simply lost your temper because Mayne was so insolent about your having thrown him down?"

"Of course they do."

"Did you tell Billy?"

"I didn't tell anyone, Tam."

Tam's jaw set firmly.

"Then I will," she said, breathing hard, her nostrils dilated.

"We'll talk about it."

"Would they take you right away?"

"Yep."

"Well, they shan't! I've wanted to talk all along," Tamara said. "Now I will. Mary—all of us will have to take the consequences! But you're district attorney, and you can't have your career spoiled right in the beginning—"

"We can think it over," George said.

"What do they think you are—crazy?" Tam was muttering to herself. "To knock a man down and kill him for nothing? When they know why—"

"Listen," George said abruptly. "The evening paper said that Kohl had made you an offer."

"The movie man." Tam would change the subject, but her eyes were suddenly heavy and her tone dulled. "Yes. I suppose he might like to cash in on the publicity of it," she said vaguely.

"Why not?"

"Why not?" An affronted look came into her pale face. "Why not take it?" she asked, surprised.

"Well, for a while. It'd mean a lot of money, Tam, and maybe our trips and our little place at Halfmoon."

"I DON'T want to," she said restlessly. "I hate the movies. We have to settle this other thing first. My mother and Mort live down there and I'd as soon not see a lot of them. They're all right—but somehow they don't seem to belong to me any more."

"It's a fat, soft offer to turn down," George persisted, watching her.

"I couldn't! I'd have no heart in it. I'd be in it only for the money."

"Lots of people have done lots of things for the money."

"George, you aren't advising me to do it?"

"I don't know whether I am or not. It'd be something to keep you busy, Tam; keep you from worrying. Bill says there are lots of things we can do about getting me off and some of 'em may take money—everything takes money. Why not try it?"

She was looking at him steadily, her elbows on the table.

"You think you are going to be over there a long time, George," she said in a light, fluttered voice of fear. "Tell me, do you know? Does anyone know?"

"Nobody knows. And no matter what's done tomorrow there'll be delays and appeals and all the rest of it. Old Martell has got his teeth into this and he won't let go," George said. "But long or short, I'd like to feel that you were working and interested."

Late that night she went to sleep with her head on his shoulder and his arm about her. But George lay awake, with her sweetness and sleepiness and smallness close to him, all night long.

She had mercifully not realized it, but he knew. He knew that it was their last night together.

IN THE morning she was radiant and courageous. It was impossible to despair on such a singing Christmas Eve, with a bay ruffled and blue under a light wind and great galleons of cloud ballooning their way above the solemn silhouette of Tamalpais. Tam, with an apron tied about a lacy nightgown and frilly silk robe, busied herself with the making of coffee, the toasting of George's favorite dark brown bread. He came out to the kitchen and sat watching her. Sunshine flooded the little apartment; there was a sense of rushing and singing and living astir in the world, and the contagion of it had reached Tam.

"*Might* everything be over tonight?"

"It might indeed."

"You mean you may actually be free of the whole thing today?"

"I expect it to be all settled this morning," George said.

"Then might we go down to Halfmoon Bay and interview Mrs. Moretti tomorrow? Wouldn't it be fun to buy our place on Christmas Day!"

"Tam, do you want to do me a real Christmas favor?" George said, out of thought, instead of answering.

Tamara had seated herself opposite him. The brightness had suddenly gone out of her face, and she poured the smoking coffee with a shaking hand. Her glance had chanced to fall upon the morning paper, folded and thrown carelessly upon a chair, and she had seen the headline: "Davis to be Sentenced Today." She made herself face him, she made herself be calm, but her soul was sick within her.

"What's your favor?" she said.

"Well, where'll I begin?" George said, in his easy, unalarmed way. He poured cream into his coffee, his eyes on what he was doing. "To begin with, you mustn't take all this too seriously," he said. "It's a mean bit of road, but we simply have to get over it, you and I."

"I wouldn't care if we could do it together," Tam said, her heart lead.

"No, it wouldn't be so bad then. However, we can't," George observed, and paused as if he did not know quite how to proceed. Tam said quickly:

"You think it won't be a suspended sentence or a nominal sentence, George?"

"I don't think so," he said slowly, with a glance.

Tam looked away into space for a moment.

"It's too horrible to be true!" she said. "If I—if I went to the governor—"

"That's just what I want to talk to you about, Tam," George recommenced in a businesslike tone. "We have to think this all out man-fashion, as Bill Martell loves to say. The governor couldn't do anything with a pardon now because it would stir up too much mud. After six months or a year—"

"Six months or a *year!*"

"Well, maybe in much less than that, things will have simmered down and everything will be quieter. Then you and the boys at the office can get busy maybe and do something."

"Oh, what have I done, what have I done!" Tam whispered, half to herself, in black despair.

"It's just something we have to get through," George persisted. "What I want you to do is to drive yourself down to Bill's and stay with Ellen—"

"You mean that you don't expect to be free to go with me tomorrow?"

"Probably not."

"I see," Tam said in a dead voice. "Go on."

"Well, this is it: Go down to Menlo Park, and take it easy with the Martells. They understand. In a few days drive yourself down to Los Angeles and see Kohl, see just what they offer. Next June, or any time—"

"Next June? Oh, my God!" Tam whispered.

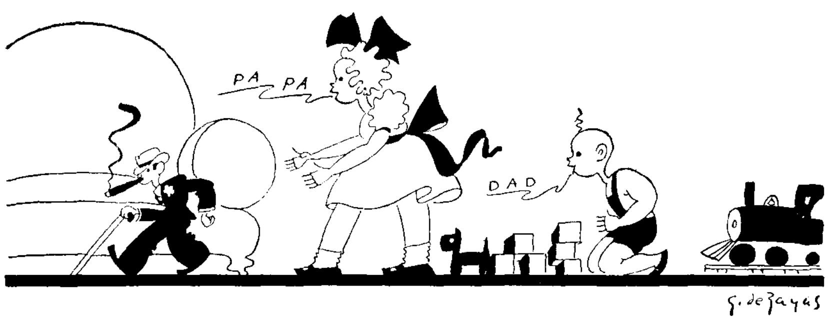
"Well, any time. Any time you can, slip across to Germany and see Mother and the kid. Then come back and probably they'll have done some good work here and one talk with the governor will do the trick."

"Billy Martell says that Governor Rose hates you, George."

"We had a run-in a few years ago; he's probably forgotten it. Write me lots of letters, Tam, and send me books. But don't come over there today, or soon. Give yourself time to get used to the idea and give me time, too."

She put her elbows on the table and her face in her hands and he saw the

(*Continued on page 46*)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The midget population of the world is only 2,000, of whom about 350 live in the United States. Midgets are seldom born midgets. They are nearly always of normal size and weight at birth, but they fail to develop physically through faulty functioning of their ductless glands. Invariably they produce normal children and more than half of their marriages are with normal-sized men and women.

When a Buddhist statue is consecrated in China or Tibet, it is usually endowed with "life" by having a living creature such as a bird, spider, snake or frog sealed up within it. The life of the animal is supposed to pass into the image and make it a living thing.—*By J. A. Dean, Seattle, Washington.*

In the United States at the present time, 1,200 *new* criminals, previously unknown to the police, are arrested and fingerprinted every 24 hours, an average of one every 72 seconds.

Rabbits, which furnish a large part of the world's fur under 90 different names, now are bred so their coats are quite similar to the furs of rarer animals. This scientific breeding produces desirable colors, designs, hair length and durability and the resemblance to more costly fur is so close that the expensive processes of dyeing and trimming are no longer necessary.

Dirigibles have flown through electrical storms so intense that not only have their entire frames and other heavy metal objects constantly emitted sparks but all their wires and cables have glowed with a violet-blue light. Halos of St. Elmo's Fire have even played around the heads of the crews. —*By Marion E. Ward, Atlanta, Georgia.*

Honesty is more prevalent than many cynics suppose. A psychologist recently picked the names of a hundred men and women in many walks of life from a telephone directory and sent each a dollar bill in a letter, stating that it was a refund of an overpayment on a previous bill. Within a few days, sixty-three of them had returned the money with a note saying he had made a mistake.—*By William Walden, New York City.*

Quite a number of persons are afflicted with a curious condition known as astereognosis, which is believed to be brought on by cerebral disease. It is the inability to recognize the size, shape or nature of a solid object by the sense of touch. Such a person, when blindfolded, cannot name an article that is handed to him.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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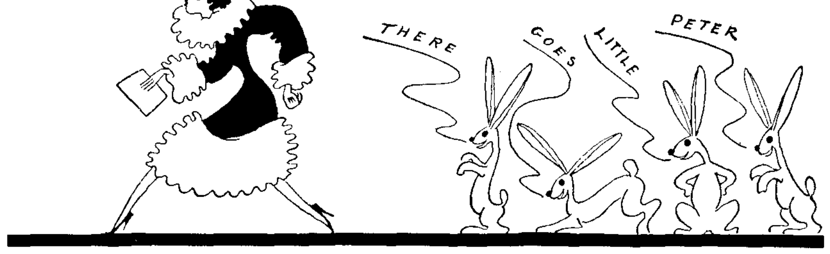
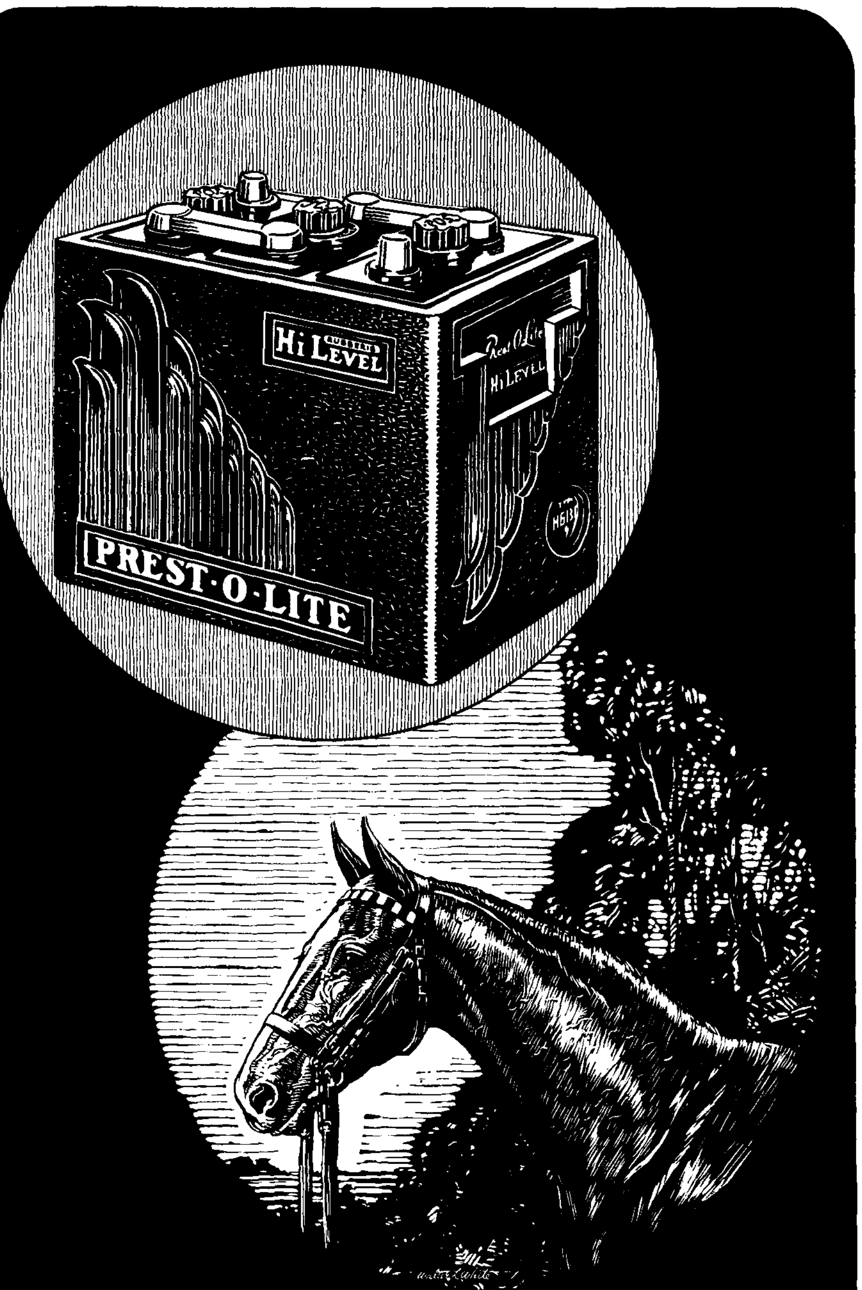




THOROUGHBREDS

Descended from a long line of pure strain, the qualities of the thoroughbred are accepted without question. Such are Prest-O-Lite batteries—always on their mettle—in the front rank of performance—their prices in pace with the times. Your neighborhood dealer will be glad to point out, when you need a new battery, why it will be to your advantage to replace with a Prest-O-Lite.

Prest-O-Lite
BATTERIES

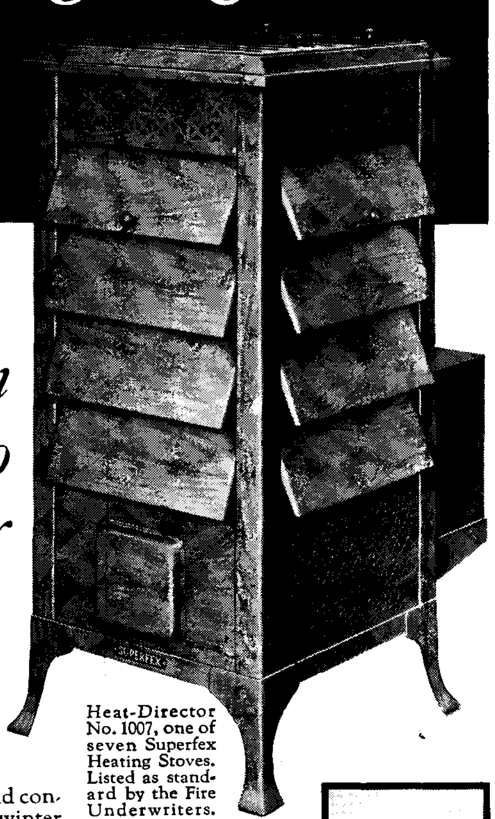
PREST-O-LITE BATTERY COMPANY, INC.
Oakland, Calif. INDIANAPOLIS, IND. Toronto, Canada

New HEAT-DIRECTOR STOVE . . . gives greater comfort BURNS OIL

Projects radiant heat in any direction to heat the floor or other surface

(Patented)

NO DUST! NO ASHES!



Heat-Director No. 1007, one of seven Superfex Heating Stoves. Listed as standard by the Fire Underwriters.

Think of it! Stove-heating that is clean and convenient—for homes, stores and offices! If winter means months of stoking and ash-tending for you, investigate the Superfex Heat-Director stove that burns inexpensive fuel oil and *directs* the heat where you want it.

Heat-Director is Simple, Practical, Proved by Thousands

Set it up and connect to a flue like any stove. No moving parts. Draft regulation is automatic. To direct the heat at any angle, open the shutter-like heat projectors on one, two or three sides of the stove.

Burns Many Hours on Each Filling of Fuel Tank

The removable fuel tank holds oil for as many as forty-six hours. Imagine what this means to people who want to leave a stove-heated house or place of business over Sunday! Connections for outside storage are also available.

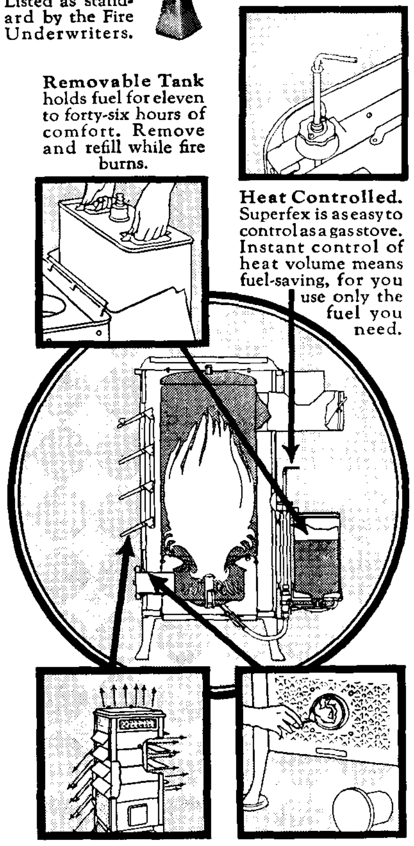
Wonderful Heat Volume, Easy to Regulate

The vaporizing burner, (see cut-away view at right) responds instantly to a turn of the valve, giving a big fire when you want it, or gentle heat for milder weather. Sudden changes and extremes of temperature are eliminated.

See the new Superfex heating stoves at your dealer's. There are seven models, three Heat-Directors and four Radiating heaters. Sizes for every need at prices for every purse. Handsome porcelain enamel finish.

Send the coupon and learn how much more comfortable you will be with a new Superfex stove.

For one-room chilly spots, get a portable Perfection oil-burning room heater.



Removable Tank holds fuel for eleven to forty-six hours of comfort. Remove and refill while fire burns.

Heat Controlled. Superfex is as easy to control as a gas stove. Instant control of heat volume means fuel-saving, for you use only the fuel you need.

Shutter-like projectors (patented) direct heat rays toward floor or other surface. Top openings permit heated air to rise for circulation.

Easy to Light. To light Superfex, just turn the dial, and insert a piece of lighted crumpled paper in the handy lighting tube opening.

SUPERFEX
Oil Burning HEATING STOVES
PRODUCT OF PERFECTION STOVE CO. The Mark of Quality

HEATING COMFORT
The New Heat Director
With SUPERFEX
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PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, 7706-A Platt Ave., Cleveland, O.
Please send booklet on clean oil heat without a furnace.
Name ____
St. or R. F. D. ____
Post Office ____ State ____

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

(Continued from page 45)

bright tears slip through her fingers.

"Don't cry, Tam."

She made no answer. After a while she found a handkerchief and dried her eyes and made herself smile at him.

"You mustn't look at it that way, Tam," George said in the pause. "You have to see it like this. We've had big excitements in our life, big chances. You started off wrong and I started off wrong, and then we met each other and things began to go right. This—this that I'm going through is just the last payment on the mortgage, that's all. The real thing is that we've found each other and love each other. What else matters? I'll have you to think about and you'll wait for me, and Lord—Lord," George said, smiling his broad, brown smile, "what a day it'll be when we get together again, and everything's clear!"

THE thought brought the tears again, and she could not speak.

"Because you know," he went on after a pause, "my going to jail isn't going to count. That sounds funny, doesn't it, but it's true. It's come to me, just in these last few weeks, that it isn't going to count. After all, I didn't lose my temper like a kid at Mallory, and hit him because he made me mad. He was talking like the dirty skunk that he was, he was blackmailing my wife, and there isn't a man in the world who wouldn't have knocked him down for it. That he had a weak heart from the way he'd been living for forty years wasn't my look-out. I didn't hit him to kill him and didn't mean to kill him, but after all, Tam—

"After all," George repeated, as she merely looked at him with drenched eyes and did not speak, "between the time they hanged Mallory and the time he talked to you he might have done a dangerous lot of talking. We have to think of that, you know. We have to think of the alternative."

"But for me there wouldn't have been any alternative!"

"But for you I wouldn't have been district attorney, no, nor anything like district attorney! But for you my mother would have carried a broken heart all the rest of her life. Don't forget that she wrote to an Arizona jail once and was told that I was dead—dead in a jail without a word of goodby! You gave me back to her; she knows the truth and she'll understand! I was afraid to write her, but you'll see her, and it won't seem half as cruel to her as the other thing."

"What other thing?"

"Why, the truth. The truth that Mayne Mallory and my wife were sweethearts years ago, when she was a little girl fresh out of school, and that there was a baby he would neither recognize nor legitimize. Oh, sure," George said, "that'd get me off a jail term all right. But what would it do to my wife? How long would women be keeping that story alive? And what would it do to Mary? All her life long there'd be someone in the offing to whisper to someone else that that was the girl whose mother—and so on and so on.

"But I have to say something more than that, Tam," he said, following her to the window to which she had walked, her handkerchief to her eyes. "I have to say this to you, darling. I'm going off today feeling *good*. Things have been all crooked with me for almost twenty years, since my mother remarried and I ran away. I've taken chances and played races and run with some pretty queer people, and I've always drunk too much and—well, you know about it.

"Then you came along and it seemed to me dramatic to fall in love with a beautiful actress—just the sort of thing I'd *do*—take another chance, and if I didn't like it get out of it. I'd shoved myself into a scaly sort of criminal law firm by that time, and into politics; it was all a sort of bluff, a joke on the people who took life seriously!"

He tightened his arm about her; they were both looking down at the bright Christmas Eve city and the ruffled bay and the far black outline of the mountains. Ferry-boats were crossing the wide current that was ebbing through the Golden Gate; women were coming across to the city with shopping lists, with weary, happy, last details to settle somehow in the flying hours.

"After I met you things began to shift," George said. "It wasn't so darned easy to laugh it all off any more. The first time you and I went down to Martells'—that was almost two years ago—it gave me a funny feeling. I began to feel like a fool. 'By gum,' I thought, 'could some of it be true, women loving their husbands, and kids loving their parents—could dumb-bells like Ellen Martell have something—something real in their loyalty to their fathers and their homes?' I tell you, Tam, it was an eye-opener. It seemed to sort of hurt me; I wanted to get out of it, and after we went back I made up my mind to go on a long spree and get out of it all! I wasn't a crook, but I wasn't a square lawyer either—everything I did was sensational and rotten and showy—I knew it, and I didn't want to change.

"Then you asked me to come to your mother's for dinner, and I went up there and you had chicken and strawberries, and everything just as nice as you could make it, and I could see that you'd been the one to hold them all together—Lance throwing you down, Coral off with a rich husband and never sending a cent home, your mother no help—you carrying them all, and laughing about it, and sneaking off to your week-ends down in Belmont—carrying that secret too, and loving that child the way a woman does love a child!"

TAM'S head was resting back against his shoulder. He rubbed his cheek against her hair, and for a full minute neither spoke.

"Gradually," George presently said, clearing his throat, "it all came true. I mean I waked up, and the old stuff slid off, and—it was like pain, Tam, it *was* pain! To believe in people again, to want to be decent again, to think of the honest side of an argument—this sounds kind of mawkish, doesn't it?—but that's what you did for me. Then I had a couple of lucky cases and old Martell sent for me. It was my chance to get in with a straight firm.

"And then one afternoon you took me down to meet your 'Aunt Mary'!"

"George, what a happy day that was!" Tam said, tears in her voice.

"To see her again—" He was silent. "I didn't deserve that break, for one," he said after a pause. "That was a day such as doesn't come into many lifetimes, Tam. To have my mother put her arms around me again—

"And to see the joy Mary is to her, in the years when most women are lonely and not needed—"

"Yes, there's that!" Tam said eagerly as he paused.

"So it isn't all loss, Tam."

"No, it isn't all loss."

"Huntington Lake and the High Sierras weren't loss."

"Ah, George!" she said thickly.

"So now," George said resolutely, "we have only to face this one more thing. Knocking a man down may make you seem a fool, but it doesn't rank with forgery or counterfeiting or any of the other things, does it?"

"Oh, don't!" she said in a whisper.

(To be continued next week)

Texas Steerer

Continued from page 16

poker as a social evil except when they are winning.

The RFC, which has been called "Mr. Hoover's most constructive idea," is a going concern so far. It made $21,000,000 in the 1934 fiscal year after paying all its expenses, despite $800,000,000 in loans to semi-public agencies on which it received no interest. Repayments by banks, industries, railroad companies and insurance firms amaze those who predicted that these advances would be "throwing good money after bad." Of disbursements totaling about $2,900,000,000 in July of this year, about $1,500,000,000 had been repaid, and the unpaid balance includes $550,000,000 in long-time loans used to reopen closed banks. Banks and trust companies have paid back more than $1,000,000,000 of the $1,600,000,000 they borrowed. Excluding the $550,000,000 for closed banks, these institutions owe the government only $40,000,000. Repayments from all classes of borrowers average $3,000,000 a day.

Other People's Troubles

Mr. Jones works as hard for the government as he did for his private corporations. Sitting in his air-cooled coop from early morning till midnight, he listens to other people's troubles with Job-like patience. Sometimes he lugs them home after office hours, and sometimes he invites them to his house in the morning before office hours. He is at his desk almost every Sunday. For lunch he nibbles at a sandwich from a near-by lunchroom, and he subsists mostly on popcorn. As he moves from office to office, conferring in each clinic with a different class of applicants for loans, he carries his popcorn bag with him. When he can't furnish funds, he often explains how they may be obtained some other way. Knowing specific business and rental and banking conditions from his RFC and earlier experience, he warns against some ventures, suggests that a struggling concern move to a cheaper location, sends word to a bank that this or that fellow deserves a loan, gives advice on purchase of material.

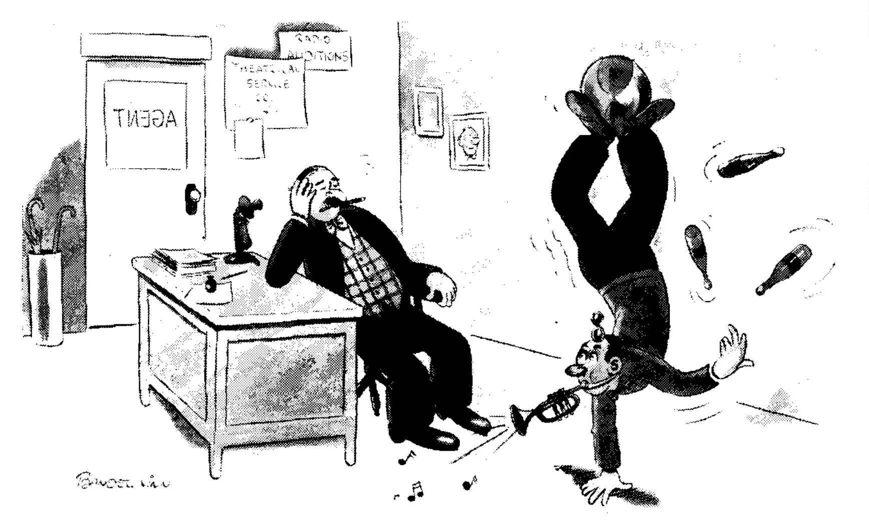
To those who look for a crisp, staccato, dynamic executive he is a disappointment. He speaks in a slow drawl difficult to hear across the table, and he moves his great bulk quietly, easily. He never becomes ruffled. Slouched down in his chair with his head wedged deep between his shoulders, his heavy eyelids and listening attitude suggest alertness but no tenseness, a hard and solid but not a brilliant worker. But when he wants to be stubborn, his blue eyes go hard and cold, there is no light in them, and his chilly appearance is emphasized by his wiry, white hair. Although a sociable fellow, his job gives him little time for teas and dinners. When he takes an evening off, he plays semi-solitaire with Mrs. Jones.

He is a partial answer to the question of whether the government can get experienced and big men for small salaries. Although he can afford to hang on in Washington because he made his money long ago, and survived the crash, it is lust for power and love of display which make him go. These ambitions explain his career and answer Washington's question of what has happened to the Jones it knew at Houston. He wants people to feel and see the big things a graduate of the self-made-man school can do.

Personally unassuming, he is almost bumptious in advertising his achievements. In his office hangs a picture showing what a flat and uninteresting place Houston would be if it had not been for his high buildings. Although he is an imposing figure himself, he swathes his great frame in striking tweeds and a polo coat. When, as an eligible bachelor, he used to throw grand parties for the debs and dowagers of the Southwest, he smothered each guest in corsage bouquets. All he asked in return for his hospitality was an audience for his tales of daring deals and coups. But he was a prince rather than a playboy, and in 1920, at the age of 46, he married the daughter of a country doctor.

When he built, he aimed at the sky, shooting higher and higher until the crash. After he had given the natives of Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth and Memphis pains in the neck with his tall buildings, he moved to New York to make bigger profits and to show the big town something new in men and architecture. His hotels, office buildings, clubs and theaters cast long shadows down the finest avenues.

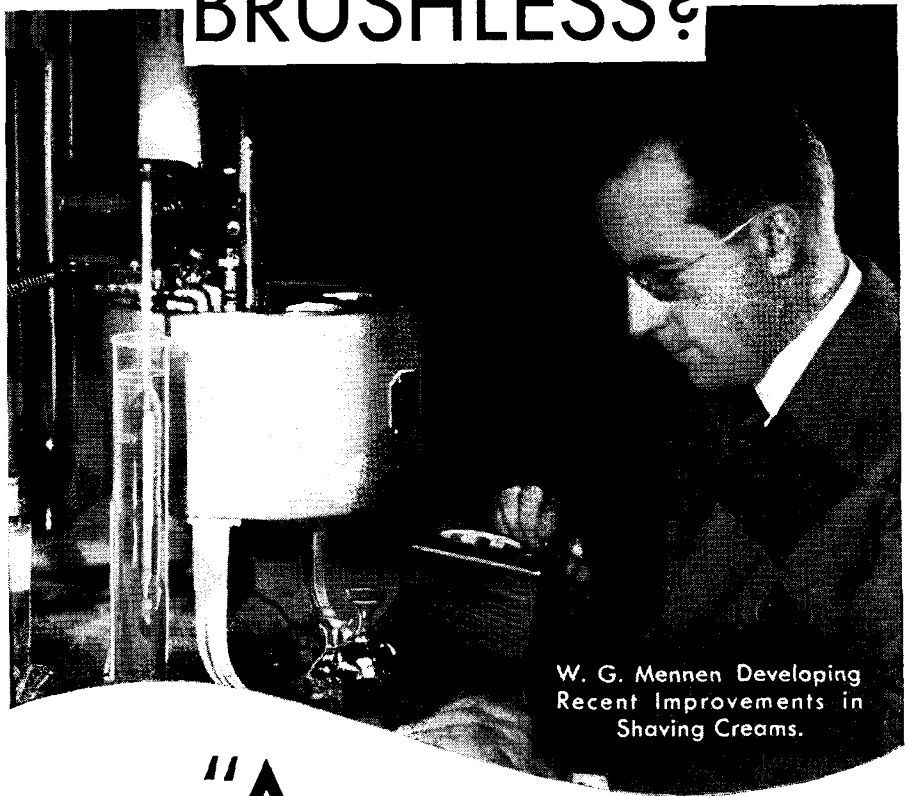
But Jones never dreamed of a skyscraper that would stand athwart the country as does the RFC. He never possessed so much power as he has now or such a stage on which to display it. He is, in a way, the same old "master builder," even though he has a new set of blueprints, and in President Roosevelt a different kind of architect. And to some bankers and business men he may still be the same kind of man who brought that convention to the town that Jones built—and advertised.



"That's a lousy tune you're playin'!"

EANDEL LINN

LATHER
OR
BRUSHLESS?



W. G. Mennen Developing Recent Improvements in Shaving Creams.

"Arguments won't wilt whiskers" W. G. Mennen

"THERE'S a hot argument going on among shaving cream manufacturers—as you've probably noticed. One camp insists that you are out of luck if you don't use a brushless shave; the other insists that the whole brushless idea should be scrapped. Maybe that's one way of getting by—to throw out ballyhoo as thick as a navy smoke screen. But it's not my way. I think we ought to forget arguments and stick to facts.

"The simple facts are these: Neither lather nor brushless can be best for everybody; some skins are happier with one type of cream; some with another. I really ought to know. I make both kinds of cream. Twenty-five years ago, when everybody was using shaving sticks, I popularized lather cream. Now I also make brushless. Both Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless are good, even if I say it myself. They're whisker-wilters. Both of them really pack a wallop that the scrappiest beard can't take. But they're different from one another:

"If your skin is *oily*, use Mennen *Lather.* It loosens deeply-imbedded oil deposits, flushes out over-active pores.

"If your skin is *dry*, I recommend Mennen Brushless Shave. It's a cream, not a grease, contains special ingredients which soothe tender skins.

"If your skin is *normal*, then it's a question of convenience, shaving habits and personal likes. Do you like a brush, or not?

Send for my "Skin-Tester Kit"

"For those men who really want to find out what type of shave suits them best, I've made up a 'Skin-Tester Kit'—containing good-size tubes of both Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless. Use up both. Then decide for yourself.

"In the 'Skin-Tester Kit' I've also included trial sizes of Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer and a new Mennen Double-edge Blade. I'm offering you this kit for only 10c! But please send for it only if you will make the test. No professional sample hounds wanted!"

AFTER THE SHAVE

Mennen Skin Bracer—a new tingling tonic. Has a subtle odor that's 100% masculine—yet girls go for it!

Mennen Talcum for Men—the man's powder. Doesn't show. Kills "face shine!"

MENNEN

2 types: LATHER SHAVE and brushless SHAVE

MENNEN
FOR MEN
MENNEN LATHER SHAVE
MENNEN Brushless
Double-edge MENNEN blades

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen double-edge blade." Send coupon with 10¢ in coin to The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-24.

....

....

"Snow-white! BUT WILL IT STAY THAT WAY?"
"Certainly! IT'S LIFETIME PORCELAIN . . . INSIDE AND OUT . . .

Ours is a Frigidaire '34"

Swing wide the door of a Super Series Frigidaire '34. Pass your hand over the smooth, seamless, snow-white surfaces of its big interior, and beautiful exterior... sparkling, Lifetime Porcelain-on-steel!

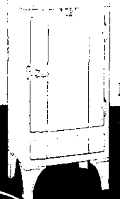
Now look at the freezing unit—Frigidaire's newest development. The "Super Freezer" we call it, because it offers a combination of advantages not to be found in any other one make of refrigerator!

Notice that it is suspended in the *center* instead of off to one side. There's room on *both* sides of the freezing unit for a whole case of tall bottles. Also, this central location of the Super Freezer helps keep the entire food compartment of the Frigidaire '34 *uniformly cold!*

And, this Super Freezer has automatic ice tray release—as well as automatic reset defrosting... a switch that turns *itself* on when defrosting is completed!

Since the introduction of the Frigidaire '34, we have sold more household Frigidaires than in any other similar period. Think of it! There are now in use a million and a quarter *more* Frigidaires than any other automatic refrigerator!

Better go in and *see* this finest-of-all-Frigidaires for yourself. You'll find the address under "Refrigeration, Electric" in your local classified telephone directory.



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HERE IS A FRIGIDAIRE THAT USES LESS CURRENT THAN ONE ORDINARY LAMP BULB—LESS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE OF REFRIGERATOR

The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 13

Fawley accepted the card, tore it in two and flung the pieces from him.

"It is time the world had finished with such theatrical trash," he observed calmly. "I happen to have earned the right to refuse to fight with anyone, as you can see for yourself if you consult an American Army list. In the meantime I suggest that you allow me to take the princess to her table and I will return to discuss the matter with you."

Elida passed her hand through his arm. She knew most of these men who had entered and she was very determined that Fawley should leave with her.

"Since you have reminded me of our relationship," she said, turning towards the man who had first addressed her, "let me beg you, for the sake of your name, to avoid anything like a brawl. Major Fawley is a distinguished guest and I believe a well-wisher of your country."

The music outside was still silent but there was a curious shuffling of feet upon the dancing floor. The main curtain was abruptly thrown back, a party of the young men who had followed Behrling into the restaurant made their appearance. They entered quietly without any sign or word of menace, but they were a formidable-looking body as they ranged themselves around the bar. By some maneuver, or it may have been by chance, they spread themselves out between Elida and her angry relative. In dead silence, although to the accompaniment of a cloud of evil looks, Fawley and his companion passed out of the room.

ALMOST before they had stepped onto the dancing floor the shock came. There was the sound of a shrill, penetrating whistle from a distant corner, two sharp revolver shots and within another second the whole room was enveloped in darkness. For a moment or two the music continued, the dancers swayed into one another, a moving phalanx of half-laughing, half-terrified humanity, groping their way through the perfumed obscurity. Then a woman's hysterical cry following those two reports struck a note of fear. Somewhere in the middle of the floor a woman fainted, calling out wildly as she collapsed. . . . A powerful hand gripped Fawley's arm, a man's voice whispered in his ear:

"I lead you. Hold my wrist and the princess."

Fawley for a moment hesitated. It was obvious that there was some sort of trouble on hand. Elida whispered in his ear:

"It is Gustaf who speaks. Do anything he says."

Behind them in the darkness was the sound of something which was like a concerted movement—the steady shuffling of purposeful feet. From the corner near where they had been seated and in the vicinity of which the two shots had been fired they could hear the low moaning of a wounded man. Someone on the dancing floor struck a match and thrust the tiny flame almost into the faces of the man and woman by his side, only to blow it out quickly as though he realized that the two were not the people whom he sought.

Fawley hesitated no longer. With his arm still around Elida he suffered himself to be led between the tables toward the side exit and down a passage leading into the street. Underneath the flare of an electric standard a line of cars was ranged along the curb. Gustaf opened the door of one and literally pushed them inside. The car moved off at once. A familiar voice greeted them from the corner.

"My dear Princess and Major Fawley, I owe you the most profound apologies. Gustaf is in despair. His restaurant has practically been seized by the members of a political party who would be delighted to involve me in a scandal—or worse."

"We heard shots," Fawley remarked.

"They were meant for me," Behrling said grimly. "Gustaf had a secret message and he hurried me off. It is not for myself I fear. It is for the cause."

"Who was responsible for putting out the lights?" Elida asked.

"An asinine crowd of young bloods," Behrling replied contemptuously, "all blindly following that middle-aged roué. As a matter of fact, it was the best thing that could happen for us. Gustaf was able the easier to maneuver our departure. By the bye, Fawley, if this is going to be the bad night that they threatened us with, what about putting you down at your embassy?"

Fawley shook his head.

"Sorry," he regretted. "For the moment I am not engaged in my country's interests. I can claim no privileges."

"You are not by any chance in disgrace with your own people?" Behrling asked curiously.

"Not in the least," Fawley assured him. "I simply asked for a job, found there was nothing doing and took on a mission of observation for a friendly power."

Behrling nodded.

"What happened in the bar?" he asked abruptly.

"Nothing really happened," Fawley replied with a smile. "Nothing except threats, that is to say. A gentleman of the student type offered me his card and reminded me of the ancient institution of dueling."

"What did you do with it?"

"He tore it up," Elida intervened.

Behrling nodded approval.

"In the new Germany," he muttered, "there will be no duels. The blood of every citizen will be needed for the nation."

"You think that there will be war?" Fawley asked.

Behrling peered curiously through the obscurity of the vehicle.

"Is that not already determined upon? There may be war and unless Berati makes the one unpardonable mistake the map of Europe will be altered. I have no more to say. Here is your destination. You have made me no promises, Major Fawley. You have spoken no word of approval. You have given me no hint as to where your sympathies lie. Yet I have a feeling of satisfaction. I am glad that we have met."

He shook hands warmly. Fawley turned to make his adieus to Elida. She too, however, was preparing to descend.

"I am staying with my aunt, who has a suite here," she explained.

Behrling leaned forward from his corner.

"Before we meet again, Major Fawley," he prophesied, "there will be a great change in this city—in this country. You are here now in these terrifying moments before the storm when the air is sulphurous and overcharged with the thunders to come. You will find us a saner country when you return."

THERE was the sound of music and many voices as they arrived on the fourth floor. At the end of the corridor was a vision of bowing servants and, beyond, rooms banked with flowers and waving palms. Elida gave one look and stepped swiftly back into the lift.

"I cannot bear it," she told Fawley. "My aunt receives her political friends on Thursday evenings and tonight they are there in force. I can hear their voices even here. They will tear themselves to pieces before they have finished. There must be, it seems, a hundred different ways of saving Germany and every one of my aunt's friends has hold of a different plan. Let me come and sit with you for a few minutes. I heard the waiter say that he had placed a note in your salon, so I feel that I may come without compromising you."

"By all means," Fawley assented. "My sitting-room is not much, but from the window one has at least a fine view of the city. Come with the greatest pleasure, but," he went on, as they stepped out of the lift and he fitted the key in the door of his suite, "do let us leave politics alone for a time. My sympathies are of no use to anyone. I cannot turn them into action."

She sighed as she followed him into the room and allowed her cloak to slip from her shoulders.

"It is too bad," she lamented, "because there was never a time in her history when Germany more needed the understanding of intelligent Anglo-Saxons. So this is where you live?"

He smiled.

"For a few hours longer," he reminded her. "I am off tomorrow."

"To Rome?"

He remained silent for a moment.

"In these days of long-distance telephones and wireless a poor government messenger never knows where he will be sent."

He picked up the dispatch which lay upon the table and, after a questioning glance towards her, opened it. He read it carefully, then tore it into small pieces.

"Your plans are changed?" she asked.

"Only confirmed," he answered. "Come and sit before the window and look down at this beautiful city. We have an idea in America, you know, or rather we used to have when I was interested in politics, that in order to bring about a state of bankruptcy in Berlin the people beautified their city, built new boulevards, new public buildings, and then failed to pay the interest on their loans!"

"It is probably true," Elida assented. "That was all before I took any interest in this part of the world. Today Germany is on her feet again, her hands are uplifted, she is feeling for the air. She is trying to drag down from the heavens the things that belong to her. Germany has a great future, you know, Major Fawley."

"No one doubts that," he replied.

SHE looked around the room curiously and last of all at him, at his drawn but wholesome-looking face, his deep-set visionary eyes, his air of immense self-control. She took note of all the other things which appeal to a woman, the little wave in his hair brushed back by the ears, the humorous lines about his firm mouth. He possessed to the fullest extent the distinction of the class to which they both belonged.

"Do you mind if I become very personal for a few moments?" she asked abruptly.

"So long as you do not find too much fault with me."

"The men in the Secret Service whom I have come across," she began, "our Italian Secret Service I mean, of course, and the French, travel under false names, generally assuming a different status to their real one. They travel with little luggage, they stay in weird hotels in streets that no one ever heard of, and life for them seems to be filled with a desire to escape from their own personalities. Here are you staying in the best-known hotel in Berlin under your own name, wearing the clothes and using the speech of your order. There on your writing table is your dressing-case fitted with an ordinary lock and with your name in full stamped upon it. I begin to think that you must be a fraud. I should not be surprised to find that your proper name even was inscribed in the hotel register."

"Guilty to everything," he confessed, pushing his chair a little nearer to hers and closer to the window. "But then you must remember that the Secret Service of the old order has gone out. The memoirs writer and the novelist have given away our fireworks. We are only subtle now by being terribly and painfully obvious."

"You may be speaking the truth," she murmured, "but it seems to me that it must be a dangerous experiment. I could recall to myself the names of at least a dozen people who know that a Major Fawley is here on behalf of a certain branch of the Italian government to see for himself and report upon the situation. It would be worth the while of more than one of them to make sure that you never returned to Rome."

"There are certain risks to be run, of course," he admitted. "The only point is that I came to the conclusion some years ago that one runs them in a more dignified fashion and with just as much chance of success by abandoning the old methods."

SHE sat perfectly silent for some time. They were both looking downwards at the thronged and brilliantly lit streets, the surging masses of human beings, listening to the hoarse mutterings of voices punctuated sometimes with the shouting of excited pedestrians. There was a certain tenseness underneath it all. The trampling of feet upon the pavement was like the breaking of an incoming tide. One had the idea of mighty forces straining at a yielding leash. Elida swung suddenly round.

"You play the game of frankness wonderfully," she said bitterly, "but there are times when you fall down."

"As for instance?"

"When you make inquiries of the concierge about the air services to Rome. When you send for a time-table to compare the trains and when you slip into the side entrance at Cook's in the twilight an hour or so later and take your ticket for England!"

"You have had me followed?" he asked.

"It has been necessary," she told him. "What has England to do with your report to Berati?"

His eyes seemed to be watching the black mass of people below but he smiled reflectively.

"What an advertisement this last *coup* of yours is for the open methods of diplomacy," he observed. "Would it surprise you very much to know that I can take the night plane to Croydon, catch the International Airways to Rome and be there a little more quickly than any way I have discovered yet of sailing over the Alps?"

"Will you turn your head and look at me, please?"

He obeyed at once.

"You are not going to London then?" she persisted. "Berati has abandoned that old idea of his of seeking English sympathies?"

Fawley rose to his feet and Elida's heart sank. She knew very well that during the last few minutes, ever since, in fact, she had confessed to her surveillance over him, she had lost everything she had striven so hard to gain. Her bid for his supreme confidence had failed. Before she actually realized

(Continued on page 50)

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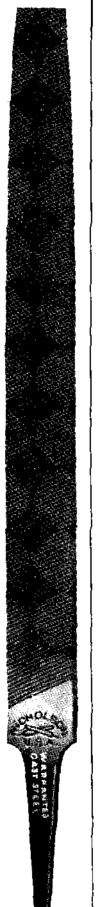

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(Continued from page 49)

what had happened she was moving toward the door. He was speaking meaningless words, his tone, his expression had changed. All the humanity seemed to have left his face. Even the admiration which had gleamed more than once in his eyes and the memory of which she had treasured all the evening had become the admiration of a man for an attractive doll.

"You are under your own roof," he remarked, as he opened the door. "You will forgive me if I do not offer to conduct you to your aunt's apartment?"

He bent over her cold fingers.

"Why are you angry with me?" she asked passionately.

He looked at her with a gleam of sadness in his eyes, the knob of the door in his hand.

"My dear Elida," he expostulated, "you know very well that the only feeling I dare permit myself to have for you is one of sincere admiration."

HIS Excellency the Marchese Marius di Vasena, ambassador from Italy to the Court of St. James', threw himself back in his chair and held out his hands to his unexpected visitor with a gesture of astonishment. He waved his secretary away. It had really been a very anxious week and this was a form of relaxation which appealed to him.

"Elida!" he exclaimed, embracing his favorite niece. "What on earth does this mean?"

She laughed—a soft rippling effort of mirth.

"I am always happy to see you, my dear uncle, that you know," she assured him. "That is why I was so unhappy when you were given London. Yesterday, however, a great desire swept over me."

"And that was?"

"To attend the American ambassador's dance tonight at Dorrington House. I simply could not resist it. Aunt will not mind. You are going to be good-natured and take me—yes?"

The smile faded from the ambassador's face.

"I suppose that can easily be arranged," he admitted. "It will not be a very gay affair, though. In diplomatic circles it is rather our closed season."

Elida—she was certainly a very privileged niece—leaned forward and drew out one of the drawers of her uncle's handsome writing table. She helped herself to a package of cigarettes and lit one.

"Yet they tell me," she confided, "I heard it even in Monte Carlo, that just now England or Washington—no one is certain which—perhaps both, are busy forging thunderbolts."

"No news of it has come my way," the ambassador declared with a benevolent smile. "If one were ever inclined to give credence to absurd rumors one would rather look nearer home for trouble."

She made a little grimace at him.

"You have always been inclined to make fun of me, have you not, since I became a serious woman?"

The marchese assumed an austere air and tone.

"I do not make fun of you," he assured her. "If I am not too happy to see you wrapped up in things which should be left to your elders it is because there is no excitement without danger and it was not intended that a young woman so highly placed, so beautiful as you, should court danger."

"Me—court danger?" she exclaimed with wide-open eyes.

The ambassador's gesture dismissed her protest with a shade of impatience.

"You have the misfortune, my dear niece," he continued, "to be by birth and education an amazing example of modern cosmopolitanism. I am going to take the privilege of a near relative and an elderly man, who has at any rate won his spurs in diplomacy, to give you a word of advice. There is no place today, no seemly and dignified place, for women in the underground galleries of diplomacy. Spies there must always be and always have been. Cocottes have generally been the most successful, but I need not remind you of their inevitable fate. The profession is not elastic enough to include members of the great families of Europe."

There was a brief silence. A puff of wind stole into the room through the open windows, bent the lilac blossoms in their vases and wafted their perfume into the farther recesses of the stately apartment. A Louis XVI clock of blue and gold inlay chimed the hour merrily. Elida moved uneasily in her chair. No one in the world had ever spoken to her like this.

"What have you been hearing about me?" she asked.

The ambassador shrugged his shoulders.

"One hears," he murmured. "One does not necessarily listen. Now, if you take my advice you will present yourself to your aunt. She is resting for a time in her rooms and taking a new face treatment from some New York wizard. She will like to know that you are here. By the bye, we dine at home—only one or two very dull people—and we leave for Dorrington House at ten-thirty."

She gave his arm a gentle squeeze and kissed his forehead.

"I have sent my maid to see which are my rooms," she said. "As soon as I have had a bath I will present myself. Perhaps Aunt Thérèse will hand over the new treatment to me. A dignified and unadorned middle-age is all the mode nowadays."

"You go and tell her so," her uncle remarked with a smile.

THE marchese suffered from a fit of unusual restlessness after the departure of his favorite niece. He left his chair and paced the room, his hands behind his back, an anxious frown upon his forehead. He was an exceedingly handsome man of the best Italian type but he seemed during the last few months to have grown older. The lines in his face were deeper, his forehead was furrowed, he had even acquired a slight stoop. He was a conscientious politician and withal an astute one. There were certain features of the present situation which filled him with uneasiness. He took up the house telephone and spoke in rapid Italian. In a few minutes a quietly dressed young man presented himself. He carried a locked volume under his arm. The ambassador summoned a servant.

"Close all the windows," he ordered. "See that I am not disturbed until I ring the bell."

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The man obeyed with the swiftness of the well-trained Italian. The ambassador reseated himself at his desk. He took a key from his chain and unlocked the volume.

"The Princess Elida has arrived, Ottavio," he confided.

The young man assented.

"So I understood, Your Excellency."

The ambassador turned over the pages of the volume which he had opened and paused at a closely written sheet.

"A fortnight ago," he continued quietly, "my niece was in Berlin. I see your reports are all unanimous. She appears to have deserted von Salzenburg and to have left the prince behind her in Monaco."

"That is true, Your Excellency."

"She spent much of her time with Behrling and with an American who is reported to be in the service of Berati."

"I can vouch for the truth of that, Your Excellency."

"The American arrived unexpectedly in London a few days ago," the ambassador went on. "You brought me word of his coming, although he has not presented himself here. Perhaps that is policy. Do you know what he had been doing in the capital?"

"It is possible to ascertain, Your Excellency. His movements did not come within the scope of my observations."

The ambassador nodded. He read through another page, then he carefully locked up the volume and returned it.

"It would appear," he remarked, "that my niece's sympathies, at any rate, have been transferred to Behrling. One might consider her almost an opportunist."

"Behrling today," the young man said firmly, "is the master of Germany."

"That will do, Ottavio," the ambassador said. "I should like, during the next few days, to have an interview arranged with the American ambassador."

"The matter shall be attended to, Excellency. In the meantime I am charged with a somewhat serious communication from the Captain Varzi, Commander Borzacchini and Air Pilot Nuvolari. They desire to know whether they may pay their respects or whether it would be better for them to take leave of absence without announcement."

Again there was silence. The marchese looked up wearily. He seemed suddenly conscious of the gloom of the apartment, with its drawn curtains and closed windows.

"It was a message by wireless a few hours ago, Excellency. They would wish, subject to your permission, to attend the ball at Dorrington House tonight and to leave separately before morning."

"I have no jurisdiction," the marchese pronounced. "They must obey such orders as they have received. Have you any further information?"

"None, Your Excellency, except a hint that the urgency is not so great as might seem. About the middle of next week, perhaps, we may expect official news. Is it permitted to ask Your Excellency a question?"

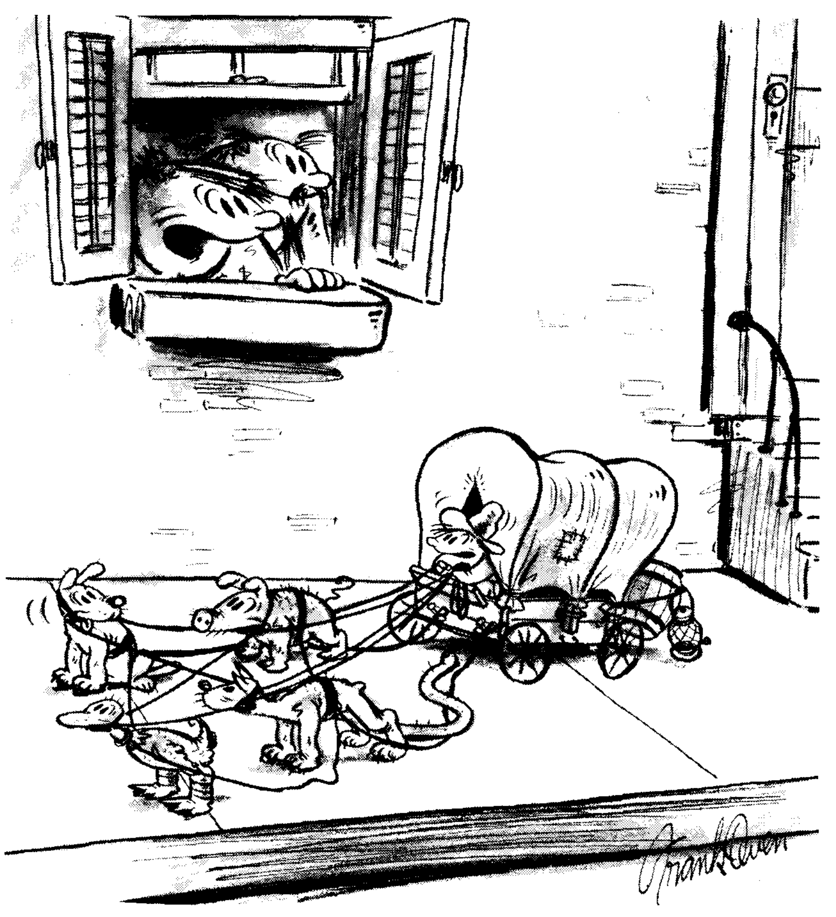
"With the proviso that he answers it only if he feels inclined to," was the weary reply.

"THE Department has received a very cautiously worded inquiry as to this American, Major Martin Fawley," the young man confided. "It seems that he has been in Rome and on the French Riviera, from which one understands that he had to make a precipitate departure. Then he turned up in Berlin and, if our information is correct, Excellency, he was seen once or twice with Her Highness the Princess Elida. We have been asked quite unofficially whether we can give any information as to the nature of his activities."

"Well, you know the answer well enough," the marchese replied irritably. "I have no knowledge of Major Fawley. Of my niece's acquaintances or companions I naturally can keep no count. If he is a suspected person I regret her association with him, otherwise there is nothing to be said."

The young man took silent and respectful leave of his chief. The ambassador, who was a very much worried man, lit a cigarette and studied the neatly typed list of his engagements for the next few days with a groan.

(To be continued next week)



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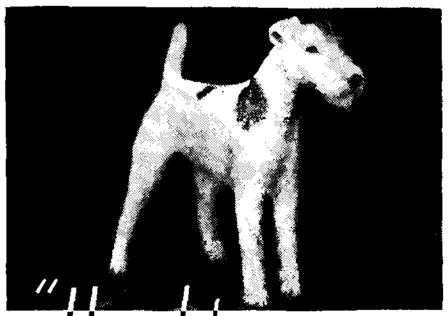

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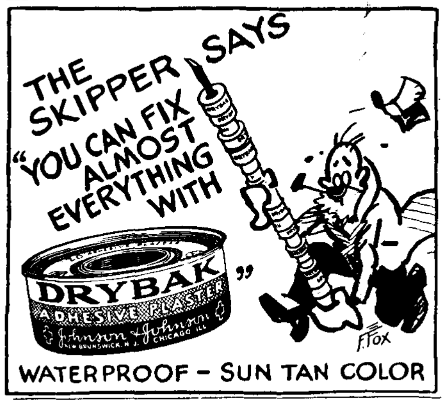

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Between Enemies

Continued from page 15

with a touch of dryness. "I believe I told you it was up to her."

"She seems to take it as a joke," said Captain Stewart bitterly. "I asked her again if she'd marry me when we were in Rosario. I've been in love with her a long time, sir."

"Well, women are queer," observed Mr. Madrone, unconsciously repeating the mate's remark of a little earlier. "Give her a while. She's still young."

"Yes," agreed the captain bitterly. "She's still young."

WHEN he left the captain's cabin Jerry Owens found the head of the companion leading to the main deck blocked by a vision in white that smelled of violets and other indefinite but very disturbing things. His annoyance immediately returned.

"Mr. Owens," said Miss Esther Madrone (and she had, when she wished, a voice that would move a stone image), "Mr. Owens. You *must* forgive me. I want to apologize for being so rude this morning."

Jerry frowned.

"That's all right, miss," he said stiffly. "It's all in the day's work."

"That's very charming of you to put it that way," she murmured. "But I still thank you. You're going ashore with us tonight, aren't you? Father thought it would be the least we could do to have you as our guest."

A dark suspicion shot through Jerry's mind.

"Did you," he demanded, "put that idea in your father's head?"

"I?"

"Well, it's a funny idea," he said, scowling.

"Well, then, I did," she laughed. "I wanted to make up for my treating you so. You're not angry, are you? I'm really interested. Mr. Tremont was telling me the way you've been studying and I thought perhaps I could help."

He stared at her, hard-eyed and resentful.

"You always get what you want, don't you?" he said bitterly. "Just like that!" He snapped his fingers.

"That wasn't very nice," she said, and all unbidden the blood rushed into her cheeks. No, it wasn't very nice. And then abruptly, when she laid a small white hand on his arm, something turned completely over inside him.

"I . . . I didn't mean that," he choked lamely, and quite unaware of what he was saying. "I'm really sorry."

She nodded gravely and moved aside to let him pass.

"On the dock then, in half an hour."

"OWENS," snapped Captain Stewart many days later. It was early afternoon on the deserted boat deck, with a keen wind blowing and the purple sea covered with whitecaps beneath a cloud-spotted sky. Jerry was looking at a splice one of the A. B.'s had just finished and it was not until the light dazzled back from the captain's whites that he was aware he was being spoken to.

"Owens!" barked the captain. "You're a clever boy, a very clever boy. Too damned clever. And you're getting out of your depth."

Jerry straightened from the splice and stared at the captain.

"I don't get it, sir."

"You don't get it?" echoed Captain Stewart, his face white with passion. "I'm talking about Miss Madrone. I saw you ashore with her in Rio after she'd told her father she felt too tired to go with him. I saw you ashore in Santos. That's a presumption on the kindness of decent people who came down to your level for one evening in Montevideo."

Jerry went a little white himself.

"I don't see it's any of your business what I do when I'm off duty, sir," he said, an edge to his voice.

"It's my business when fo'c's'le hands start fooling with the passengers, especially when the passenger in question happens to be the daughter of the Line's general manager. I wonder you don't invite yourself into the saloon for dinner!"

"I still don't get it," Jerry insisted. "Miss Madrone is old enough to know what she's doing, and she certainly isn't answerable to you. Nor am I, off duty and ashore."

"I'm talking to you and about you, not her," shouted the captain, madness in his eyes. "As a matter of fact, Miss Madrone and myself are practically engaged. You stay away from her or there'll be trouble, damned big trouble. How would you like me to tell Mr. Madrone you'd been pawing and kissing his daughter?"

Even as he hit the captain Jerry knew he had made a ghastly mistake. A master mariner, on his own vessel, on the high seas, lying on his boat deck holding his jaw and with his bosun standing over him was something to make the gods shudder. Jerry nursed his bruised knuckles and had wild visions of standing trial. This was serious. But he'd gone far enough now to go further.

"You talk to me like that again and you'll get some more," he said, thin-lipped. "Now go and tell Mr. Madrone. I don't give a damn! I'm in love with Esther and you're a liar when you say you're as good as engaged. She hates the sight of you!"

CAPTAIN STEWART got up, ominously calm.

"That finishes you, Owens," he said, and turned away.

"I guess I'm through, all right," Jerry told Esther that night when they met in the darkness on deck.

"Darling," she cried, and kissed him. "I'll tell Father everything. He'll . . ."

"No!" He put a hand over her lips and she kissed that too. She was very different from the spoiled and selfish young girl who had almost been killed by the breaking shackle. She was terribly in love. She had never even dreamed she could be so much in love.

"Yes!" she stormed, freeing her lips. "Father is so much more important than that horrible man. I *will* tell him."

"No!" he snapped, so savagely she was startled. "This is my fight and I'll see it through myself. I don't want any help like that."

She recognized the old fierce and stubborn independence in him again, and she loved him the more for it. And then the both of them forgot all trouble for a long time.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," said Mr. Madrone's dry voice about half an hour later. A flashlight blazed briefly upon them and went out again. "I understood I'd probably find you here."

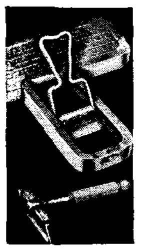
There was a small, tight silence.

"Captain Stewart told you," accused Esther. She added with bitterness, "And he's supposed to be in love with me." Jerry said nothing. There was nothing he could say.

"I think you'd better go for'ard," observed Mr. Madrone. "You'll hear more of this in the morning, Owens."

"Very well, sir," Jerry agreed. He felt Esther's cool fingers press his hand reassuringly but he knew there was no

SMART



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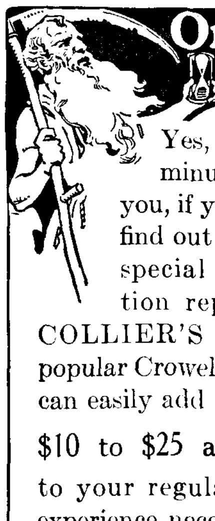

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hope. Bosuns do not marry the daughters of general managers. It was unthinkable. Mr. Madrone pointed out that very same fact in the privacy of his stateroom.

"You must be insane, Esther," he said seriously, "to carry a flirtation—"

"But it isn't just a flirtation," she protested. "Not now! I love him. I'm going to marry him."

"This is just the result of a long voyage," he said doubtfully. "Monotony, that's all. When you get home you'll see how impossible it is. Don't you realize he's only a common sailor?"

"He'll be an officer soon."

"I doubt it now. But supposing he is. You can't get married on a third mate's pay. And he'll be a third mate for a long time."

"I've thought of all that."

"And you'll still marry him?"

"I'll never marry anyone else. I tell you I love him!"

She dropped, crying, on the bunk and her father stared at her for a very long time. This wasn't the girl he thought he had known. Something quite different. Something very real. He lighted his cigar with a hand that shook a little and he came to a slow decision.

"Let's put things off until we're home," he begged. "We can look at them with a different perspective then. The whole business has got Stewart so crazy jealous he'll ruin Owens' sea career, that's certain. Maybe the young man can find something ashore. I don't know. But let that wait. If you still want him when we've been home awhile . . . Well, we'll talk it over again." He paused a moment, smoking nervously. He wanted to be fair. "Owens is a promising boy. I think he's got the real stuff. And I'm sure he'll listen to reason."

"I don't want him to listen to reason!"

"There, there," he soothed. "I won't say a word to him then. And maybe I can calm Stewart down, though it's against my policy to interfere between the captains and their men. But maybe something will turn up to solve the whole problem."

MR. TREMONT knocked on the door of Jerry's room two days later.

"The usual thing, bosun," he said. "Boat drill. The siren goes in ten minutes."

Jerry slid from his bunk and reached for his jacket. He looked thinner, grimmer even, and there was an unaccustomed somberness about his blue eyes. He would have felt better if something drastic had happened after the events of two days previously, but nothing had.

"I don't see the sense of this boat drill," he observed sourly.

"No more do I," assented the mate, lighting his pipe and leaning against the wash-basin. "The old man just likes to show off. Leading a parade of boats around the harbor. If he wants real practice he ought to try it at sea."

The Cardiff City had just come to port, her last port of call before home, and it was Captain Stewart's practice each voyage to have a more thorough boat drill there than was usually possible at sea.

"The boat gear's all right?" asked the mate casually. Jerry stared at him, for there was something in the mate's tone that implied things.

"I looked them all over last week, sir," he said. "And we had the boats out in Rio, if you remember. Everything's O. K."

The mate nodded.

"It'd be awkward if we had another accident like that shackle affair, Owens. The old man's just waiting to hang something on you."

"Meaning what?"

The mate shrugged.

"Oh, nothing. I'm not sure. But I'd take a quick look around at the gear before the drill. Especially the poop boats."

Jerry looked at him for a long time, but the mate stared at the white-scrubbed cabin deck and seemed plunged in thought. It was obvious he had nothing further to say on that particular subject. Jerry frowned and jammed his peaked cap on his head.

"Well, we'd better be going then, sir."

The mate inspected the bowl of his pipe and nodded, but made no move to go.

"You're in a pretty bad mess with Miss Madrone," he observed.

Jerry did not reply.

"I think," said the mate, "you ought to forget the girl."

"You've never been in love."

"No?" The mate smiled faintly. "But I don't want to see you ruin your career. I think the old man would let everything slide, and even help you along, if you stepped out of the picture. He told me this morning you struck him on the boat deck. That can be made a serious charge, you know. Even if there were no witnesses."

"The old man," said Jerry grimly, "can go to hell!"

The mate sighed and straightened, reaching for the door.

"I was afraid of that. Well, in half an hour then."

"In half an hour, sir," Jerry agreed, and they went on deck together to prepare for the boat drill.

THE drill itself was all a matter of routine and there was little or no danger connected with it. The third mate's boat got away, and then the mate's. The captain's boat, on the bridge deck, was swung out and waiting for the second mate's, which was on the poop. Jerry was with Captain Stewart, the chief steward, Mr. Madrone and four able seamen.

"Well!" snapped Captain Stewart. "What's the idiot waiting for?"

He seemed nervous, walking up and down jerkily and occasionally stopping to glare at the poop. Once the second mate's boat was in the water his own would be lowered and the solemn procession round the harbor would commence.

"He's all ready, sir," said Jerry shortly as he saw the second mate lift his hand. The captain halted and watched, little muscles twitching at the corners of his lips. Four of the second mate's men were clambering into the boat, and then abruptly there came a strained cracking sound and the for'ard fall stretched, unraveled and snapped. One end of the heavy lifeboat dropped, pitching the four men into the water, while the boat's wooden hull slammed and splintered against the Cardiff City's steel side.

"Good heavens!" choked Mr. Madrone. "Those men will be drowned." But the mate's boat was already pulling for the swimmers. Captain Stewart drew a deep breath.

"Well, bosun," he said thinly, "that's the second little accident this voyage. Someone might have been killed."

Jerry stared at him, his face white.

"I don't understand it, sir. We rove all new falls only two voyages back and I inspected them myself just before drill."

"So it seems," said the captain dryly. "What sort of an officer you'd make, God knows. But you're finished as bosun on my ship. I'll attend to you later."

THERE was a gathering in the captain's cabin after the drill. The general manager and his daughter sat on the settee, Esther having insisted on being present despite the opposition of both her father and Captain Stewart.

(Continued on page 54)

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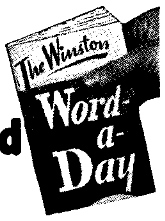

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(Continued from page 53)

Captain Stewart himself was at his desk, grim-faced and with a barely hidden note of triumph in his voice. Jerry stood to one side of the desk.

"Where the devil's Tremont?" the captain wanted to know. "Well, it doesn't matter. The mate's responsible for the ship's gear but in practice the bosun attends to it. It's very obvious you're either unlucky or careless, Owens. I think the latter. So I'm disrating you to ordinary seaman."

"It wasn't my fault that fall gave way, sir," said Jerry doggedly. "I tell you the rope was sound. It looked good for several more voyages."

"Well, it broke, didn't it? You're supposed to see falls don't break when they're needed. What's going to break next?"

"Is it necessary to do anything drastic?" put in Mr. Madrone uncertainly. He did not like to interfere in such a matter. "After all, no one was hurt and you know Owens expects to go up for his ticket."

"He's not fit to hold one," the captain snapped. "And I might say this little affair is only a culmination of several, including a matter of striking me."

"You know what that was over?" cried Esther. She jumped up, her eyes blazing. "You're just a jealous beast!"

"Now, now," said Mr. Madrone.

"I'm sorry, Miss Esther," the captain soothed her, reddening. "You know I'd do anything for you. But this is a matter of discipline. The crew would take charge of the whole ship if I let one man ride over me."

THE cabin door opened and Mr. Tremont came in. He looked around for a moment, then took off his peaked cap.

"I'm disrating Owens, Mr. Tremont," the captain snapped. "I know he's a pet of yours but that can't be helped."

Mr. Tremont nodded and cleared his throat.

"I take it that broken fall is the reason, sir?"

"Just one of them. And we'll make a note of inefficiency on the young man's discharge."

Mr. Tremont cleared his throat again. "I dislike having to say what I must," he began. "An officer's duty is to uphold the captain. But I can't stand by and see Owens' future wiped out."

Captain Stewart stared at him impatiently.

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"Well, last night, or rather this morning about three o'clock, while we were still at sea, it so happened I couldn't sleep and came on deck for a breath of air. I saw you going aft, sir."

Captain Stewart grew a little pale.

"Is there anything to prevent a master going aft on his own ship?"

"But at three in the morning, sir, I thought it a little odd."

"So you followed me?" inquired the captain in a strained voice.

"Not exactly, sir. I thought I'd meet you coming back and have a talk about one thing and another. But you didn't come back for such a long time I finally went aft. You were on the poop deck then doing something near the boats. I couldn't make out what."

There was a complete silence with every eye on the captain. He held himself in control though, and laughed.

"Nonsense!" he said. "I never touched anything about the boats. What are you trying to imply?"

Mr. Tremont looked at Jerry and then at Mr. Madrone.

"The for'ard fall of the port boat, the fall that broke, was very carefully cut more than half through. Someone had opened the strands and cut just the insides so that when they were twisted together again the rope would look sound. The fall could stand the strain of the boat, but not when the men got into it."

Captain Stewart jumped to his feet.

"You're a damned liar!" he blazed. "I never touched the falls. That's a serious charge, Tremont, and you'll have to prove it."

"A very serious charge," Mr. Madrone agreed, and he looked keenly at the captain. Mr. Tremont nodded.

"I know I'm risking my berth. But the fact remains. I suspected something was wrong but everything looked right. I've just finished a more careful examination. Whoever cut the fall that broke also cut the fall of the boat opposite. You see, he *couldn't know* which side of the ship would be against the dock when we got here, so he had to make sure of both boats, since we could only use the one on the clear side of the ship. It was a clever piece of work."

Captain Stewart went ashen and looked around.

"Supposing what he says is true, there's nothing to connect me with such a thing. Why should I wreck gear on my own ship?"

"I saw you on the poop at three in the morning," said Mr. Tremont calmly.

"And," added Mr. Madrone, "you don't like the bosun." He paused, smiled. "I think maybe you'd better write the office and ask for a vacation."

Captain Stewart stood rigid for a moment and madness blazed in his eyes.

"I get it," he shouted. "You want to get rid of me! Damn you! Well, you can have my resignation whenever you wish it. And go to hell!"

He went into his inner cabin and slammed the door with a vicious bang, laughing hysterically. Mr. Madrone looked at his daughter and then at an open-mouthed Jerry.

"You'd better carry on, Owens," he said. "And let all this go no further. Come and see me when you're ready for a third mate's berth." He took Mr. Tremont by the arm and guided him out on deck.

"Jerry, dear!" cried Esther. "Oh, Jerry!"

"It's all beyond me," grumbled Jerry. "The old man must be crazy. Can you imagine? . . . Do you love me still?"

"Silly. We're going to be married when we get home."

"But your father. . . ."

"Father has nothing whatever to say about it. I told him so. And I don't care. . . . Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"I don't like this business of you and your father settling things," he said stormily. "I can stand on my own feet and when I want to get married . . ."

"Hush! You've got nothing to say about that either. Now, kiss me!"

"I don't like," Jerry began obstinately but his mouth was stopped then and he forgot what it was he didn't like.

MR. MADRONE looked very unhappy out on deck, and he sighed as fragments of conversation and other strange sounds drifted from the open cabin ports. Well, he'd have to put up with it, he supposed.

"Unless I miss a guess," he told the mate, "Captain Stewart will leave the ship at this port. He's not only a little unhinged, I think, but he's badly scared. Knows now he went too far. Men might have been killed when that boat fell. I'm a bit sorry for him, though. Good man in many ways. But when he's in love . . . you understand . . . a man does a lot of queer things. Never mind. You'll take the Cardiff City."

"And Owens for third mate if he passes, sir," suggested Mr. Tremont. "I've put in a lot of time over that boy."

"Yes, you better keep an eye on him," Mr. Madrone agreed resignedly. "I fancy I'll be seeing a lot of him on and off. At least, so my daughter tells me. Women are the devil!"

Rum, Romance and Riches

Continued from page 9

demonstrable answer to President Hoover's "poorhouse" label—picked it up, shortly after the change of administrations, and applied the New Deal to it until there was evolved a "revolutionary scheme," which means one thing when the opposition says it; and quite another thing when you say it.

In no other place, either on the mainland or elsewhere in our colonies, does the New Deal seek more startlingly intimate expression. Profit-sharing, long known to the better private corporations in the United States, is to have a public trial. It may be that these little tropical islands will thrust the spearhead for a drastic social change the world over. It may be that even Russia, after sixteen years' experience, will be able to get a lesson in Communism from American idealists with no experience. It may be the experiment will fail; and the islands will go back on the Treasury dole list, to the extent of half a million dollars a year; therein lies the practical interest for you and every other taxpayer, who have been sharing that burden since 1917. The most extraordinary feature of the plan is not the hope to make the islands self-supporting, but the determination to direct whatever profits there may be toward the welfare of the workers and their families and into their pockets as bonuses.

The rehabilitation program as originally laid down had scant chance of success because it counted upon bygones; if there had been no change in Washington, you and I would have continued to pay for the islands. Repeal breached the dubious clouds, and rum enlisted with the humanitarians. Ordinary rum would not have been much help. There is an overproduction of rum in the West Indies, from Demerara to Jamaica. Concurrently, there has been a gradual increase in world temperance, which seems quite independent of local prohibition laws, and a general inclination toward lighter and drier liquors. In 1931, when Hoover's critics blamed prohibition for the woes of the Virgins, there were in the non-American islands around the Caribbean hundreds of thousands of gallons of rum which buyers might have had for as low as 25 cents a gallon. Cuba virtually alone supplied enough rum for the American bootleg market.

Rum That Will Work Wonders

Cruzan rum—Old St. Croix rum—most famous of all rums, is a different matter: the shapers of the islands' destiny saw in a new rising of the great reputation of Cruzan rum a star that would pull their wagon. Once a million gallons a year had flowed to the bars of the earth from the port of St. Thomas; but this business had gone down with the general decline of the islands. Now, Governor Pearson and his colleagues are looking to million-gallon years, and more than million-gallon years, in the near future; and they look into the bubbling vats, as into crystals, and read solvency, education, a house and lot for every man and enough cash to get married so that the illegitimacy rate—65 per cent of all children—will be reduced to a point less painful to the pious; old age and disability compensation, roads, cultural luxuries such as radios and music, orphan homes; and all the concomitants of advanced and prosperous communities. It is a program ambitious enough, if successful, to cause envy and unrest in lands many centuries farther removed from the jungle than the Virgin Islands.

Although its outcome is bound up with the rum business, the homesteading feature of the program is already heartily on its way. Until it began, most of the land was held in large estates by a handful of men. On St. Croix alone fourteen men owned seventy per cent and charged the natives ten dollars rent for acreage that at best would not fetch more than forty dollars in outright purchase. The government to date has purchased on the several islands a few thousand acres, which it has sold in six-acre plots on a nonprofit, twenty-year-payment basis. Many American farmers have applied for these homesteads but the governor has told them no; because in this state, at least, and perhaps for years to come, it is contrary to the spirit, if not the law, of the program. On their miniature farms the natives will grow enough to live on; and in addition, as much sugar as possible, to sell to the Virgin Islands Company for conversion into rum. The principal and interest payments on their homesteads will be deducted from their accounts with the sugar mills.

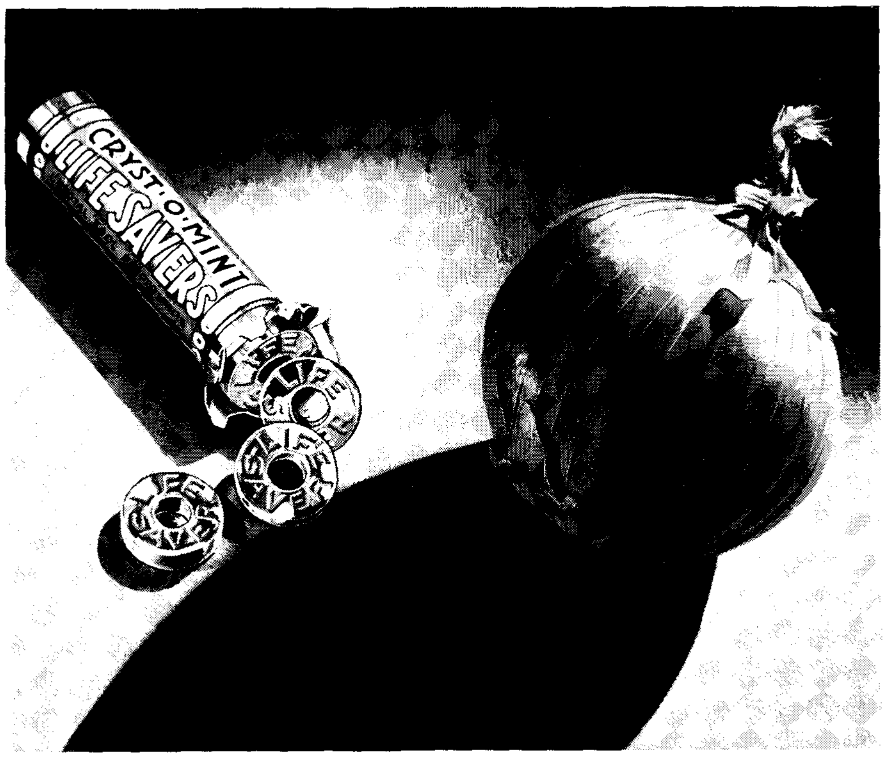
Resistance Right at Home

The homesteading feature, simplest in theory, will be perhaps most difficult to push; for the chief fight is against primitive traditions. On these islands, immemorially, the rate of work has gone down inversely as the rate of earnings has gone up. The islanders have hundreds of years of slavery in their blood, and work and life have meant to them only the chance to get something to eat and a place of sorts in which to sleep. They have figured out that they need about two dollars a week on which to live; and when you have the two dollars, what's the use of working any more this week? They have not the acquisitive instinct. Success to them does not mean retirement on a competence, or hobbies and proprietorship. For generations they looked at the great plantation owner; he sat on his porch, was served hand and foot, did nothing. That was success. Idleness! It was beyond them, for they were slaves, blacks. Therefore, it was useless to try to sell the homesteading idea to them as a means of winning economic independence. It had to be sold to them as a defense against the things which interfere with idleness; rent, want.

Less academic, more visually interesting to Americans who travel, are the tourist features of the program to make prosperity fold its wings and rest in the Virgin Islands. Each winter thousands upon thousands of Americans spend millions of dollars for West Indian cruises out of American ports on foreign ships. Those ships, for the most part, feature stops at island possessions of their own nationality. Additional millions are spent by the trippers in British, French and Dutch ports, and in Havana, when the bullets are not flying. Poor St. Thomas, best and most picturesque of West Indian harbors, focal point of Caribbean romance and history, is passed by; only half a dozen cruise ships called there last winter. It has everything the others have—golf, tennis, lovely beaches, shopping, native craft; but it has the wrong flag. Governor Pearson aims to make the islands so inviting to visitors—particularly to those who will

(Continued on page 56)

IF YOU KNOW YOUR ONIONS
FOLLOW 'EM WITH LIFE SAVERS



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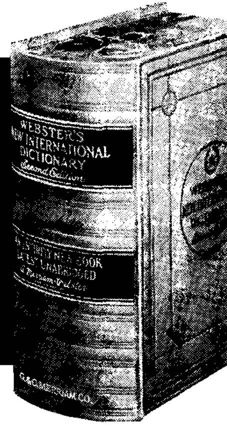

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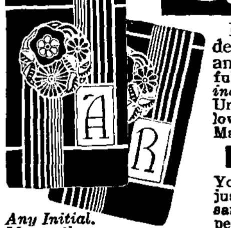

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(Continued from page 55)

tarry a while—that the steamship companies, under whatever colors, will be compelled to include them in itineraries.

If you go to the Virgins for a day, a week or three months, you will be repaid in color and richness and variety of all the things the telling of which makes those of us who have wanderlust so unbearable to Aunt Gertrude, who has never left Middle Village. An official Tourist Hotel is now springing out of the rock loins of Bluebeard's Castle, on one of the three hills of St. Thomas. You will live in the atmosphere of the eighteenth century, at the prices of the nineteenth, in the beds of the twentieth. You will sit on a stone terrace, in warm sunshine filtered through bougainvillæa vines, your fleshpot instincts vaguely stirred by the fragrance of white jasmine and frangipane as you sip one of the famous Virgin Islands Rum Swizzles, an incredible panorama outspread far below your feet; islands near and far, small and large, green ships afloat in rimless space. Someone will point out Sail Rock and tell you how the captain of a French 44-gun frigate, in the French-American war of 1798-99, hailed the rock after nightfall, mistaking it for an American ship. He ill judged the echo for a challenge and gave the rock a broadside. Echoes and some richochetting shots further deceived the Frenchman into believing he was hotly engaged; and all night he beat hell out of Sail Rock until dawn showed him his error.

Ready for the Tourist Trade

Bluebeard's Castle was a fort of old; it was named after one of its first private owners, whose beard was so heavy that his face remained blue—like a professional football player's—no matter how often or how closely he shaved. If you tire of the larger view far below, you can turn your eyes across to Blackbeard's Castle on an opposite hilltop.

This was the stronghold, for a time, of the famous pirate. Local tradition tells of an underground passage between the two castles; but your reporter, searching for it, came out of the ground in the back room of Joe Peterson's pool and drink parlor. Blackbeard—or John Teach—had fourteen wives, "none of them willing: albeit he was the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

The Bluebeard Castle Hotel is small; it is only a beginning. Sites have been selected for other hotels. But wherever you put up, you will find yourself in a community that has, perhaps, the most wholesale love of music in the world. At night, in Emancipation Park on the harbor front, you may stand under a lignum-vitæ tree, the Southern Cross above, and shiver with mysterious racial fears, with the ghosts of long-dead apprehensions, as you see thousands of giggling blacks crowded in the palm shadows around the bandstand swaying their bodies and clapping their hands in time with strange melodies.

Although the islands were Danish, with briefest interludes, for three centuries, St. Thomas, the port, was so cosmopolitan, and England, the maritime power, so influential, that English has always been the official language; even the English system of left-hand driving persists. The English spoken by the natives is liquid and pleasing; with an unmistakable Irish brogue! Students trace the latter back to the Irishmen who were favored in the great eighteenth century days as foremen on the sugar plantations.

In the early morning you may start on horseback down lush trails heavy with earthy smells. It will be all right with the horse if you don't want to hurry. You may rest in the shade of a fat mango tree and watch groups of natives dreamily gossiping in pools of sunlight in the forest heart. You may play with the friendly lizards and catch flies for them. If you want refreshment, pick a sour sop; that is like finding a chocolate ice-cream soda, or a glass of beer, on a roadside tree. Swim at noon on a green and white beach, safely inside amber reefs.

Musing on the history and beauty of the islands, you start home through a tropical sunset. Deep in the woods you may come upon the ruins of an old Danish manorial house; only the portico left, latticed by palms and vines, the rest swallowed into the murky green body. But you had best be quickly on your way; it is dark instantly, once the sun goes down: yet, if you see a homesteader sitting on his fence in the brief twilight, join him—it will be fun. He is watching his chicken house; waiting for a hen to sound off for a newly laid egg. He will point out to you the beady eyes of a mongoose, also waiting, in the shadow of a near-by shrub. As soon as a hen cackles in the Virgin Islands there is a race between the owner and a mongoose for the egg.

The Virgin Islands Company is operating or governing touring, sugar-growing, the rum business, homesteading, all these features and others—such as the bay rum industry, which, although in its nature small, was founded in the Virgin Islands and is peculiar and important to them. The Virgin Islands Company is a government monopoly, and has for its officers Secretary of the Interior Ickes, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, other officials in Washington, and Governor Pearson and several of his aides in the islands. It is a million-dollar company. The million came from PWA. It has stitched the islands into a tight little corporation; you can't be forced to play with it—but if you sulk, you cannot put the official Old St. Croix Rum label on your bottles, your distribution problem will be difficult and on all sides you will be in direct competition with the government.

That is like coming up to bat with two strikes already called on you. Half the profits of the Virgin Islands Company will go to the workers in cash bonuses; the rest will be spread through welfare and development activities.

Where Rum is a Tradition

Several thousand gallons of rum a day are being produced. New rum is not potable; it has to be aged two to four years. Therefore, the Virgin Islands Company has imported high-grade aged rum from elsewhere to blend with its own new product so that it may take advantage of the present market. The first shipment of Old St. Croix rum has already reached the states. A heavy percentage of the pure Virgin Islands rum will be held out each year, however; and within a few years only bonded Cruzan rum will bear the official St. Croix labels.

The rum is being manufactured in two general types of stills—continuous and pot. The continuous stills are the up-to-date, scientific affairs; everything, including proof, under automatic control of thermostats and gauges and gadgets. But much of the rum is being turned out, under contract, in historic pot stills—blackened and cracked with age, and watched by aged blacks, who carry on the traditions of their slave ancestors.

One such venerable distillery is that of Estate Clifton Hill, on St. Croix; owned and personally supervised by the Misses Josephine and Marie Hoffman, spinsters, whose father and his father before him and his grandfather, made Cruzan rum. An ancient Negro sits beside the old pot still. He is one of those who swear that the newfangled continuous stills, for all their gadgets, can't touch the rum he turns out. He sits mumbling and grumbling, judging the proof of the distillation stream by eye. When it runs thin, he swings the spigot to carry it off the low wine barrel and then runs outside yelling, "More fire, boys, more fire!" When his "boys" have built up the wood fire under the still, and the stream runs thick again, he turns it back into the rum barrel. None of your gauges for him.

You'll Like the "Swizzle"

Each distiller, new and old, tells you his product is best. The secret is all in the culture—the yeast, or other matter, added to promote fermentation. The scientists use cultures reached scientifically; the Hoffman sisters use a recipe handed down through their family; Sebastian has his pet formula; so it goes.

Old-time Virgin Islanders, like Sebastian, not only know how to make rum; they know how to drink it. Each family has its pet and traditional recipes, which you can try with the first bottle of Old St. Croix rum you get. The famous Virgin Islands Coffee Rum Punch is made with:

One pint of rum
One pint of prepared coffee
The juice of one fat green lime
A dash of essence of vanilla and a little sugar
Choke up with cracked ice.

A plain rum punch is made of a pint of rum, a pint of water, and the juice of two limes. Fill the glasses with crushed ice, of course; that is "regulation" with all rum drinks in the islands. In the old days, mint and bay leaves were used for cooling.

The most distinguished Virgin Islands rum drink is the Swizzle. There are many varieties of it, but Sebastian told me this one would make you forget how ornery your boss is:

1 glass rum
2 glasses Italian vermouth
1 teaspoon Angostura bitters
1 glass of muscatel (or pineapple juice, fresh)
2 glasses of water and a little sugar if the drink is for ladies
"Swizzle" it with a stick held between your palms

Two of these, on the terrace of Bluebeard's Castle, and you will be in a mood to believe Sebastian's tale of the Virgin Islands roaches. One thing is certain; the roaches are noted throughout the West Indies for their size and voracity. They are, rum swizzle or no rum swizzle, as large as guinea pigs; and you see few natives riding bicycles in the islands because they fear the roaches will knock them down and steal the bicycles.

Once, Sebastian told me, in the old days of Danish rule a brass cannon stood in Emancipation Park before the statue of a Danish King. In one of his annual reports the Danish governor "wrote the cannon off" because, as he explained, the roaches had eaten it. The Home Office ordered the governor to send a couple of the roaches to Copenhagen; the university professors wanted to study them. "How," the governor wrote back, "can you expect me to send overseas in a wooden ship roaches that eat brass cannon!"

I mean, you will like the rum swizzles!

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- 1 big cucumber
- 2 lbs. tomatoes
- 1 bunch celery
- 2 grape fruit
- 2 lemons
- ½ doz. oranges
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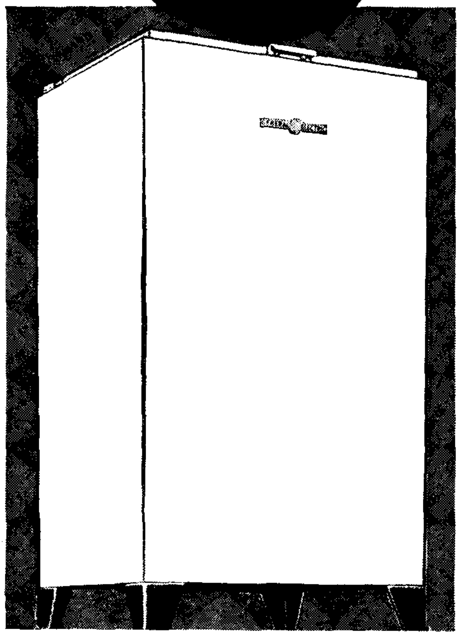

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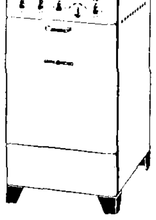

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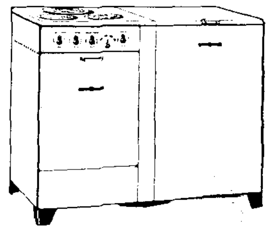

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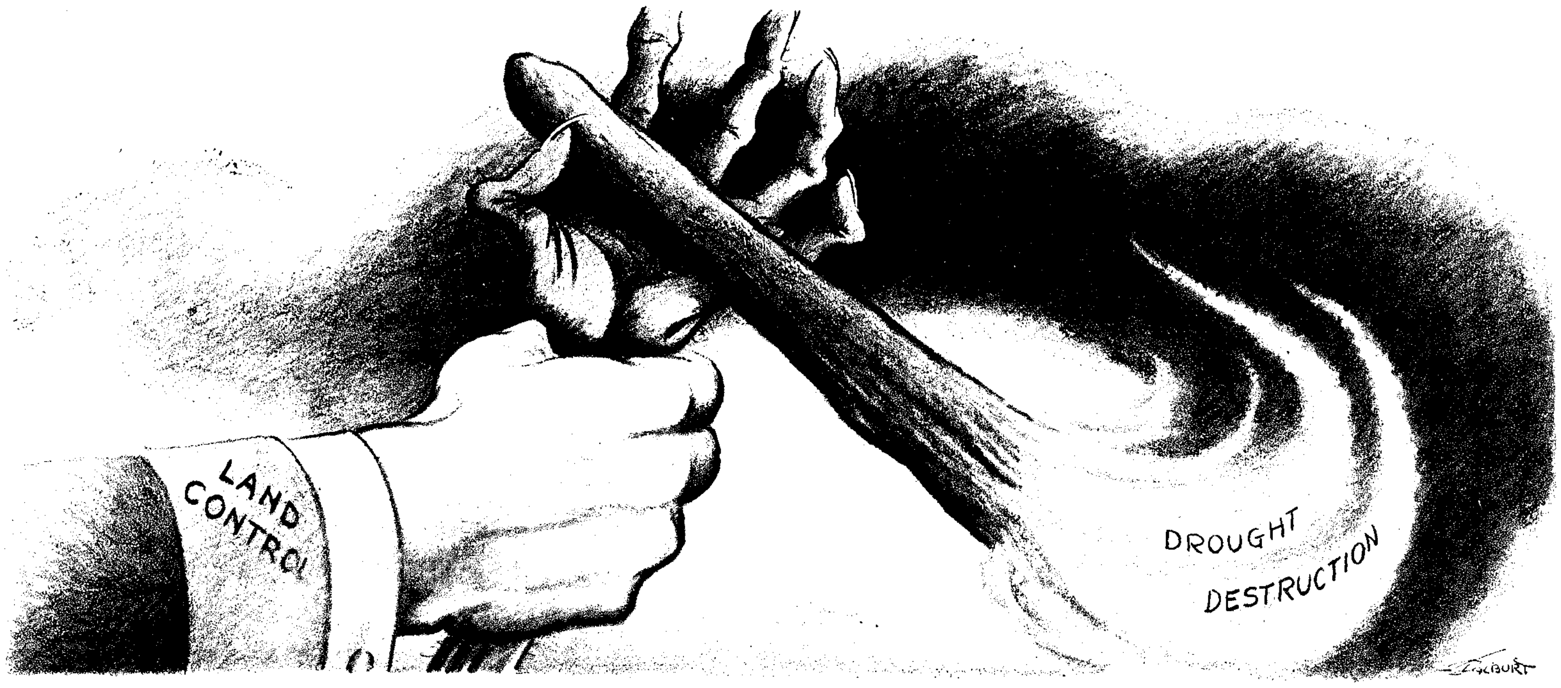

Do Something about It!

DROUGHTS are not new. Forty-seven years ago the West was hit by a memorable drought. More than anything else it inspired the formation of the Populist Party. Far-reaching effects can be traced to it. The thinking which produced William Allen White in Kansas, which made the trans-Mississippi progressive adherents of Theodore Roosevelt, which today makes the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota and which made agricultural radicalism widespread, dates back to the Populists.

Nobody thought fifty years ago of doing anything about the weather. A few scientists tried to guess whether it would rain or shine tomorrow. Larger numbers of religious people prayed for rain when the weather was dry and for the sun when rains were too abundant. But the weather itself and the conditions which resulted seemed far outside human control.

We have much more confidence today. We can't order the movement of the sun and stars but we think we can do something toward controlling weather conditions and mitigating their worst effects.

So the present drought, essentially not different from that which came on in 1887, marks the real beginning of our effort to fortify ourselves against the elements.

Scientists are certainly not agreed concerning the causes of droughts. Their records show, however, that rainfall and temperatures vary widely from year to year. The practical question which the Administration and the nation face is: What can be done to adjust ourselves to the actual conditions? President Roosevelt has already announced two policies. First, the people in the drought-affected areas are being supported by gifts from the national treasury. Second, the Administration has undertaken to plant a tree screen one hundred miles wide across the country, north and south, to help conserve existing moisture.

These are large, generous and imaginative plans in striking contrast to anything previously attempted.

Four years ago, for example, Arthur M. Hyde, then Secretary of Agriculture, began his annual report with these words: "The worst drought ever recorded in this country prevailed during much of the 1930 growing season and greatly reduced farm production."

Then, as now, the government felt impelled to act. The railroads were asked to reduce rates on farm products and so to help the drought-stricken areas. The Red Cross was asked to care for the needy and local bankers were invited to extend credit where possible to those who had lost their crops. The railroads, which are not eleemosynary institutions, and private charity were given the burden.

The meager efforts at relief made in 1930 were, however, an immense advance over what happened in 1887, when rugged individualism was actually in full sway.

Before the transcontinental railroads were built much of the land between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains was popularly known as "The Great American Desert." After the railroads opened the country, rain was plentiful for a few years and the land was rapidly settled. The last abundant rains fell in 1886 and a great drought was upon the western country in 1887. Not until the Spanish-American War were the lean, dry years past.

The hot, burning sun drove tens of thousands of new settlers back East. Vast areas were abandoned. The inhabitants of entire towns moved out. As John D. Hicks reports in his history of the Populist revolts—"covered wagons, sometimes bearing such legends as, 'Going back to the wife's folks,' or 'In God we trusted, in Kansas we busted,' streamed back toward the East." But as prosperity and rain returned, another migration went westward to face the changing cycles of drought and rain.

It is perfectly obvious now that even though nature never intended the land west of the Mississippi to be a great American desert, unrestrained individualistic farming can quickly destroy the fertility of good lands. The present drought has demonstrated on a gigantic scale the actual injury done a great region by careless farming. Rains of other years and dry winds of the rainless seasons have eroded farm country until much of it is in fact destined to be desert.

The rains will come again but if as a nation we are to get the maximum benefit from the land we shall have to control its use. The federal government is caring for people in more than eight hundred counties hardest hit by the drought. Cattle, sheep and goats are being purchased to aid farmers whose pastures are gone. Land will be bought to provide nesting areas for wild fowl, and forestry strips to hold moisture and to check the wind erosion. Planning will inevitably be further extended and public authority will be compelled to lay down the rules to control the use of the land for agricultural purposes. Without such control, a few more droughts would make the land unfit for human occupancy.

The national burden is made heavier temporarily by the necessity of taking care of those who have lived and worked in the drought region. A great constructive national project such as reclaiming a vast area from the destruction wrought by the vagaries of weather and our own stupidity is, however, an inspiring undertaking.

To face and to conquer such difficulties requires intelligence and courage of a high order. For the first time as a nation we are attacking the problem on a broad front. The success we achieve in this enterprise will be a landmark in history. It will be a major proof of the capacity of civilized men to adapt themselves to the conditions and forces of a not always friendly nature.

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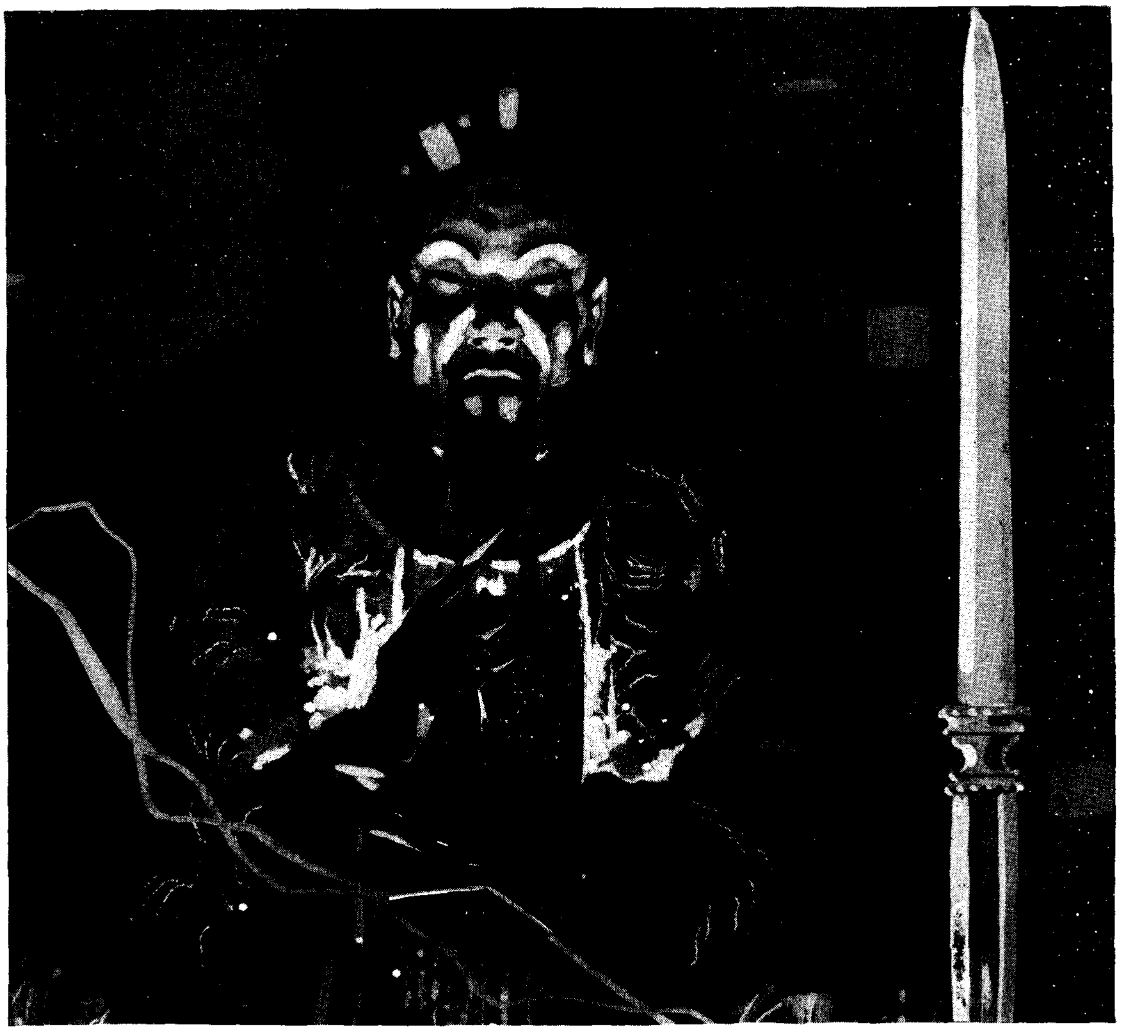

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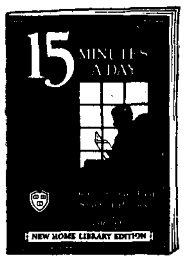

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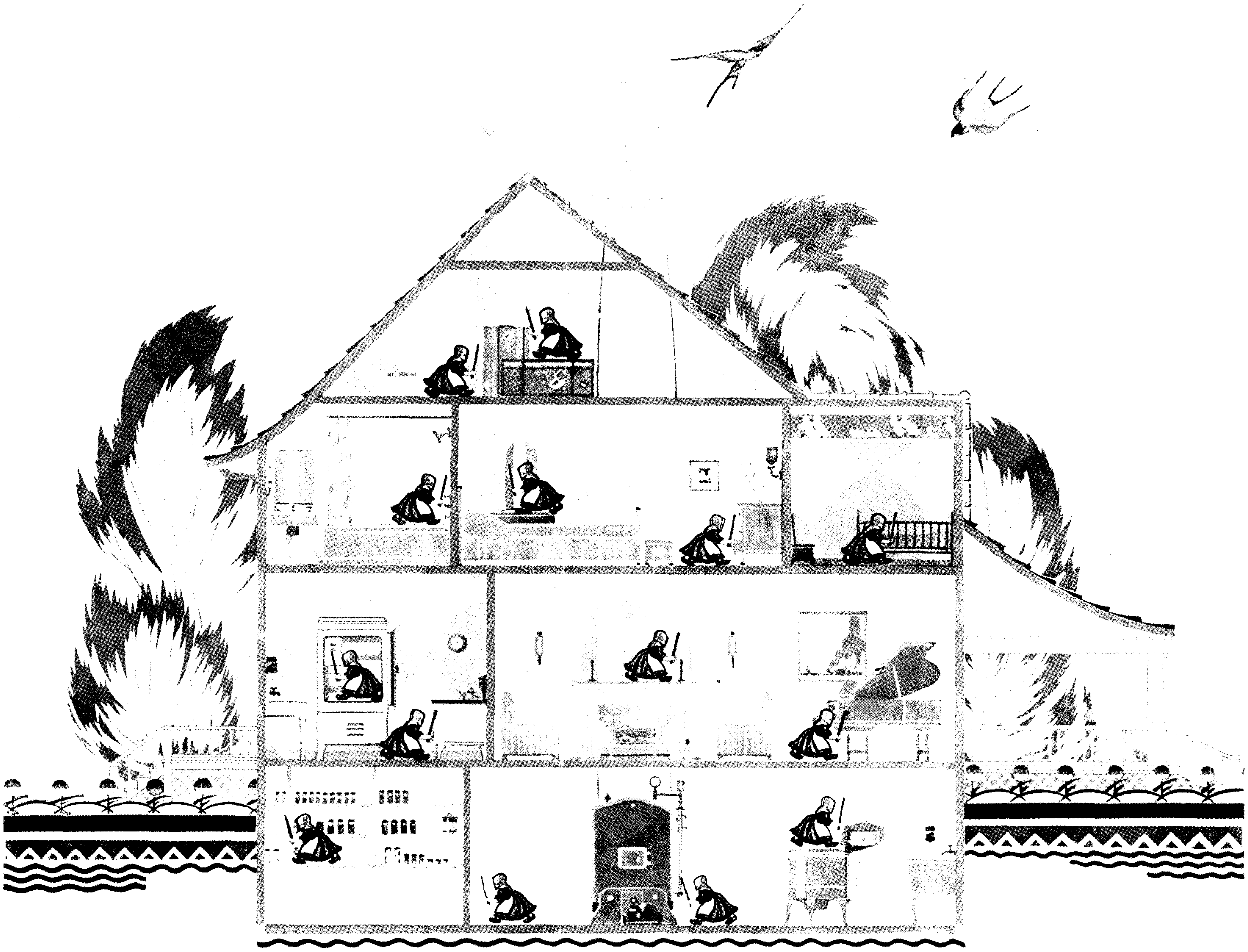

From cellar stairs to attic wall
Let Old Dutch clean your home this Fall;
Saves time and money, gets things bright
Because it's made with SEISMOTITE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

You're in step with modern cleaning methods when you use Old Dutch, the *one* cleanser that is made with pure seismotite. Old Dutch is especially helpful at housecleaning time because it polishes as it cleans porcelain, enamel and tile—is equally effective for everything from stair treads, painted walls and woodwork to kitchen utensils and glassware, and because it does *more cleaning per penny of cost.*

It's seismotite (pronounced sīs′mo-tīte) that makes Old Dutch unique. This fine cleaning and polishing material of volcanic origin is composed of flaky, flat-shaped particles ▨ that cover more surface, go further and cost less to use. Old Dutch cleans quicker and doesn't scratch because it contains none of the wasteful, destructive grit ▨ found in ordinary cleansers.

Try Old Dutch and let it prove to you that it has no equal for quality and economy. It's kind to the hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors... the only cleanser you need in your home.

Old Dutch
Cleanser
Chases
Dirt

Doesn't Scratch.

Old Dutch Holders, in Color

Mail 10c and windmill panel from an Old Dutch label for each holder

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. H254, 221 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please find enclosed.....cents and.....labels for which send me....Old Dutch Holders. Colors: IVORY ☐ GREEN ☐ BLUE ☐

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ *State* __________

VISIT THE OLD DUTCH CLEANSER EXHIBIT... HOME PLANNING HALL... A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

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